DC COMICS/DARK HORSE COMICS
CROSSOVERS

BATMAN™ VS PREDATOR™

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ANDY KUBERT
ADAM KUBERT

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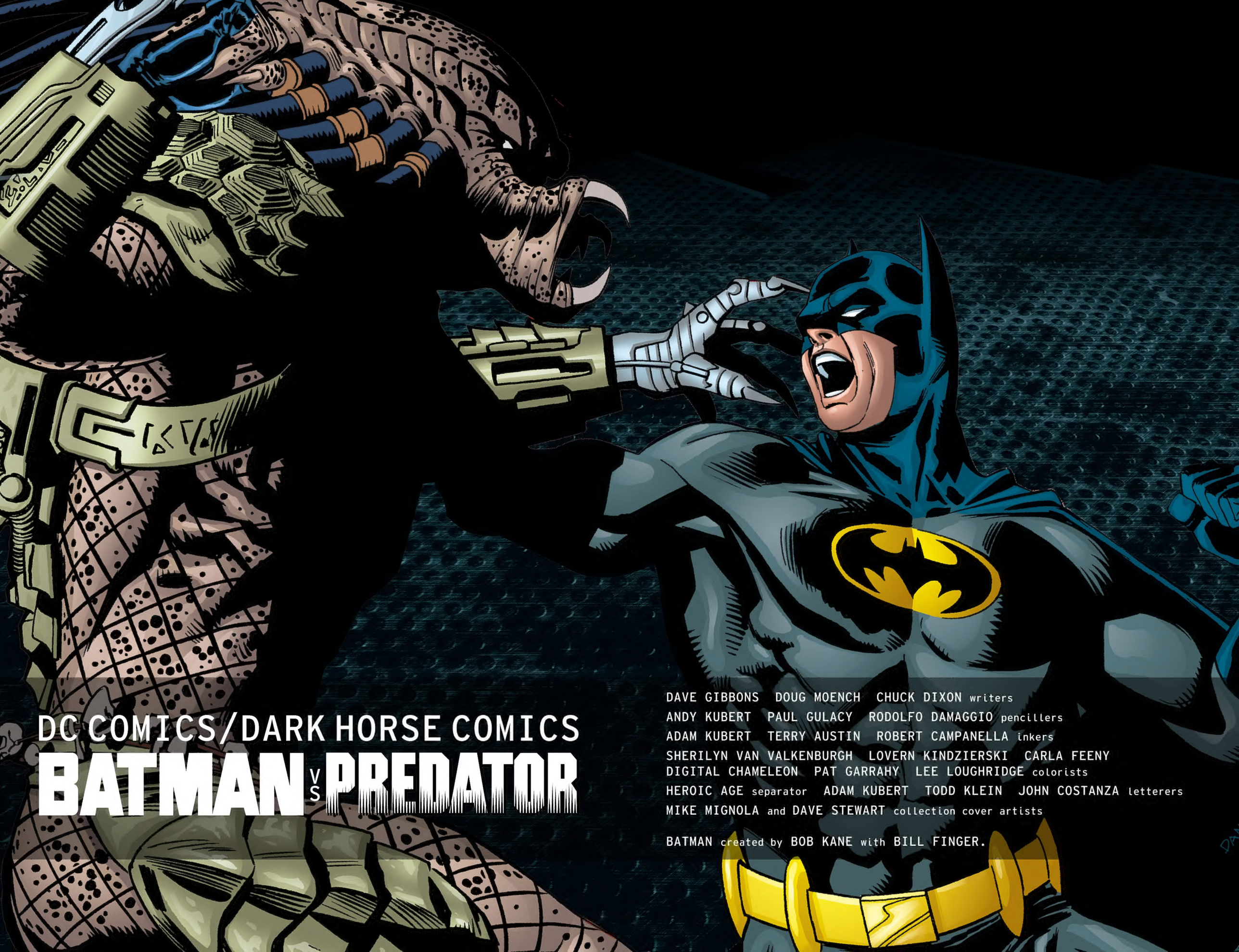
DC COMICS/DARK HORSE COMICS

BATMAN VS. PREDATOR



DC COMICS/DARK HORSE COMICS

BATMAN VS PREDATOR

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FOREWORD

Conflict is the essence of drama.

Anyone got a problem with that?

Good, then we're going to get along just fine…

The way I see it, comic books, by their very nature, tend to favor larger-than-life characters, shorthand expression of emotions, and an accelerated narrative pace. Take this to an extreme and what have you got? Well, "When Titans Clash" strikes about the right note.

Way back in the forties, someone had the idea of pitting Submariner against the Human Torch. Water against Fire, right? Right. The books walked off the stands.

A quarter century later, the Hulk and the Thing slugged it out for the first time. Instant comic milestone.

Then another unsung visionary had the idea of pitting DC Comics' Superman and Marvel's Spider-Man against each other, in an unprecedented cross-company bout. It was a comic-book fight fan's dream ticket.

It wasn't long before Batman faced off with the Hulk. Then Captain America and Wonder Woman got in on the act. Even Muhammad Ali jumped into the ring to trade punches with the Man of Steel. But, by the time the Teen Titans took on the X-Men, with the Justice League and the Avengers waiting in the dressing room, a truce was called.

That's the trouble with fights—someone has to be the loser. And no one wants it to be their guy…

Unless, of course, their guy has made his career out of being so nasty that people will pay money to see him lose. You know, like if he was a diabolically ugly mass murderer from another planet, for instance.

Which is just what Dark Horse discovered, in spades, when they put the creatures from the movies *Aliens* and *Predator* together in the same comic book. Win or lose, they both won.

Given all this, the concept of pairing Batman and Predator seems an obvious one now, like all strokes of genius. Credit for the idea goes to Dark Horse publisher Mike Richardson who, at six foot six and 210 pounds, is the kind of guy I'm happy to call a genius any day of the week. Fighter or not, I ain't stoopid.

Anyhow, I was so knocked out by the whole notion that it took me far less than a ten count to agree to script the book.

And once the Kubert brothers and Sherilyn threw their hats in the ring, too, and Diana and Denny agreed to manage us, I knew we had a fighting chance of going the distance.

But enough talk. Enough bad boxing jokes already. Time for me to duck out between the ropes before one of those beer bottles hits me.

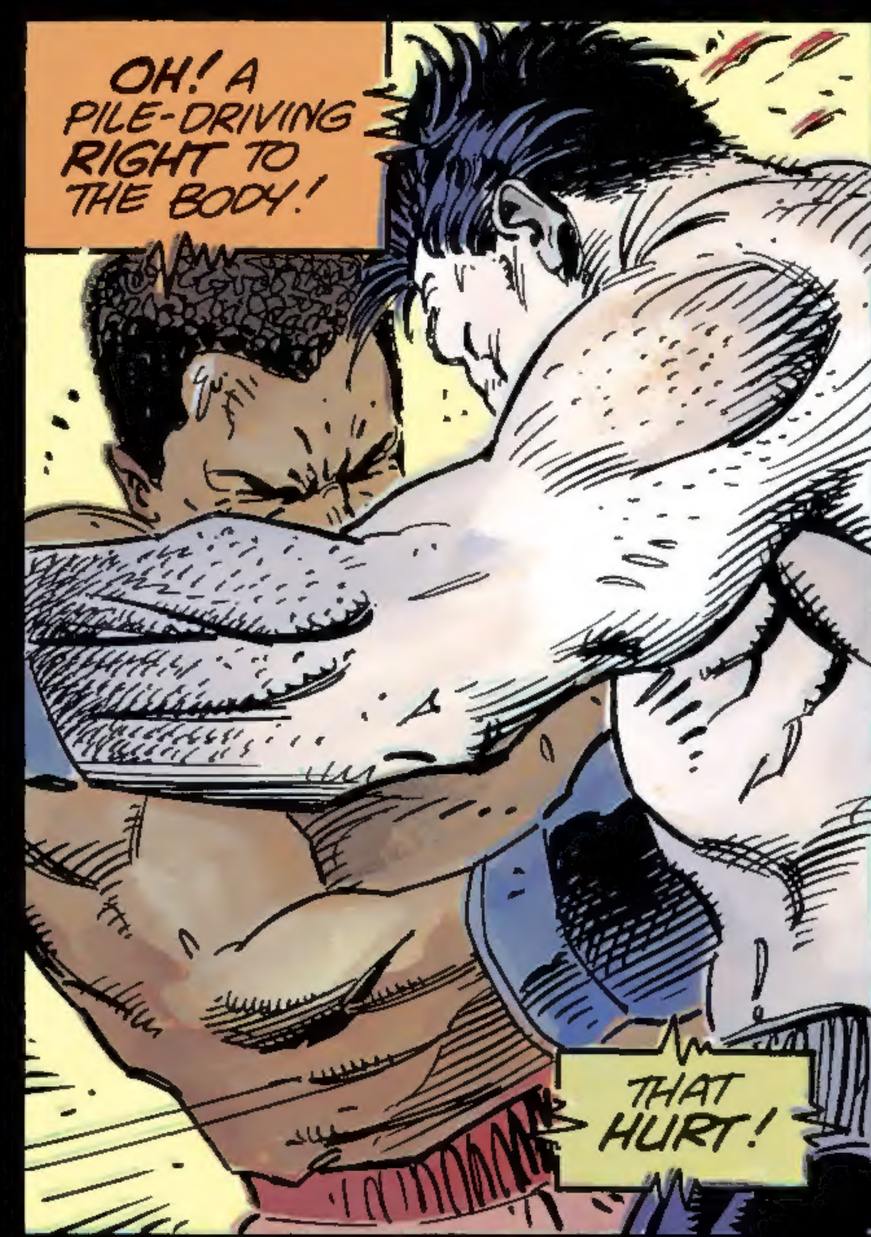
Time for the main event!

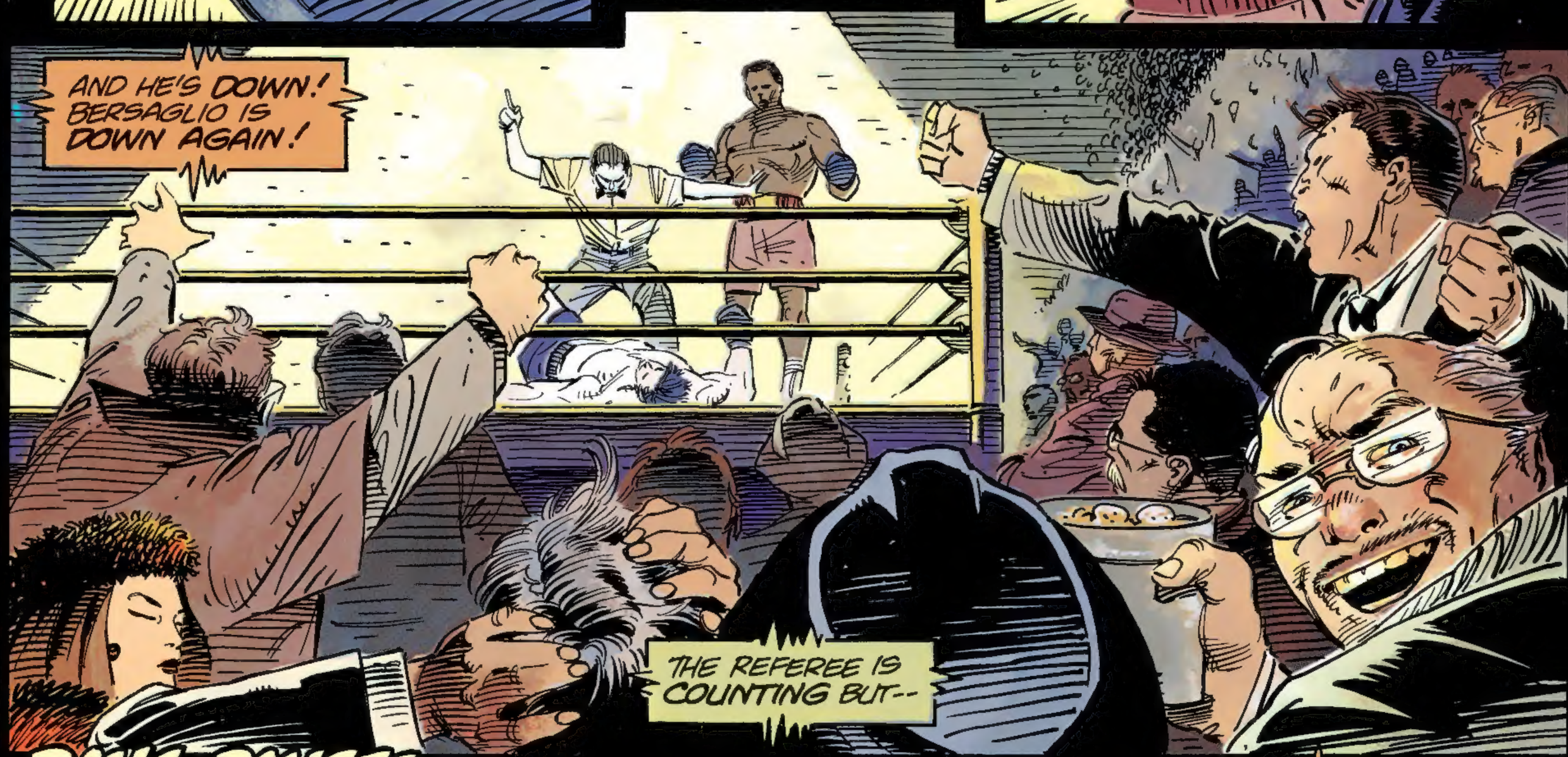
DAVE GIBBONS
Hartfordshire, England
August 1992

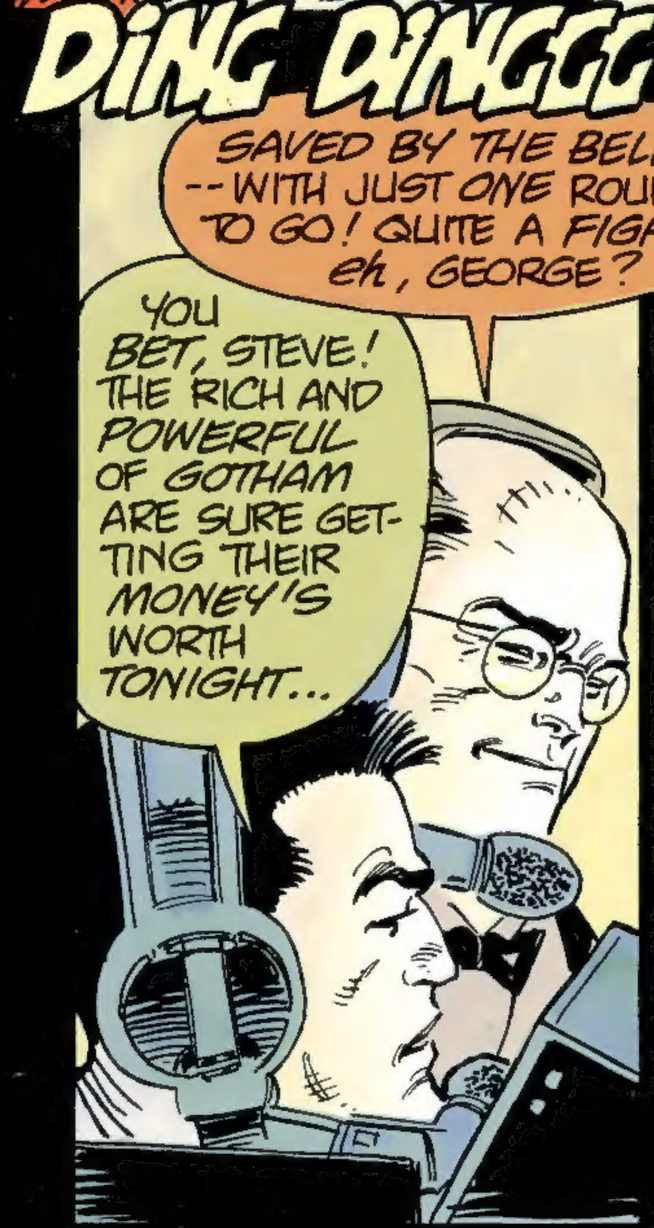
DC
BATMAN
VERSUS
PREDATOR
DARK HORSE COMICS
1 OF 3
SUYDAM 91©

...SOME CONTEST HERE TONIGHT. THESE TWO JUST WON'T QUIT!

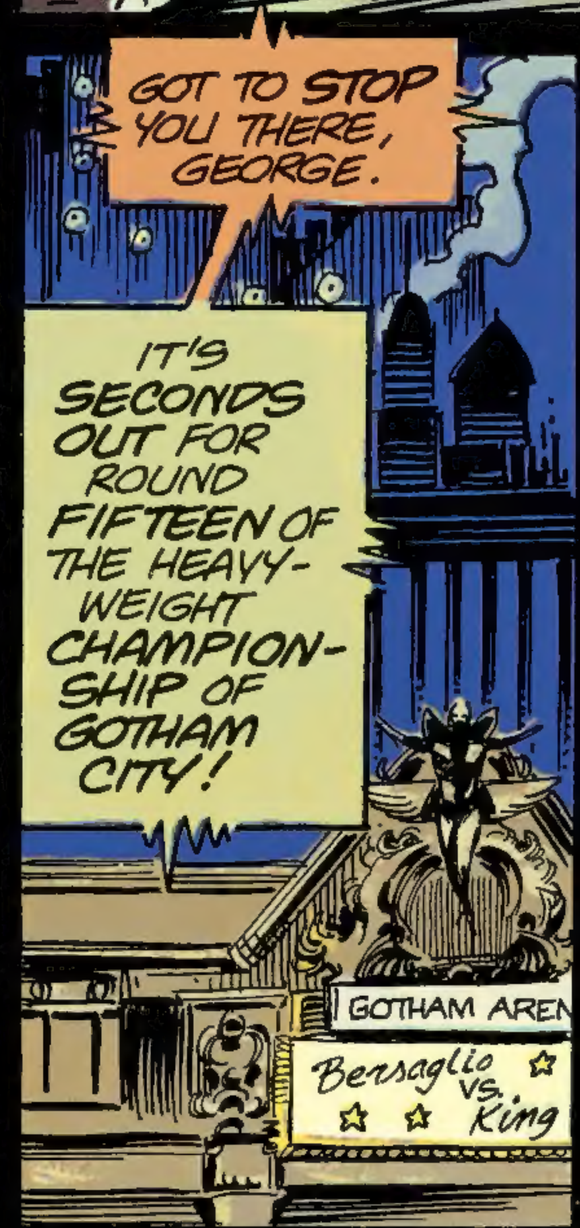
AND BULL'S REALLY BELLOWING NOW, AS KING DANCES BACK, MOCKING HIM--

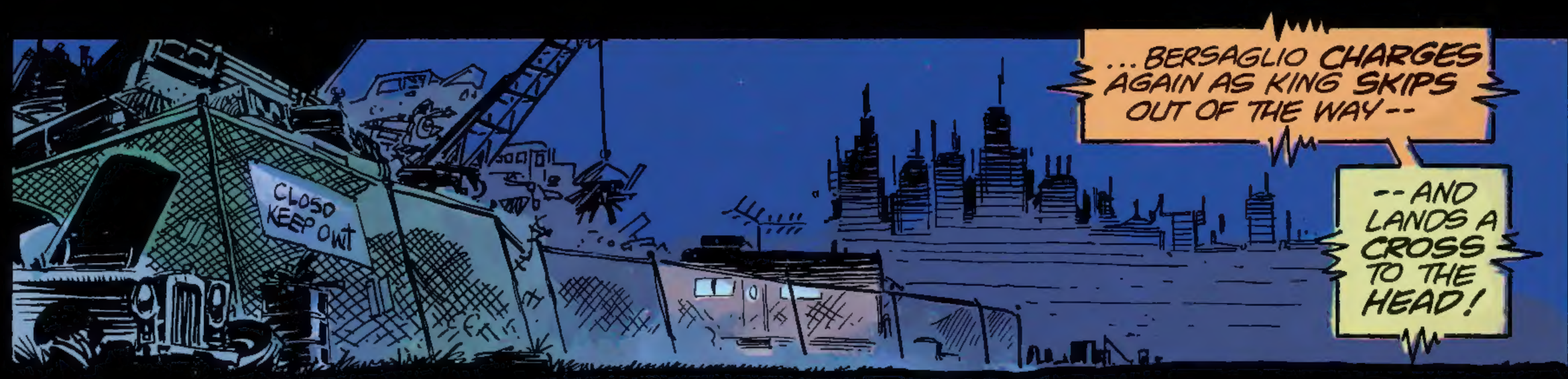

OH! A PILE-DRIVING RIGHT TO THE BODY!
THAT HURT!


AND HE'S DOWN! BERSAGLIO IS DOWN AGAIN!
THE REFEREE IS COUNTING BUT--


DING DINGGG
SAVED BY THE BELL --WITH JUST ONE ROUND TO GO! QUITE A FIGHT, eh, GEORGE?
YOU BET, STEVE! THE RICH AND POWERFUL OF GOTHAM ARE SURE GETTING THEIR MONEY'S WORTH TONIGHT...

EVEN LOOKS LIKE FIGHT PATRONS ALEX YEAGER AND LEO BRODIN PLAN TO STAGE AN UNSCHEDULED SIDE BOUT...


GOT TO STOP YOU THERE, GEORGE.
IT'S SECONDS OUT FOR ROUND FIFTEEN OF THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF GOTHAM CITY!
GOTHAM AREN
Bersaglio vs. King

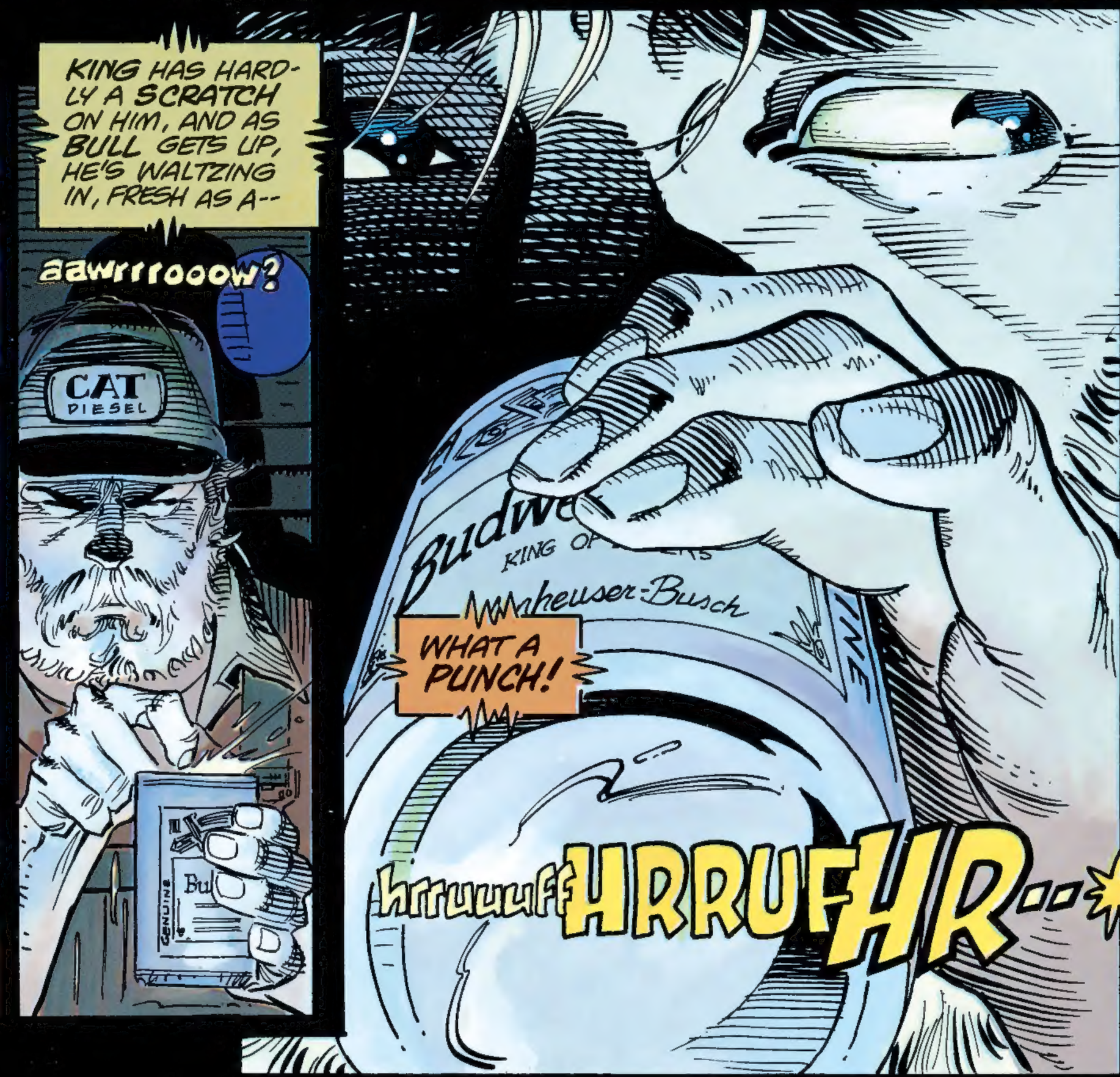

CLOSO
KEEP OUT
...BERSAGLIO CHARGES AGAIN AS KING SKIPS OUT OF THE WAY--
--AND LANDS A CROSS TO THE HEAD!

BUT BULL JUST KEEPS ON COMING!
AAAWROOOO
QUIET, SATAN!
PICKETT'S
SALVA
WOODROW PIC
PROPRIET

YOU'RE MIGHTY JUMPY TONIGHT, BOY...
SOMETHIN' GOT YA SPOOKED, huh?
BROOOWW

...A LEFT JAB! BERSAGLIO'S DOWN AGAIN!
WELL, WHY DON'T YA GO FIND IT AND LEAVE ME WATCH THE FIGHT IN PEACE, DAMMIT!
GRRRRRR

G'WAN, GIT!
...HOW MUCH MORE OF THIS PUNISHMENT CAN HE TAKE?

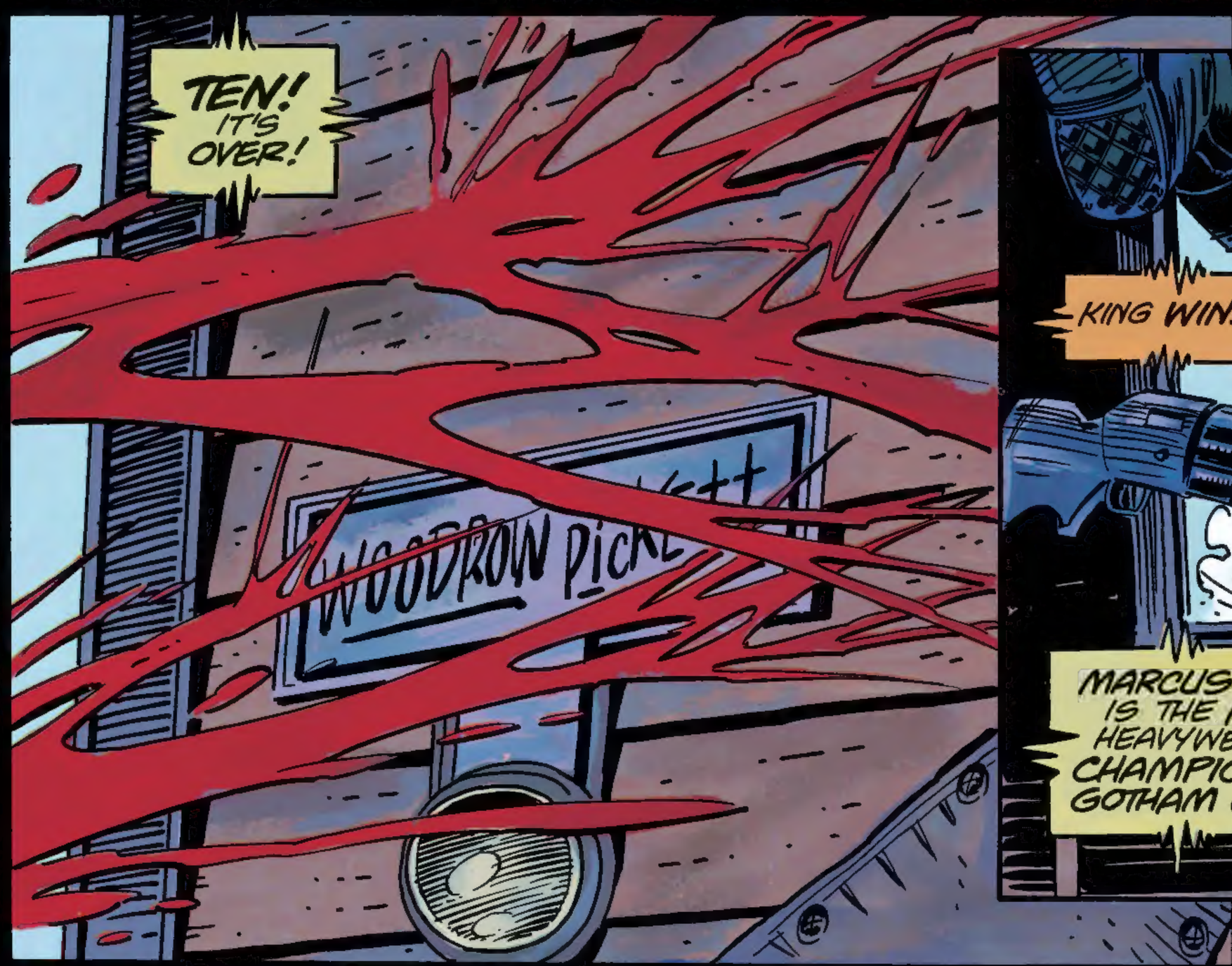

KING HAS HARDLY A SCRATCH ON HIM, AND AS BULL GETS UP, HE'S WALTZING IN, FRESH AS A--
aawrrrooow?
CAT
DIESEL
WHAT A PUNCH!
hrrrrrrff HRRUFHR

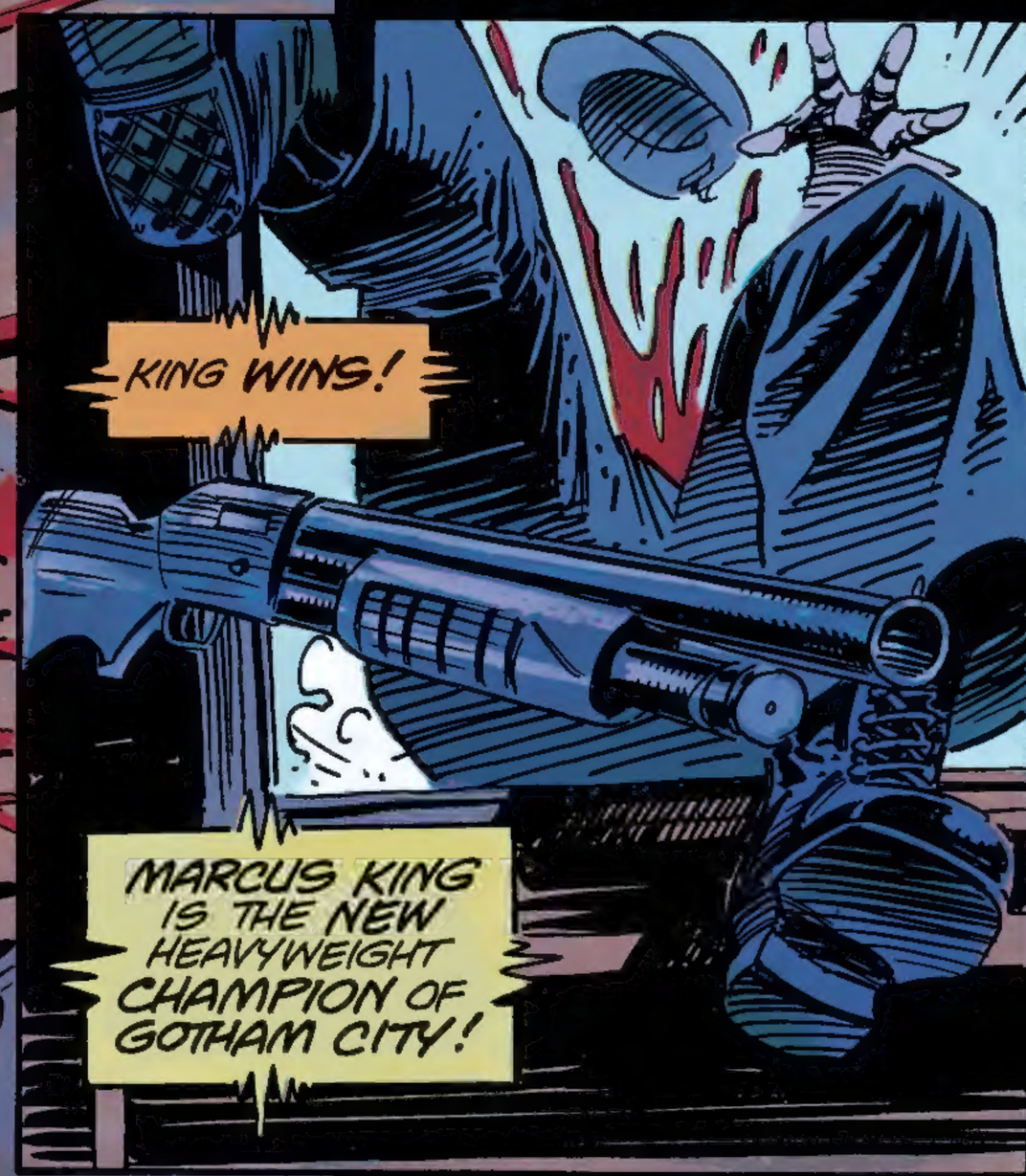
HE'S GONE!
SATAN...?

SATAN! YOU ALL RIGHT, BOY?
OUT COLD! BERSAGLIO IS OUT COLD!
...FOUR... FIVE...

SATAN...?
...EIGHT...

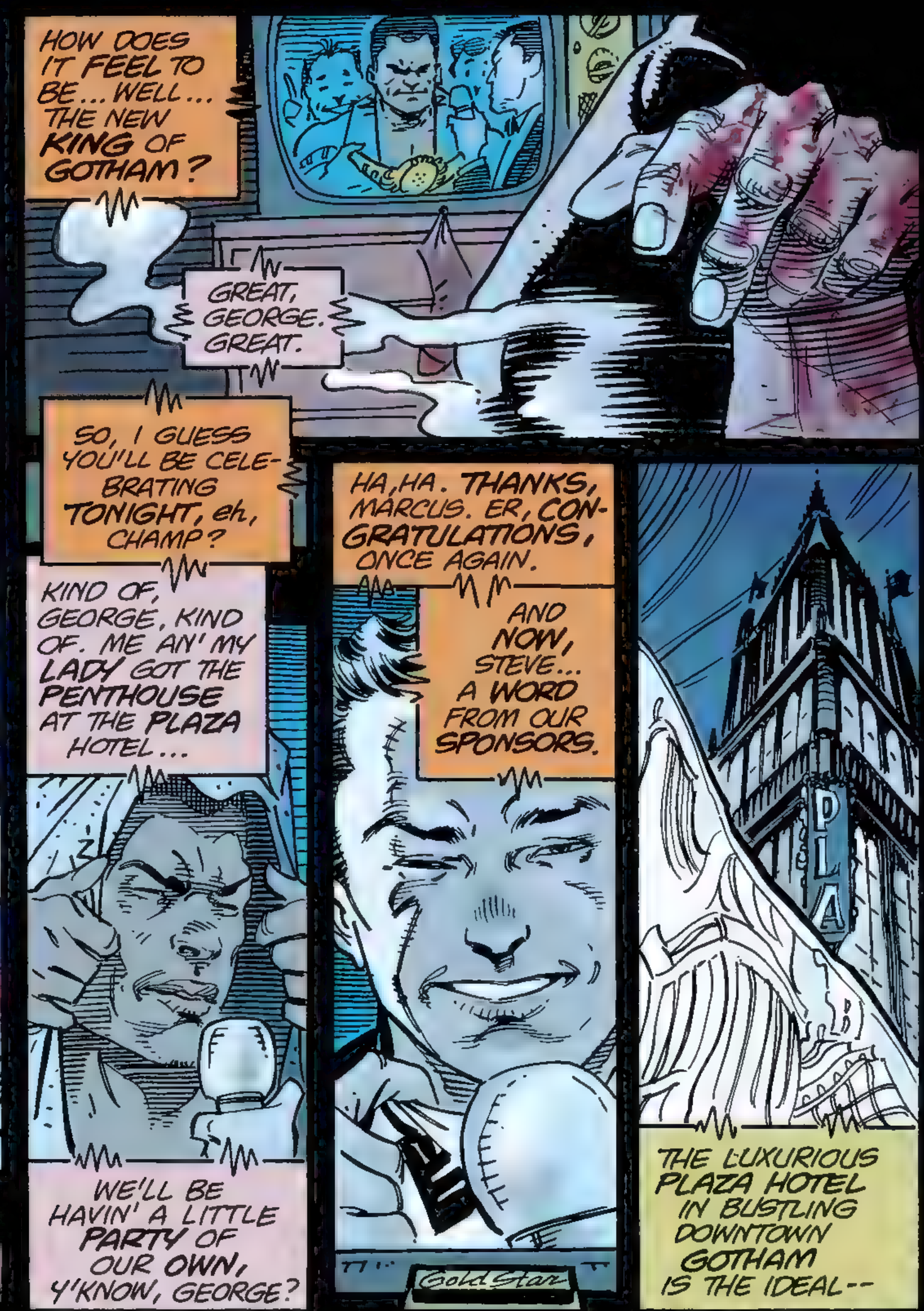
...NINE...
WHA--?

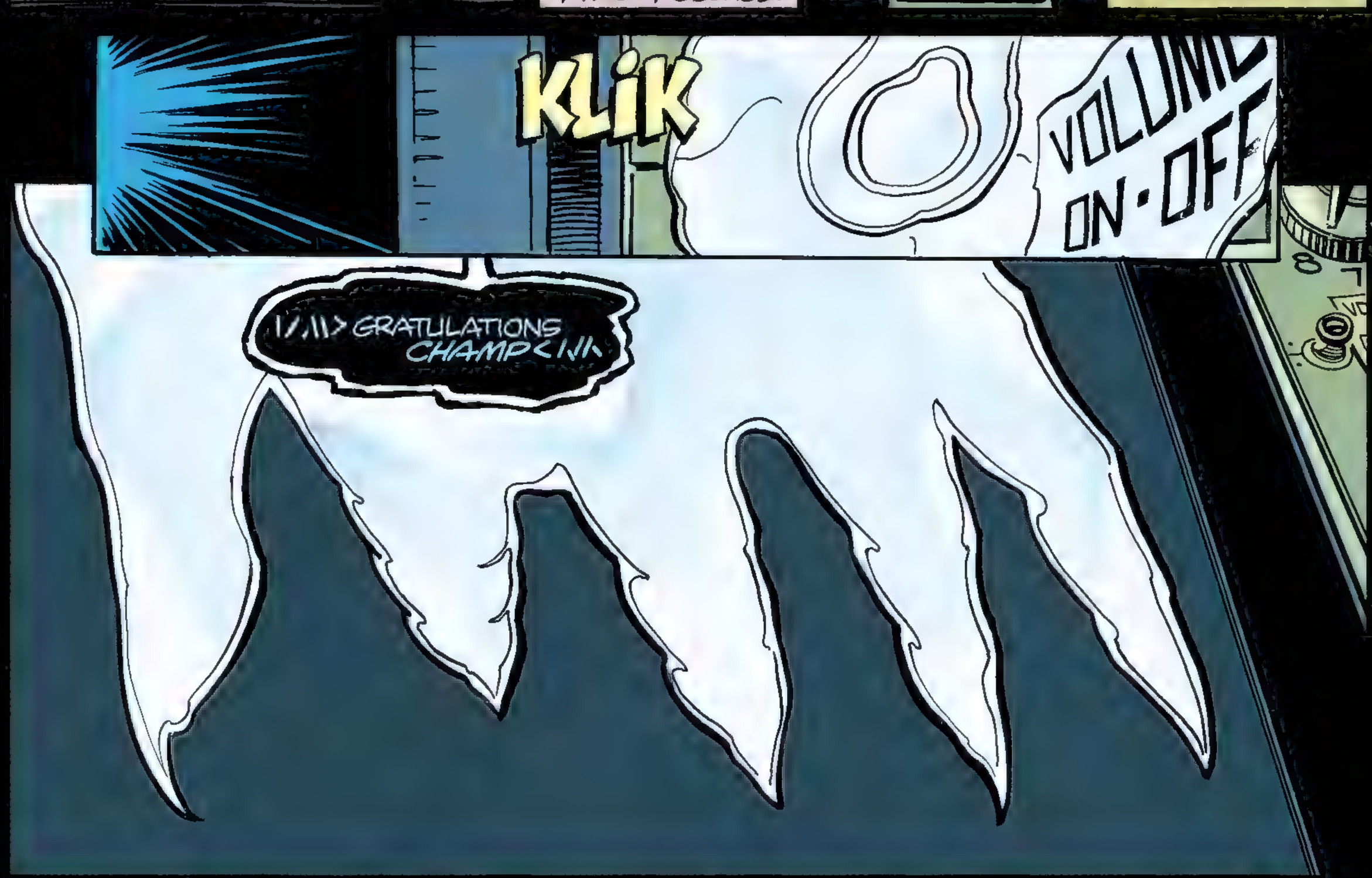

TEN! IT'S OVER!


KING WINS!
MARCUS KING IS THE NEW HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF GOTHAM CITY!

THE CROWD'S GOING CRAZY... AND KING IS STILL DANCING!
GEORGE--CAN YOU TALK TO HIM YET?
I'M TRYING, STEVE...!

MARCUS! MARCUS, CONGRATULATIONS, CHAMP!
THANKS, UH, GEORGE. THANKS.
CREEEK
WICKERY


HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE... WELL... THE NEW KING OF GOTHAM?
GREAT, GEORGE. GREAT.
SO, I GUESS YOU'LL BE CELEBRATING TONIGHT, eh, CHAMP?
KIND OF, GEORGE, KIND OF. ME AN' MY LADY GOT THE PENTHOUSE AT THE PLAZA HOTEL...
WE'LL BE HAVIN' A LITTLE PARTY OF OUR OWN, Y'KNOW, GEORGE?
HA, HA. THANKS, MARCUS. ER, CONGRATULATIONS, ONCE AGAIN.
AND NOW, STEVE... A WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS.
Gold Star
PLA
THE LUXURIOUS PLAZA HOTEL IN BUSTLING DOWNTOWN GOTHAM IS THE IDEAL--


KLiK
VOLUME ON·OFF
GRATULATIONS CHAMP

WELL DONE, YEAGER! YOUR BOY PUT UP A FINE FIGHT!
BRODIN'S BRUISER JUST WASN'T IN THE SAME CLASS, ALEX!
THANKS, MR. MAYOR, RAY. HOPE YOU'RE BOTH COMING ON TO MY LITTLE BASH...

THANKS, YES--OH, BRUCE... BRUCE WAYNE!
DO YOU KNOW ALEX YEAGER...?

ONLY BY REPUTATION, RAYMOND.
HE'S A NEW INVESTOR IN MY CORPORATION!
DIVERSIFYING, eh, YEAGER? NOT EARNING ENOUGH FROM CRIME?

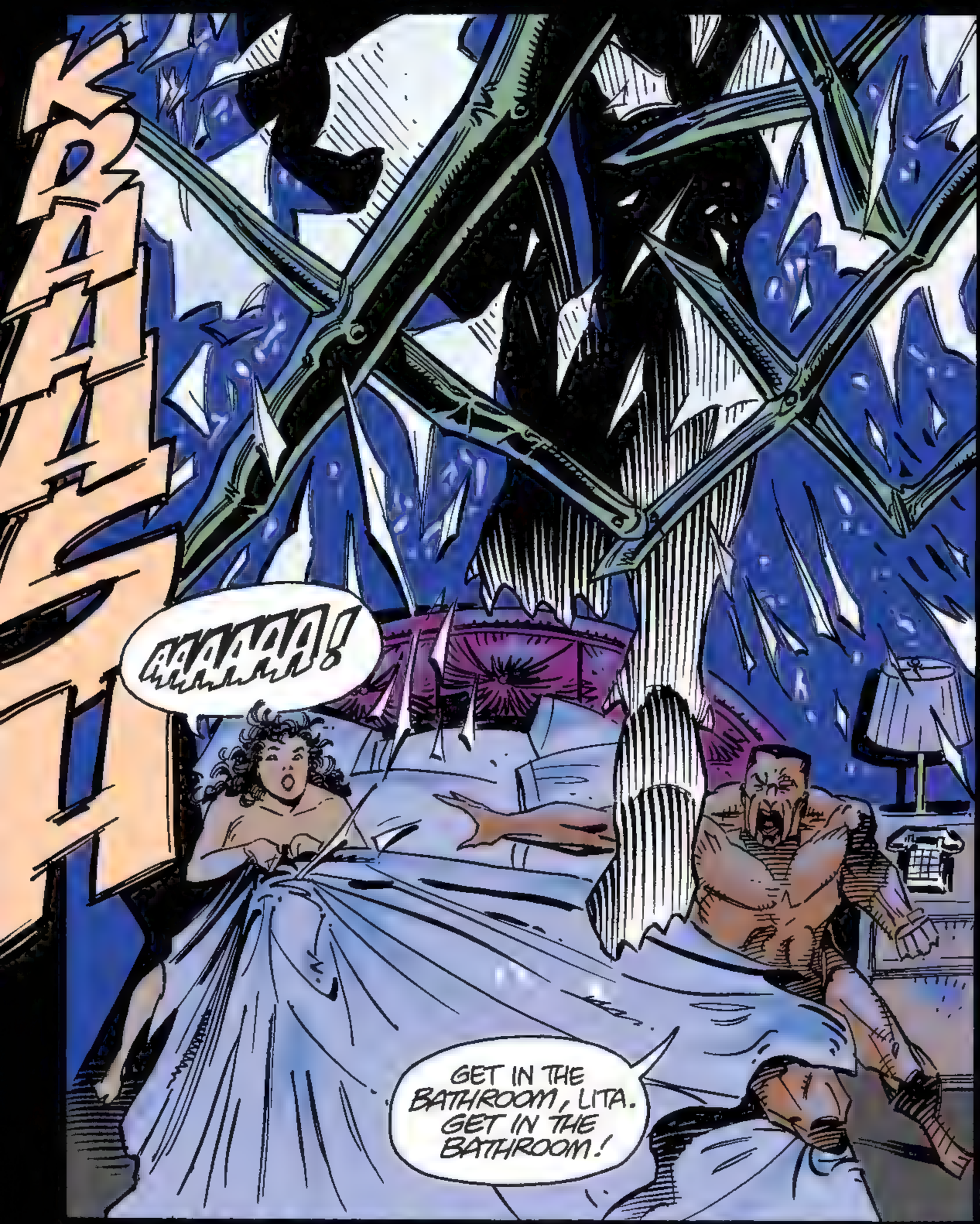
GORDON! I'VE WARNED YOU BEFORE ABOUT THESE OUTBURSTS!
THE SQUIRE CORPORATION DOES NOT CONSORT WITH CRIMINALS, COMMISSIONER GORDON!

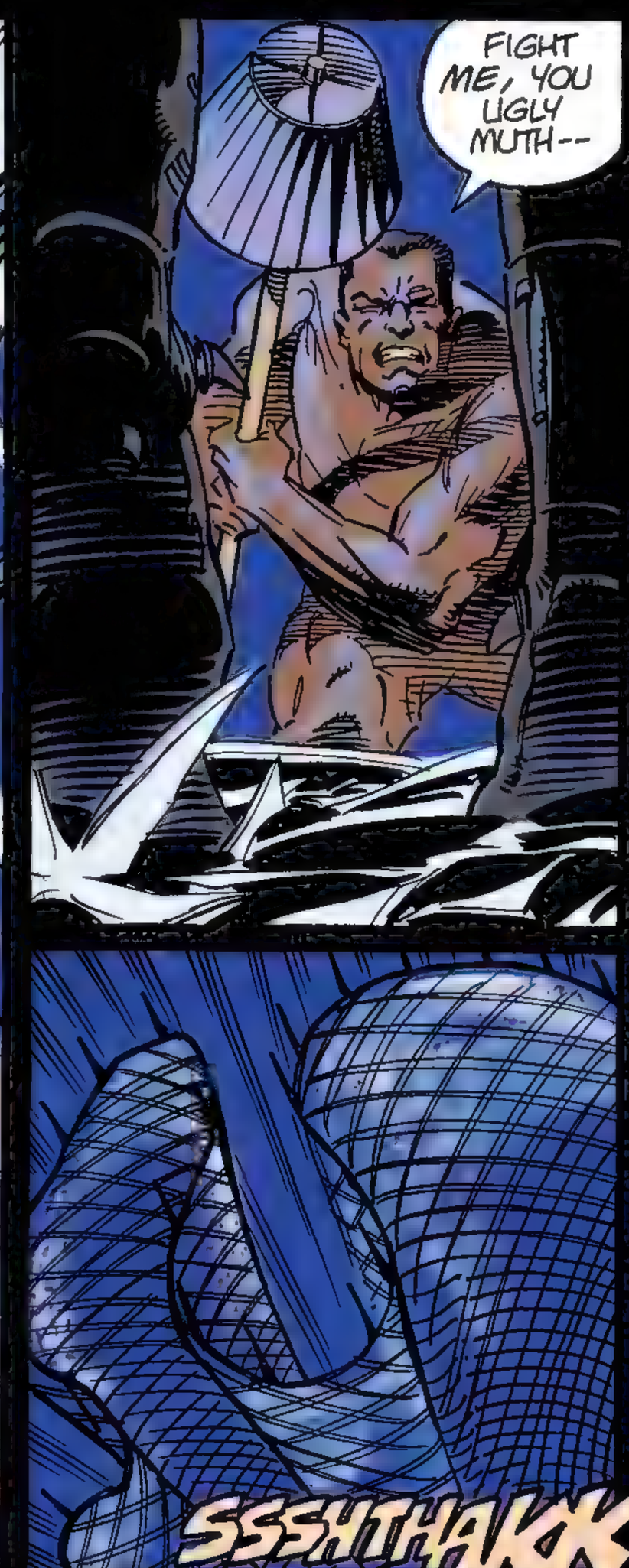
I'D LOVE TO CHAT, GENTLEMEN, BUT DUTY CALLS.
GORDON--!

I'LL SEE HE APOLOGIZES PERSONALLY FOR THAT REMARK, YEAGER!
I SHOULD THINK SO!
AH, FORGET IT, MR. MAYOR. STICKS AND STONES!
VERY TOLERANT OF YOU, YEAGER...

PAYS TO BE, THESE DAYS...
SAY, BRUCIE, I HEAR YOU'RE BIG ON CHARITY, TOO.
COME ON OVER TO MY PARTY--WE CAN COMPARE TAX SHELTERS.
OUTTA MR. BRODIN'S WAY, PUNK!
WHY, YOU--
THAT'S ENOUGH, BOYS. FIGHT'S OVER...
MAX
...AND WE WON. KINDA SYMBOLIC, huh?
CLEANER THAN WHEN WE USED TO SHOOT IT OUT, TOO. MORE BUSINESS-LIKE.
SO WHAT'LL YOU DO, LEO? SELL BULL TO THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE FOR DOG MEAT?
YOU ALWAYS WERE A BAD LOSER, LEO...
I'LL SLAUGHTER YOU-- AND THAT PANTYWAIST BALLET DANCER YOU BROUGHT IN! YOU WAIT!
HOME, MASTER BRUCE?
NO, THE GREAT PHILANTHROPIST ALEX YEAGER HAS INVITED ME TO HIS VICTORY CELEBRATION.
PHILANTHROPIST, SIR? I UNDERSTOOD HE WAS SOME SORT OF GANGSTER.
HE IS, ALFRED. GOTHAM'S BIGGEST.
THE VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE PILE SHOULD BE QUITE ILLUMINATING.

IT'S SO GOOD TO BE ALONE, MARCUS. I MISSED YOU, WITH THE TRAINING AND ALL...
WE ARE ALONE, AREN'T WE?
SURE, LITA, SURE. 'CEPT FOR MR. YEAGER'S GUYS OVER AT THE ELEVATOR.
HE SAYS NOW I'M A PUBLIC FIGURE, I GOTTA BE CAREFUL...
MARCUS! EVERYBODY LOVES YOU...
BESIDES, THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP'S THE LAST GUY ANYONE'D WANT TO PICK A FIGHT WITH, EVEN IN GOTHAM!
WHY, I BET YOU'RE EVEN TOUGHER THAN BATMA--
CHONK
CHONK
THOUGHT YOU SAID WE WERE ALONE, LOVER.
WE ARE, WOMAN, WE ARE...!
MARCUS! ISN'T THAT--?
skritch
BLUP BLOP

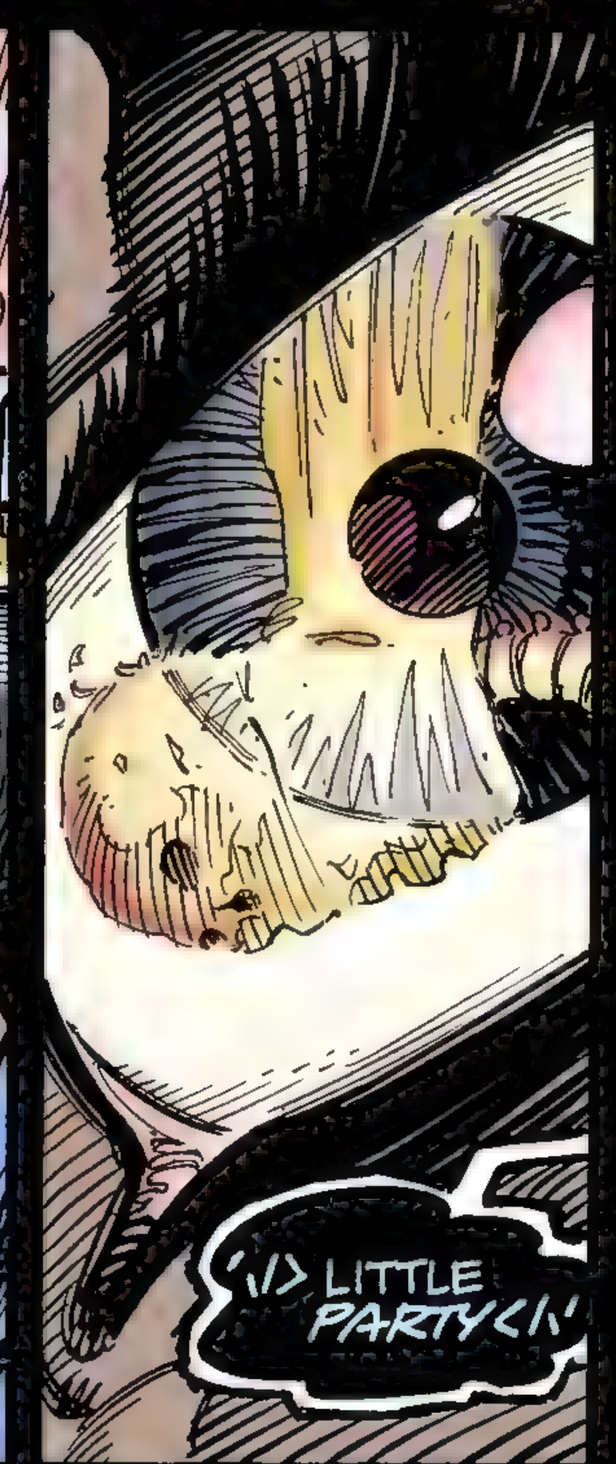

KRAAA
AAAAAA!
GET IN THE BATHROOM, LITA. GET IN THE BATHROOM!


FIGHT ME, YOU UGLY MUTH--
SSSHTHAKK!

UUUNNH!

CHIKKT CHIKT

THUDDD
OH WHY WHY WHY WHY


LITTLE PARTY

JUST BETWEEN US, BRUCE, I FIND IT ALL RATHER VULGAR...
...BUT YEAGER'S HAD TO CLAW HIS WAY UP FROM THE DEPTHS, Y'KNOW...
NOT WITHOUT SPILLING SOME BLOOD, I HEAR.
REALLY, BRUCE, YOU'RE STARTING TO SOUND LIKE THAT SELF-RIGHTEOUS POLICE COMMISSIONER OF OURS!
: ahem :
BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR. THAT PRIOR COMMITMENT?
OF COURSE, ALFRED.
EXCUSE ME, RAYMOND...
...AN INCIDENT AT THE PLAZA HOTEL, ACCORDING TO THE POLICE RADIO.
I GATHER OUR CITY'S LEADING PUGILIST WAS INVOLVED.
THOUGH THE COMMISSIONER IS HARDLY IN THE HABIT OF LIGHTING THE SIGNAL FOR MERE FISTICUFFS...
GOOD HUNTING, MASTER BRUCE.

WHY WHY OH WHY MARCUS WHY
COME ON, HONEY... ALL OVER NOW.
...TWO GUARDS. BLEW THEIR CHESTS WIDE OPEN. NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT THEM...
WHY EVERYBODY LOVED HIM WHY
NO! NO! NOT NOT AGAIN! NOOO...
...HUNG THEIR BODIES UP THERE--
IT'S OKAY, IT'S OKAY--
--HE'S ON OUR SIDE...
...THANK GOD.
GO ON, DETEC-TIVE.
RIGHT...THE KILLER CAME IN THE SKYLIGHT AND FORCED KING UPSIDE THAT WALL.
MARKS ON HIS BODY LOOK LIKE A NET WAS USED.
A NET...?
CUT HIM TO THE BONE. THEN HIS... HIS HEAD AND SPINAL COLUMN WERE RE-MOVED.
HE DIED HURTING. HURTING A LOT.

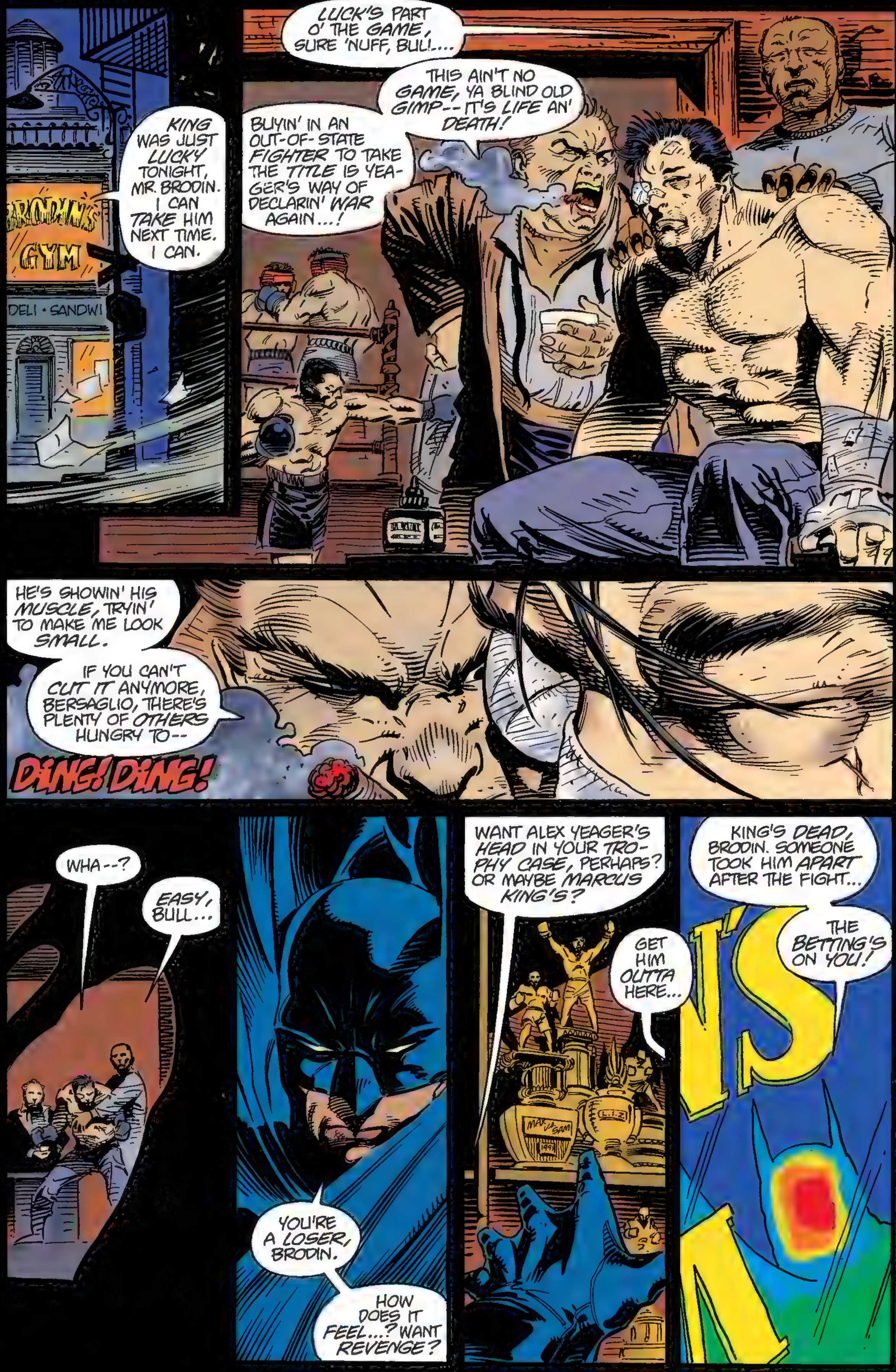
WE CAN'T FIND HIS TROPHY BELT EITHER. OH, AND THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE, SIR--
HIS HANDS ARE MISSING.

AND...AND THE GIRL?
WASN'T TOUCHED. BUT SHE WON'T BE MAKING SENSE FOR A WILE.
IF EVER...

SO-- SUSPECTS? MOTIVE?
DID LOSING THE CHAMPIONSHIP FINALLY PUSH BRODIN OVER THE EDGE?
HE HATES YEAGER ENOUGH... THEY'VE BEEN FIGHTING OVER GOTHAM'S RACKETS FOR A QUARTER CENTURY.

BRODIN'S LOST TWO BROTHERS, YEAGER'S LOST HIS SON AND HIS RIGHT EYE...
THEIR TRUCE COULDN'T LAST. THIS WAS NEVER JUST ANOTHER BOXING MATCH.
THEN WHO'D BRODIN CONTACT FOR THE HIT? JACK THE RIPPER AND DELTA FORCE...?!

I'D BETTER PAY BRODIN A VISIT, BEFORE YEAGER DECLARES OPEN SEASON.
THAT'S ALL I NEED...!
GORDON! WHAT THE--?


KING WAS JUST LUCKY TONIGHT, MR. BRODIN. I CAN TAKE HIM NEXT TIME. I CAN.
GYM
DELI • SANDWI
LUCK'S PART O' THE GAME, SURE 'NUFF, BULL....
THIS AIN'T NO GAME, YA BLIND OLD GIMP-- IT'S LIFE AN' DEATH!
BUYIN' IN AN OUT-OF-STATE FIGHTER TO TAKE THE TITLE IS YEAGER'S WAY OF DECLARIN' WAR AGAIN...!
HE'S SHOWIN' HIS MUSCLE, TRYIN' TO MAKE ME LOOK SMALL.
IF YOU CAN'T CUT IT ANYMORE, BERSAGLIO, THERE'S PLENTY OF OTHERS HUNGRY TO--
DING! DING!
WHA--?
EASY, BULL...
YOU'RE A LOSER, BRODIN.
HOW DOES IT FEEL...? WANT REVENGE?
WANT ALEX YEAGER'S HEAD IN YOUR TROPHY CASE, PERHAPS? OR MAYBE MARCUS KING'S?
GET HIM OUTTA HERE...
KING'S DEAD, BRODIN. SOMEONE TOOK HIM APART AFTER THE FIGHT...
THE BETTING'S ON YOU!

YOU'RE BETTING ON THE *WRONG GUY*, BUDDY ...BUT THANKS FOR THE *SPORTSCAST!*

NOW GET *OUT*, WE'RE *BUSY*...

WHUNK

YOU *HEARD* WHAT MR. BRODIN SA--

NNGGE!

MR. BRODIN, YOU WANT I SHOULD...?

YOU'RE IN NO *SHAPE*, BULL. GUY'S A *PRO*.

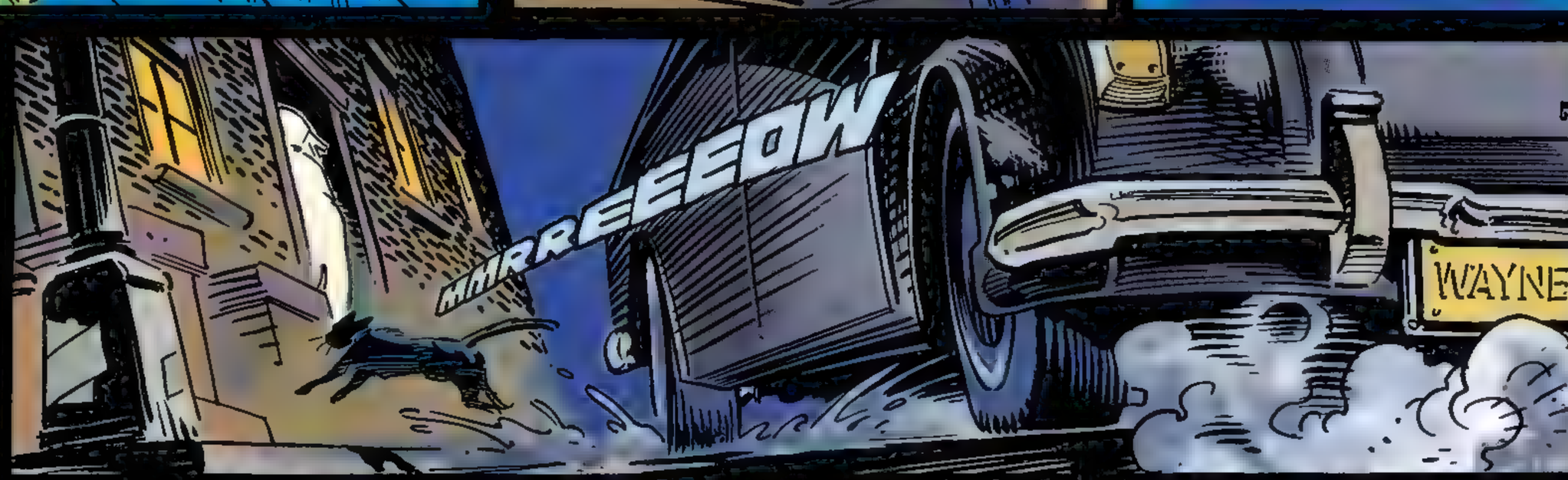
YEAGER WON'T THROW IN THE *TOWEL* SO EASILY. HE'S *DOWN* ONE *BOXING CHAMP*.

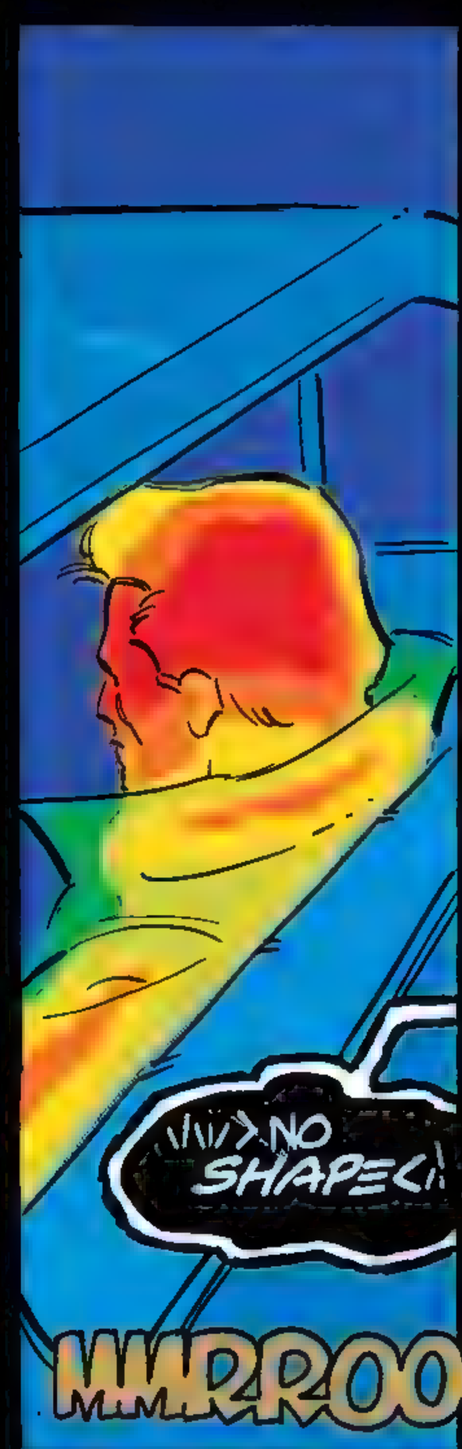
AND IF IT *WASN'T* YOU, THEN IT MEANS *SOMEBODY* OUT THERE JUST DOESN'T LIKE *FIGHTERS*.

EITHER WAY, YOU SHOULD WATCH YOUR *BACK*, BRODIN.

YOU MIGHT LOSE THE *NEXT* ROUND, TOO.

WHA?

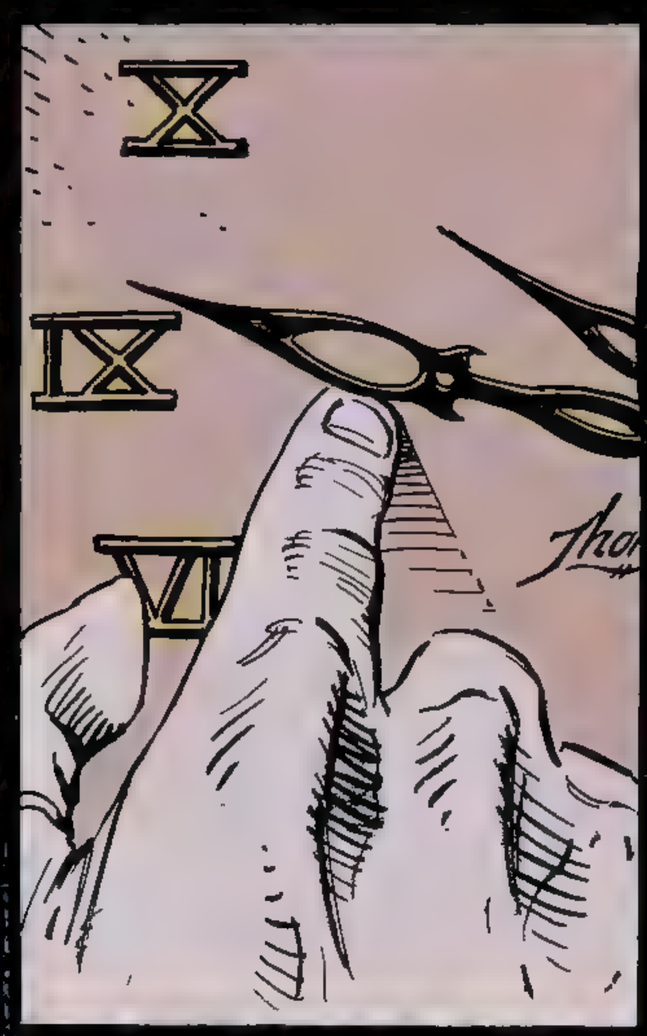

MMRREEEOW
WAYNE


NO SHAPE
MMRROOOW

WRONG GUY
HISSS

NEXT ROUND
MEEIOO
RRRNNTCH

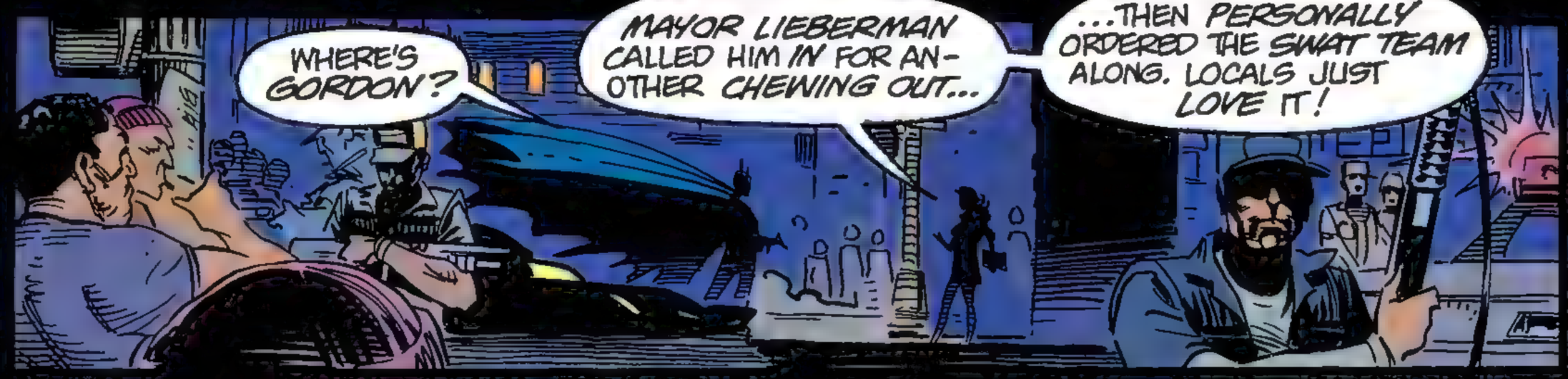
...MUTILATED CORPSE LAST NIGHT. PROMOTER AND FRIEND, ALEX YEAGER, IS REPORTED "TOO UPSET TO COMMENT."
MEANWHILE, HIS LONG-TIME RIVAL, LEO BRODIN, IS CLAIMING THAT HIS FIGHTER, BULL BERSAGLIO, IS THE NEW CHAMPION OF GOTHAM, BY DEFAULT...
AT CITY HALL, MAYOR LIEBERMAN HAS DISMISSED POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON'S WARNING OF AN INCREASE IN GANG-RELATED--
:AAACHOO!:
GESUNDHEIT, ALFRED...
DANNGK YOU, SIR.
SIR, IF I MAY SAY SO...THESE THINGS OF YOUR GRANDFATHER'S...
...CAN ONE REALLY BE PROUD OF SUCH MEMENTOS THESE DAYS?
WHAT WAS IT OSCAR WILDE SAID ABOUT HUNTING...? Ah, YES --"THE UNSPEAKABLE IN PURSUIT OF THE UNEATABLE!"
Hmm... YOU'RE RIGHT, ALFRED. CLEAR THEM OUT --APART FROM THE GUN, THAT IS.
YES, OF COURSE, SIR. THOSE FIRING TESTS WE PERFORMED IN THE "HIGHWAYMAN" CASE.
VITAL EVIDENCE, AS I RECALL...
AND, ah, WHAT OF THIS LATEST UNPLEASANTNESS, MASTER BRUCE? ANY CLUES?
PARTIAL FOOTPRINTS SUGGESTING LARGE BODY MASS, INDICATIONS OF SOPHISTICATED WEAPONRY...
SOME FLAKES OF CORRODED METAL. COMMON RUST, NOTHING EXCEPTIONAL. UNLIKE OUR KILLER...
THE SKILLS OF A SURGEON AND THE FEROCITY OF A--
EXCUSE ME, SIR...



...BUT I SUSPECT THE GAME IS AFOOT ONCE MORE.

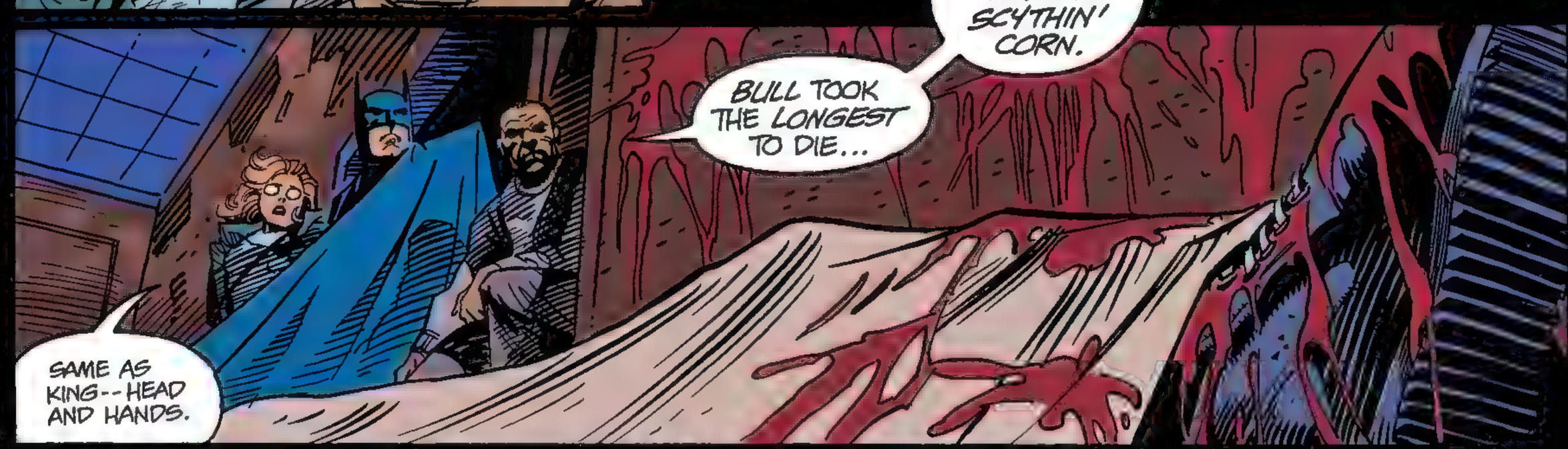
THE CAR'S BEEN FUELED AND TUNED, SIR, AND THE ONBOARD SYSTEMS CHECKED...
OH, AND THE UTILITY BELT HAS HAD ITS REGULAR SERVICE.

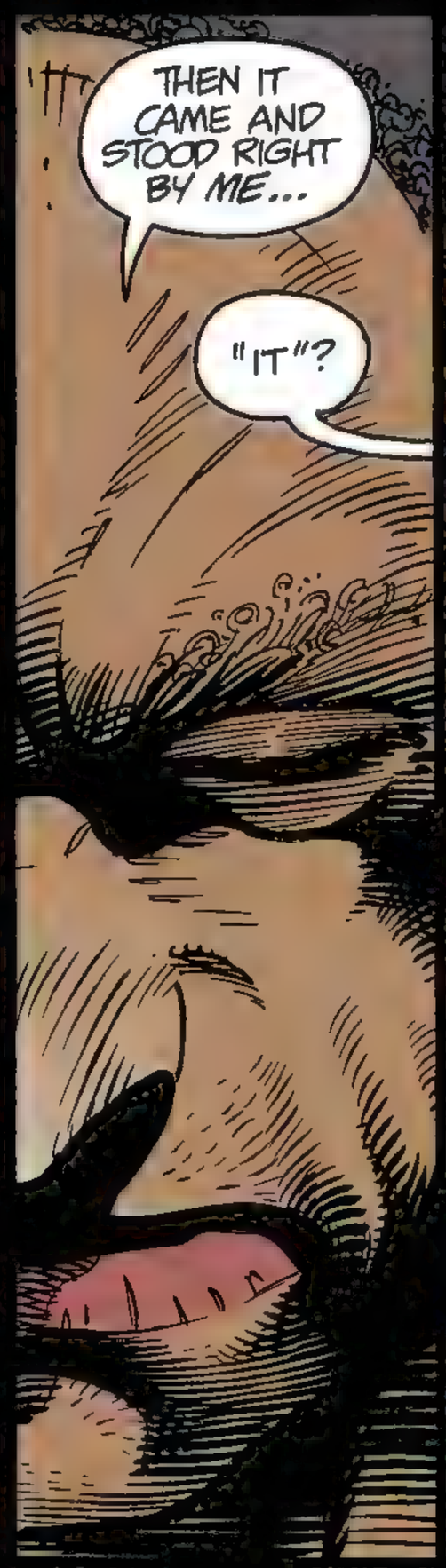
YOU'VE BEEN BUSY, ALFRED.
ONE TRIES TO KEEP THINGS IN ORDER, MASTER BRUCE...
...I ONLY WISH GOTHAM WERE AS RESPONSIVE TO YOUR EFFORTS.
SPECIAL BACK-UP CONFIRMING ATTENDANCE... REQUEST LOCATION...

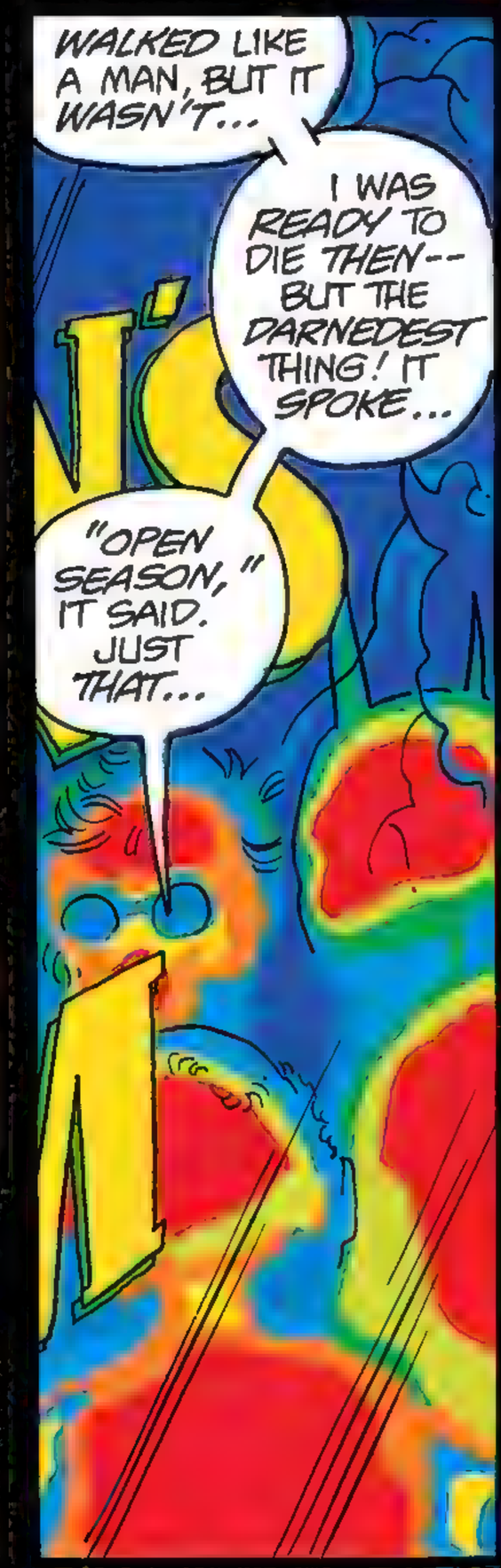

WHERE'S GORDON?
MAYOR LIEBERMAN CALLED HIM IN FOR ANOTHER CHEWING OUT...
...THEN PERSONALLY ORDERED THE SWAT TEAM ALONG. LOCALS JUST LOVE IT!

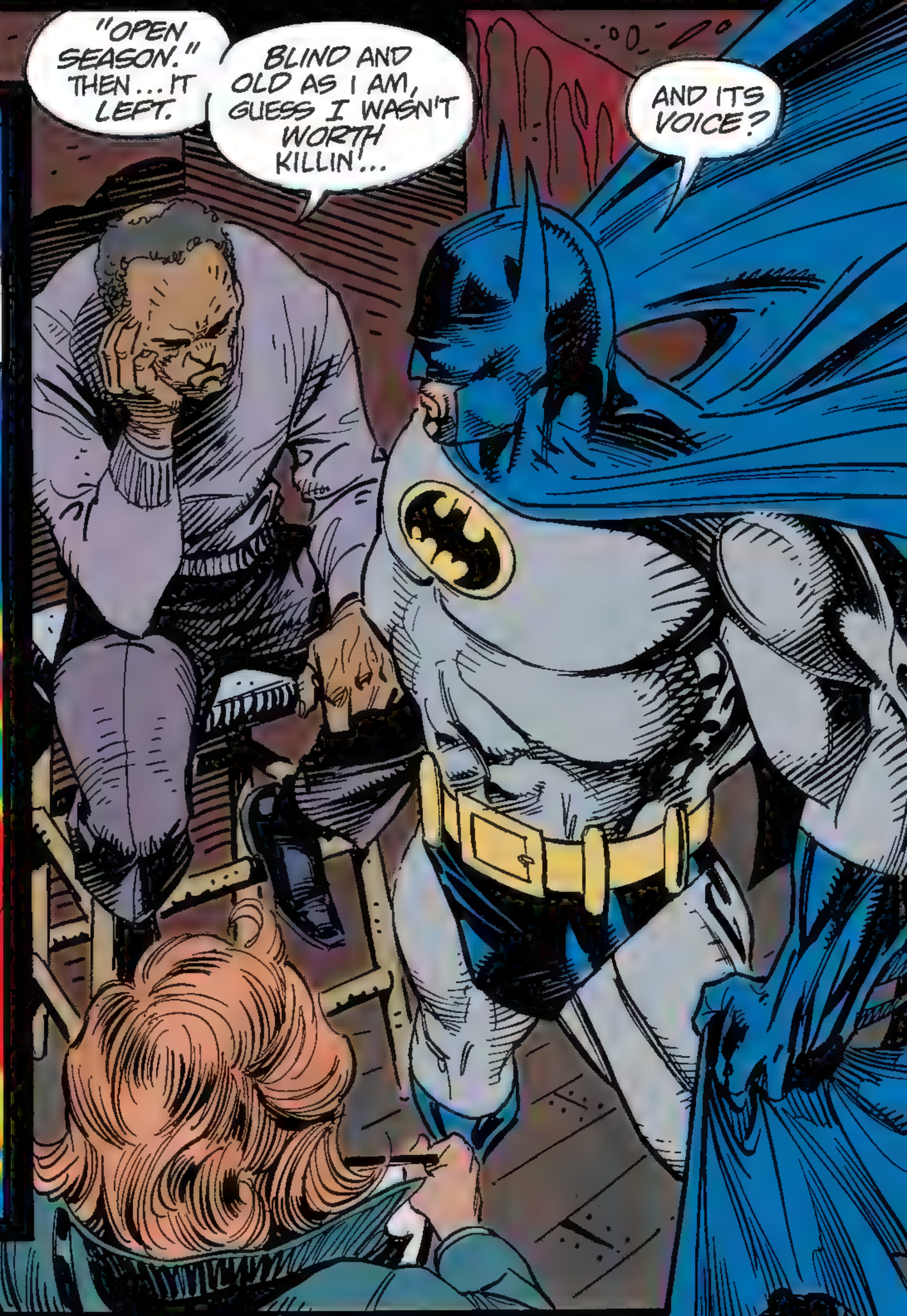
BUT WE GOT A WITNESS-- AND THIS ONE CAN TALK!
AN EYE-WITNESS?
NO... NOT EXACTLY.
YOU'RE SOON BACK, SON. HAD 'NOTHER VISITOR IN THE MEANTIME...
BUT YOU CAN PROB'LY TELL THAT!

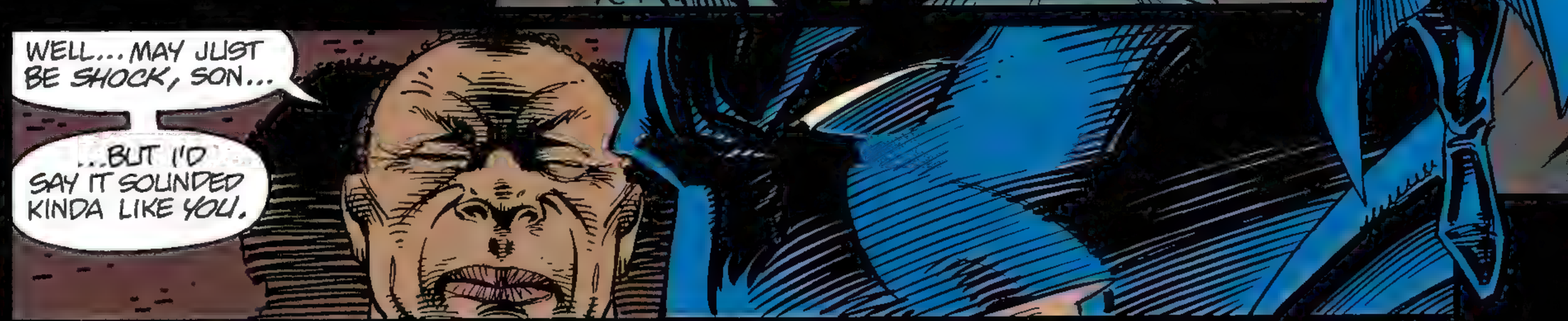
FUNNY... DON'T RECKON ANY O'THEM SAW MUCH MORE'N ME.
'BOUT ALL I HEARD WAS SCREAMIN'... GROWED MEN-- TRAINED FIGHTERS-- PLEADIN' FOR GOD'S MERCY.
ANYONE MENTION A NAME?
THAT, AN' A SOUND LIKE M'DADDY SCYTHIN' CORN.


BULL TOOK THE LONGEST TO DIE...
SAME AS KING--HEAD AND HANDS.

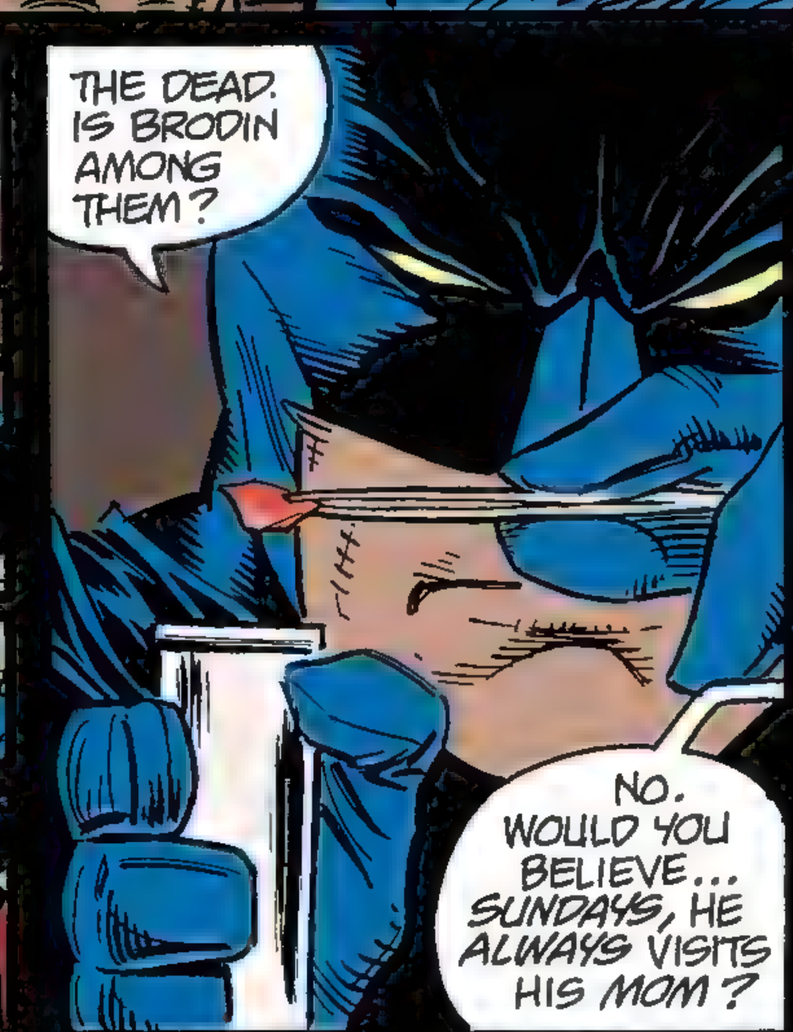

THEN IT CAME AND STOOD RIGHT BY ME...
"IT"?


WALKED LIKE A MAN, BUT IT WASN'T...
I WAS READY TO DIE THEN-- BUT THE DARNEDEST THING! IT SPOKE...
"OPEN SEASON," IT SAID. JUST THAT...


"OPEN SEASON." THEN...IT LEFT.
BLIND AND OLD AS I AM, GUESS I WASN'T WORTH KILLIN'...
AND ITS VOICE?


WELL...MAY JUST BE SHOCK, SON...
...BUT I'D SAY IT SOUNDED KINDA LIKE YOU.

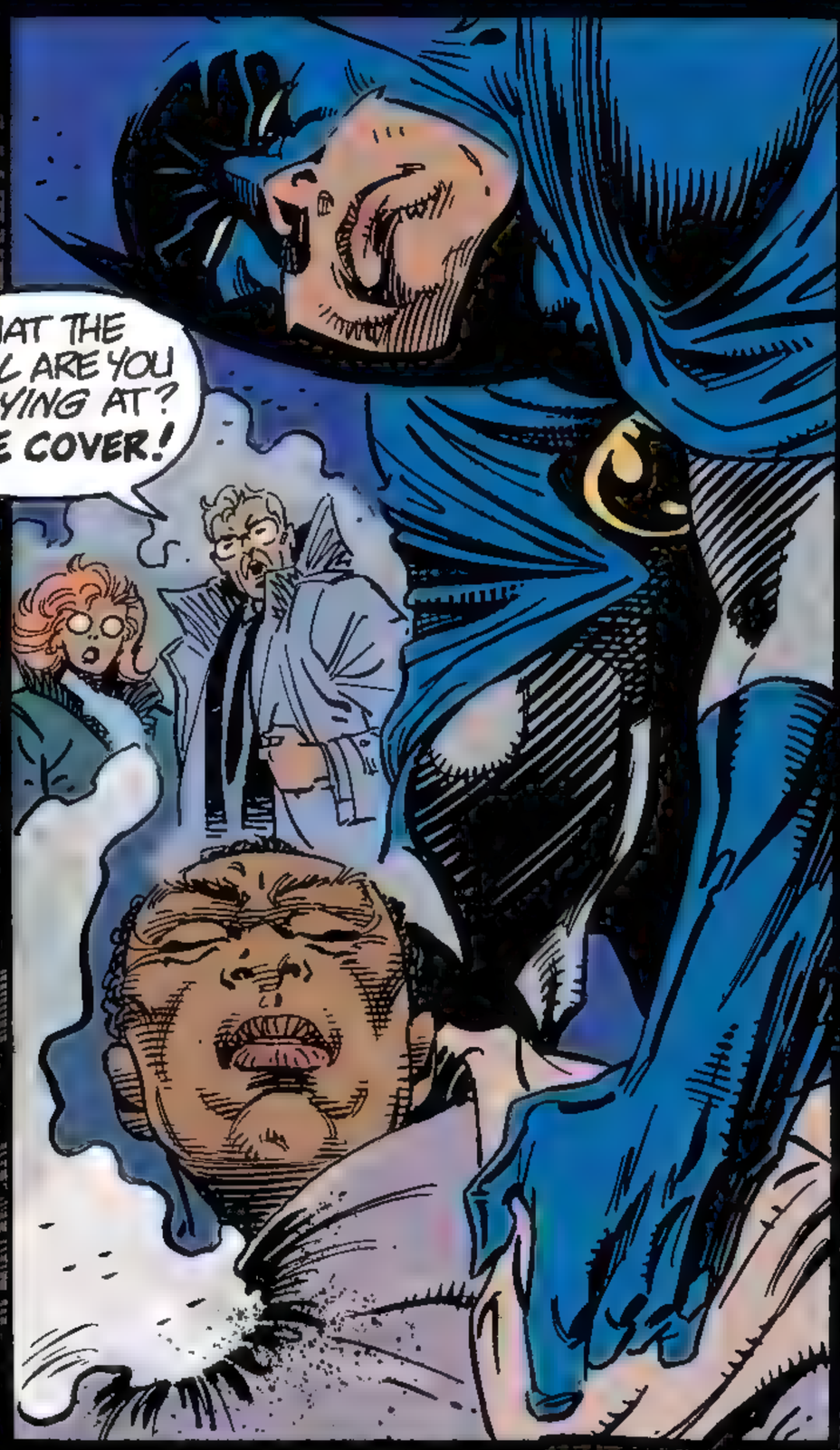
SO IS THE OLD GUY PUNCHY OR ARE WE DEALING WITH SOME KIND OF BOGEYMAN, OR WHAT?
I THINK IT'S "OR WHAT," DETECTIVE.

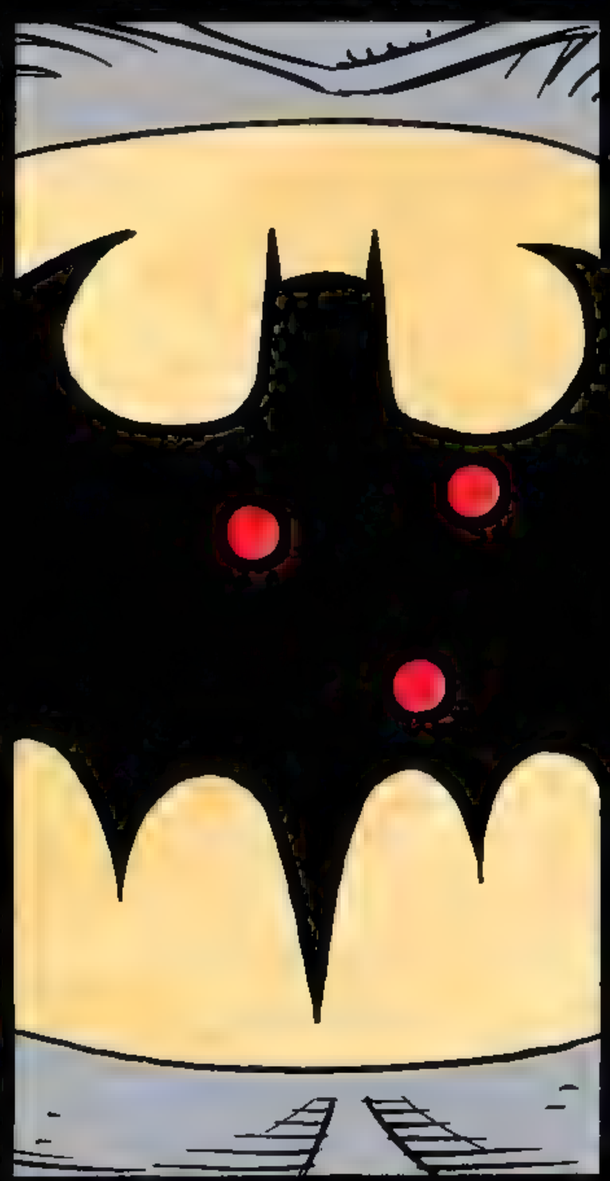

THE DEAD. IS BRODIN AMONG THEM?
NO. WOULD YOU BELIEVE... SUNDAYS, HE ALWAYS VISITS HIS MOM?

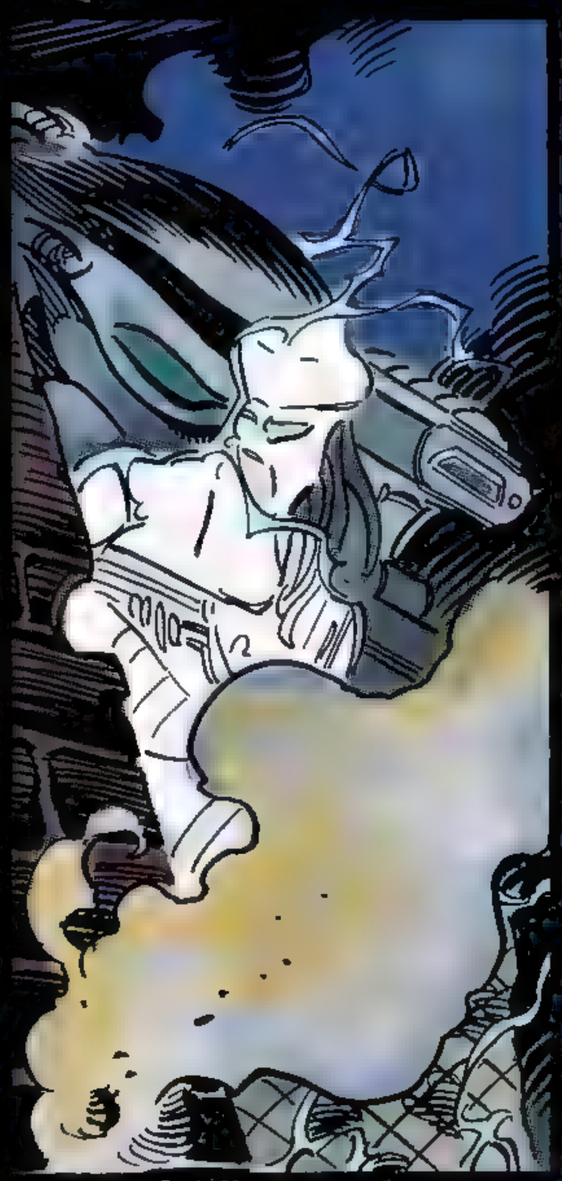
LUCKY MAN.
UH, YEAH.
I DON'T CARE WHAT THE MAYOR SAID--!

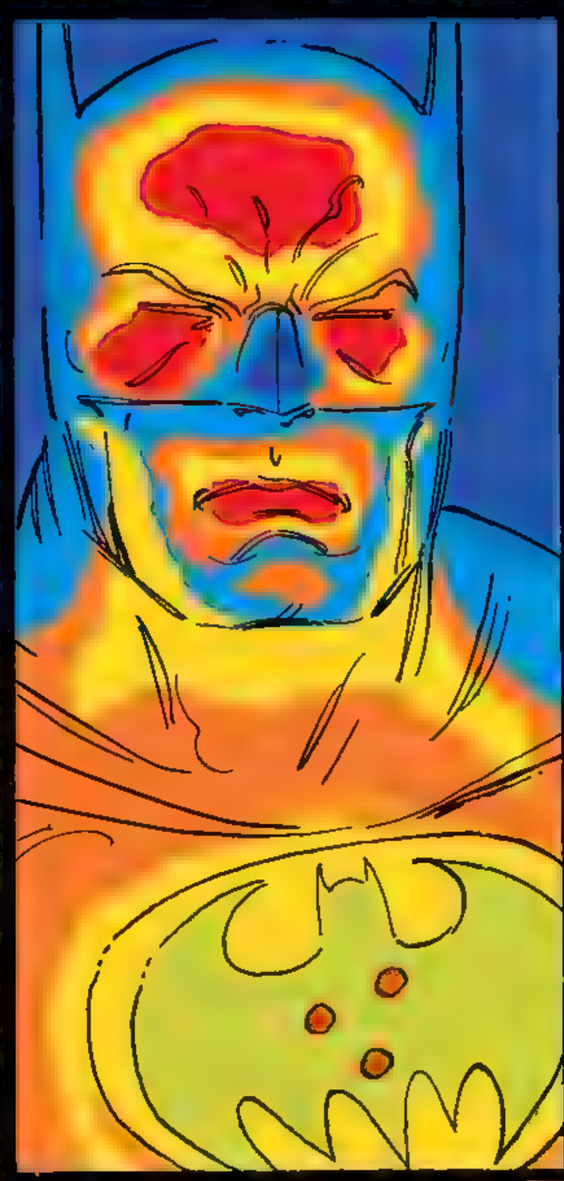
YOU GET YOUR MEN THE HELL OUT OF HERE, CAPTAIN! THAT'S AN ORDER!
BUT, SIR...
CAN IT! I'M IN CHARGE HERE, MISTER!
...WAS A FIGHTER MYSELF. BUT THERE'S NUTHIN' FOR ME NOW, I'M--
GET DOWN!
UP THERE! SOMETHING ON THE ROOF!
SCHUUNNNK
NO!
OPEN FIRE!
NO! HOLD YOUR FIRE!
BRAKKABRAKKABRAKKABRAKKA

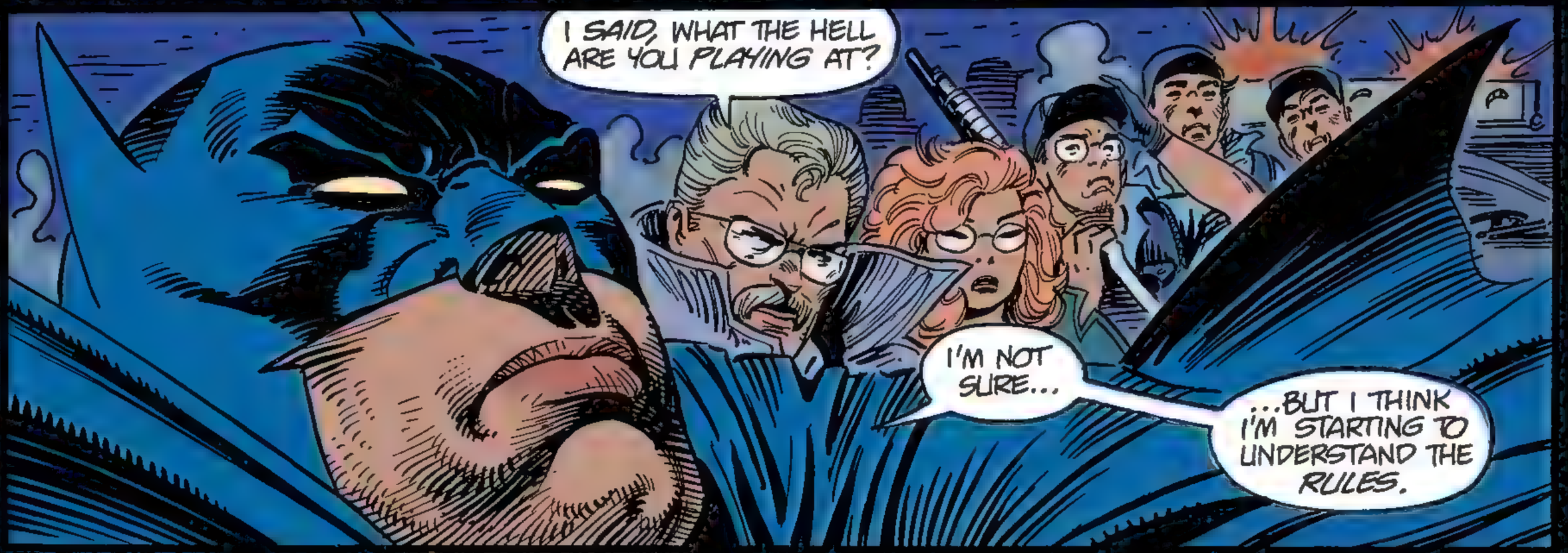
HOLD YOUR FIRE, DAMMIT!
WE'VE GOT A STREET FULL OF PEOPLE HERE--!
POLICE

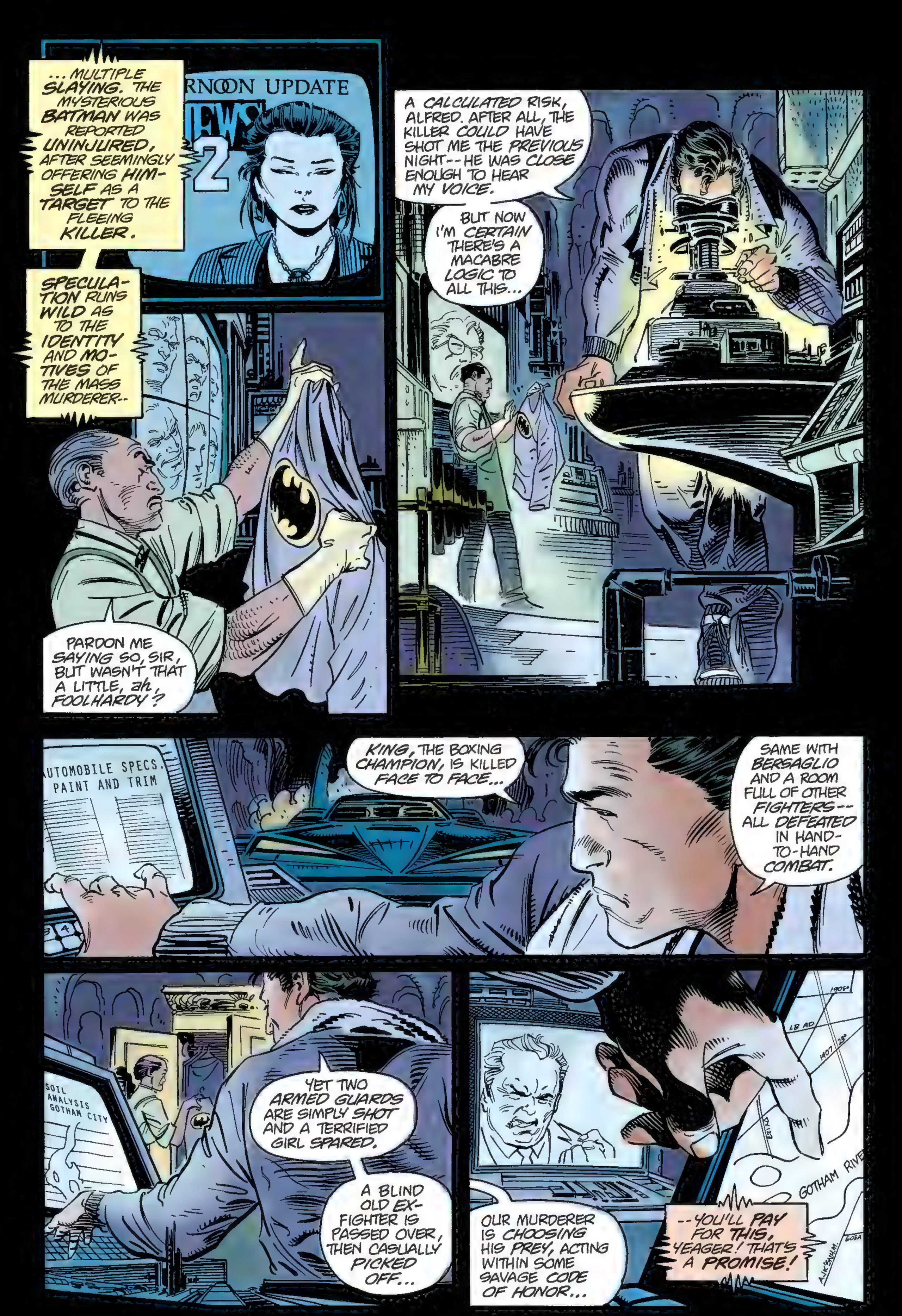

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU PLAYING AT? TAKE COVER!

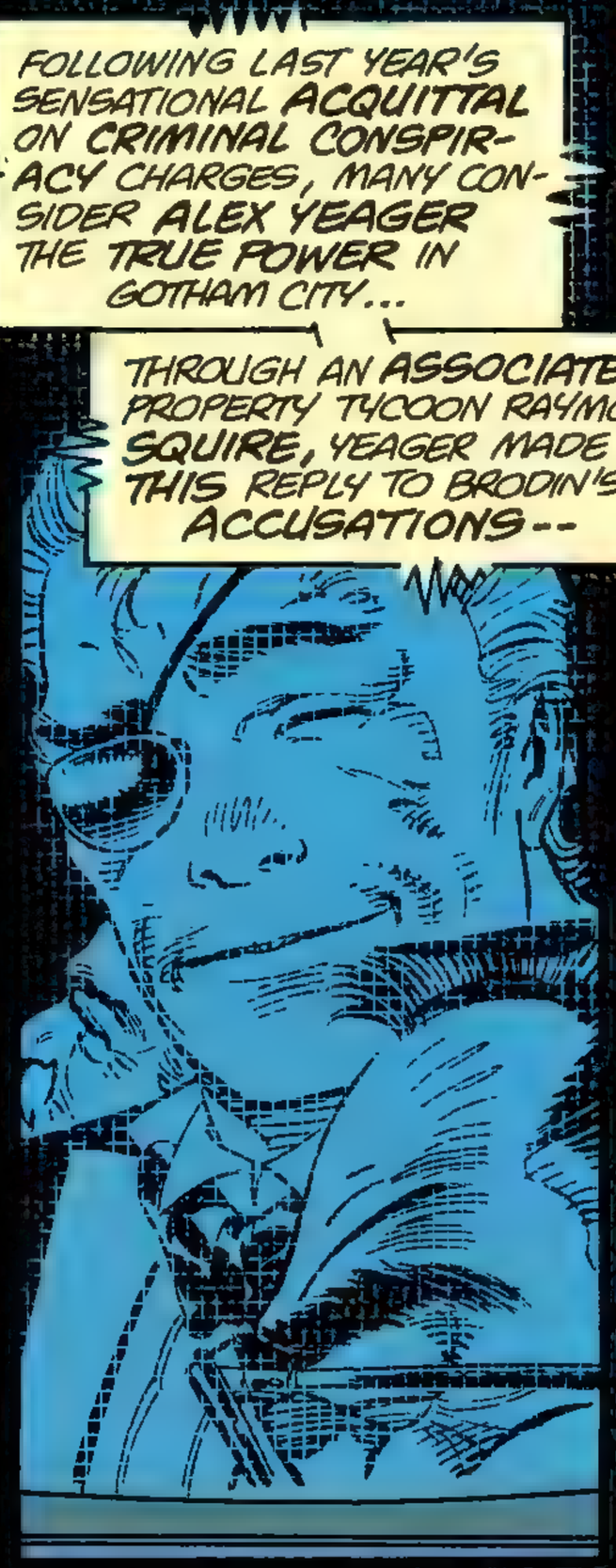


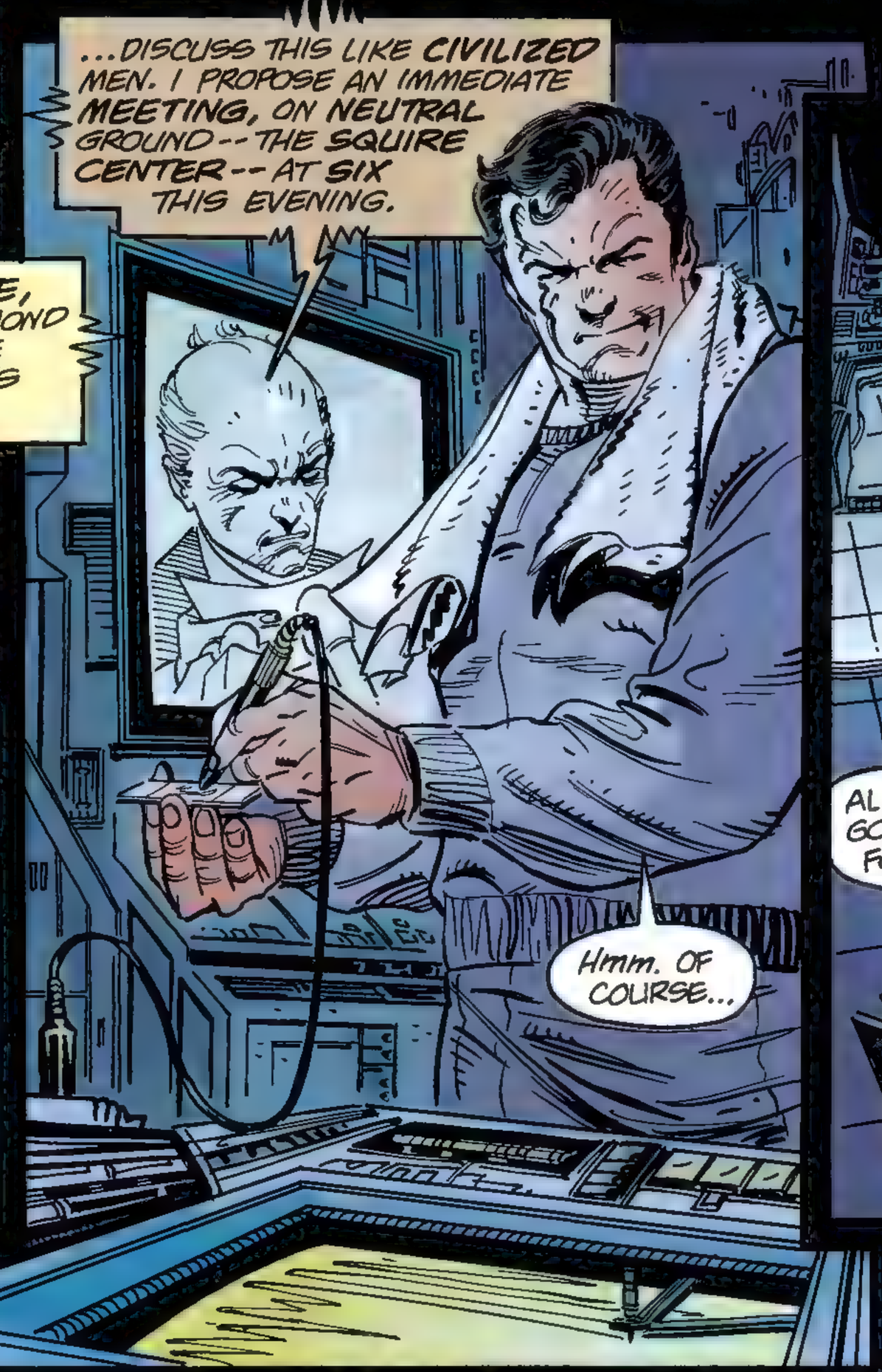





I SAID, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU PLAYING AT?
I'M NOT SURE...
...BUT I THINK I'M STARTING TO UNDERSTAND THE RULES.


...MULTIPLE SLAYING. THE MYSTERIOUS BATMAN WAS REPORTED UNINJURED, AFTER SEEMINGLY OFFERING HIMSELF AS A TARGET TO THE FLEEING KILLER.
RNOON UPDATE
2
SPECULATION RUNS WILD AS TO THE IDENTITY AND MOTIVES OF THE MASS MURDERER--
PARDON ME SAYING SO, SIR, BUT WASN'T THAT A LITTLE, ah, FOOLHARDY?
A CALCULATED RISK, ALFRED. AFTER ALL, THE KILLER COULD HAVE SHOT ME THE PREVIOUS NIGHT--HE WAS CLOSE ENOUGH TO HEAR MY VOICE.
BUT NOW I'M CERTAIN THERE'S A MACABRE LOGIC TO ALL THIS...
AUTOMOBILE SPECS. PAINT AND TRIM
KING, THE BOXING CHAMPION, IS KILLED FACE TO FACE...
SAME WITH BERSAGLIO AND A ROOM FULL OF OTHER FIGHTERS--ALL DEFEATED IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT.
SOIL ANALYSIS GOTHAM CITY
YET TWO ARMED GUARDS ARE SIMPLY SHOT AND A TERRIFIED GIRL SPARED.
A BLIND OLD EX-FIGHTER IS PASSED OVER, THEN CASUALLY PICKED OFF...
OUR MURDERER IS CHOOSING HIS PREY, ACTING WITHIN SOME SAVAGE CODE OF HONOR...
--YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, YEAGER! THAT'S A PROMISE!
GOTHAM RIVE


FOLLOWING LAST YEAR'S SENSATIONAL ACQUITTAL ON CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY CHARGES, MANY CONSIDER ALEX YEAGER THE TRUE POWER IN GOTHAM CITY...
THROUGH AN ASSOCIATE, PROPERTY TYCOON RAYMOND SQUIRE, YEAGER MADE THIS REPLY TO BRODIN'S ACCUSATIONS--


...DISCUSS THIS LIKE CIVILIZED MEN. I PROPOSE AN IMMEDIATE MEETING, ON NEUTRAL GROUND--THE SQUIRE CENTER--AT SIX THIS EVENING.
Hmm. OF COURSE...

AND NEWS JUST IN--BRODIN HAS INDEED AGREED TO MEET YEAGER. AND NOW, er, SPORTS...
ALFRED, I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU...
SIR?

I WANT YOU TO SNIFF AROUND THE JUNKYARDS IN THE EAST END...
A LEAD ON OUR KILLER, SIR?

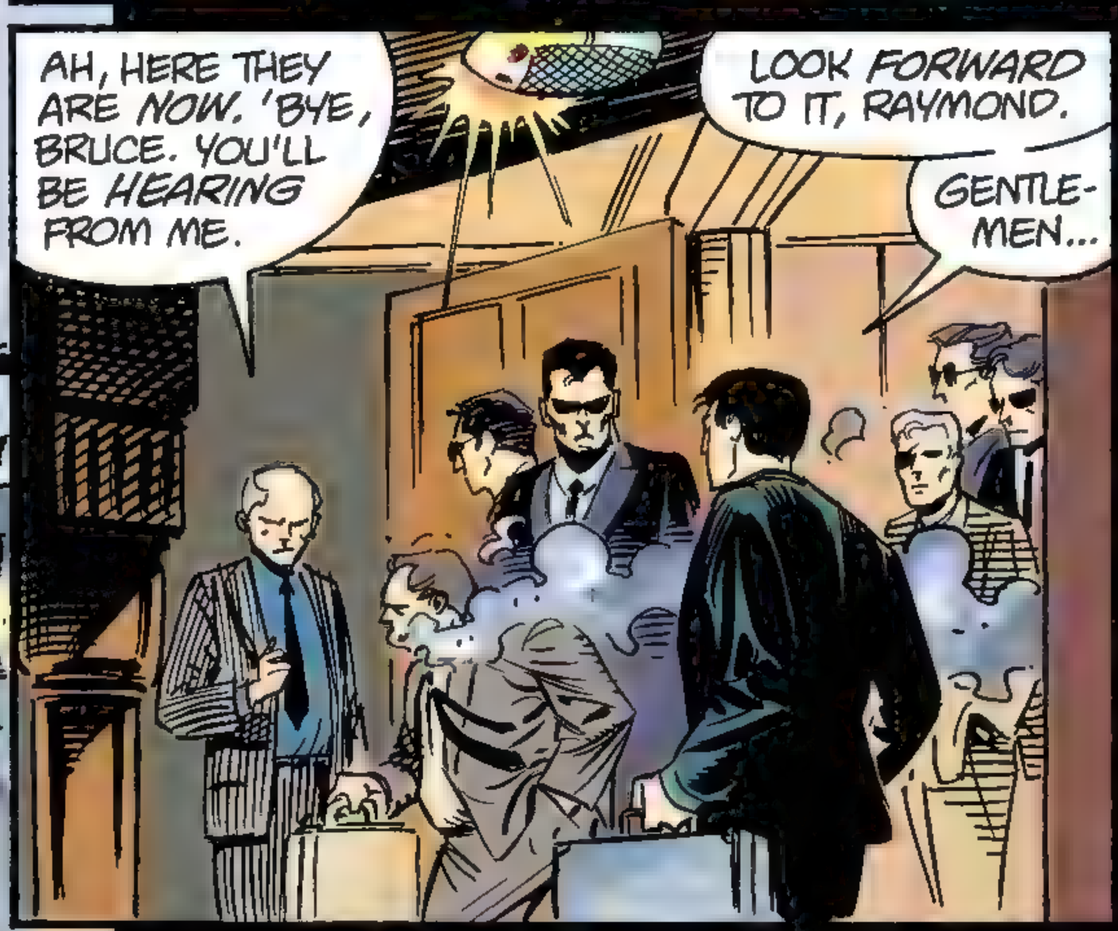
YES. I FOUND MORE RUST FLAKES AT THE GYM--BUT THESE CARRIED AUTOMOBILE PAINT...
...AND MUD. MUD OF A TYPE FOUND ONLY IN ALLUVIAL DEPOSITS EAST OF THE RIVER.

I SEE, MASTER BRUCE. BUT WHY JUNKYARDS?
THE RUST'S MAGNETIZED. A LARGE ELECTROMAGNET WOULD DO THAT...THE TYPE SCRAP METAL IS MOVED AROUND WITH.

VERY WELL, SIR. AND YOU...?
I'M GOING TO THE BIG MEETING. THE SCENT OF VIOLENT POWER MIGHT JUST PROVE IRRESISTIBLE TO WHATEVER'S STALKING THIS CITY.

...REALIZE HOW IMPORTANT YOUR CHARITY WORK IS, BRUCE.
BUT I'M AWFULLY BUSY. MAYOR LIEBERMAN'S RELYING ON ME TO RESOLVE THIS UNSAVORY "GANG MURDER" AFFAIR--
SQUIRE CENTER

OH, THE YEAGER-BRODIN FEUD.
YES, TERRIBLE PEOPLE, REALLY, BUT ONE MEETS ALL SORTS, Y'KNOW...


AH, HERE THEY ARE NOW. 'BYE, BRUCE. YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM ME.
LOOK FORWARD TO IT, RAYMOND.
GENTLEMEN...

ROOF
DISPOSAL

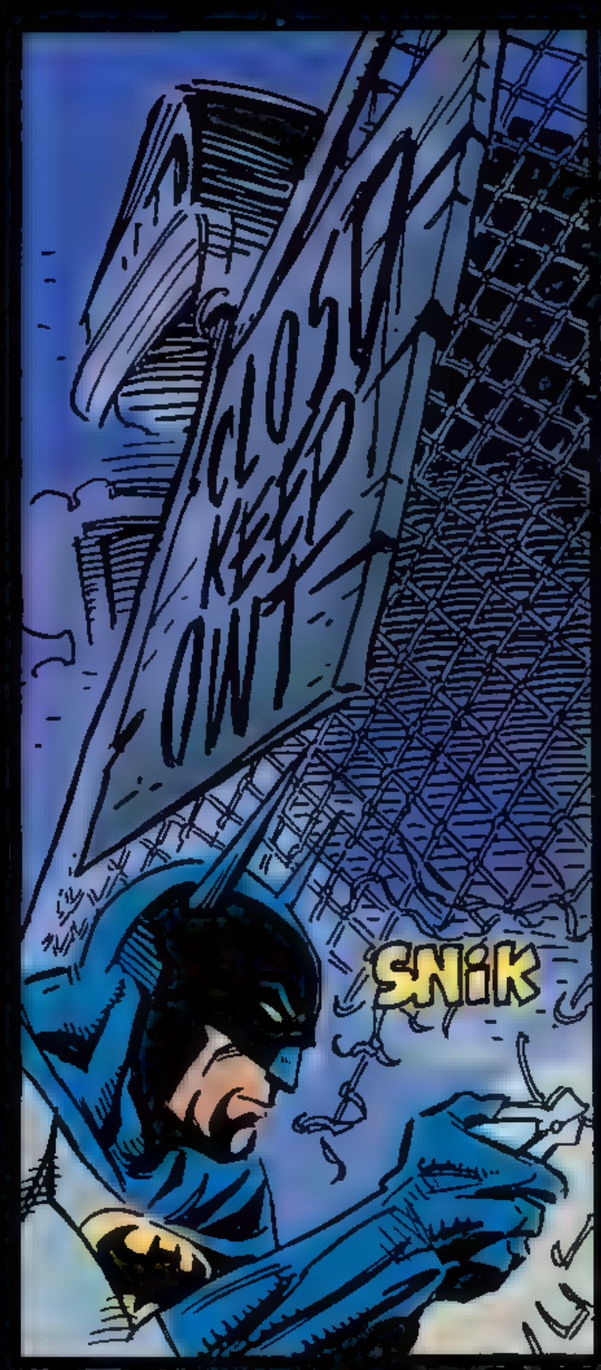
IS THIS ROOM CLEAN, RAY?
IT WAS SWEPT ONLY FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO, ALEX. WE CAN TALK FREELY.
I ASSURE YOU, GENTLEMEN. THE AREA IS SECURE. NOW, TO BUSINESS...
MR. BRODIN. ALEX AND I, NOT TO MENTION OUR GOOD FRIEND, THE MAYOR, ARE VERY DISTURBED AT THESE STUPID ACCUSA--
AN' NO INTERRUPTIONS, I HOPE.

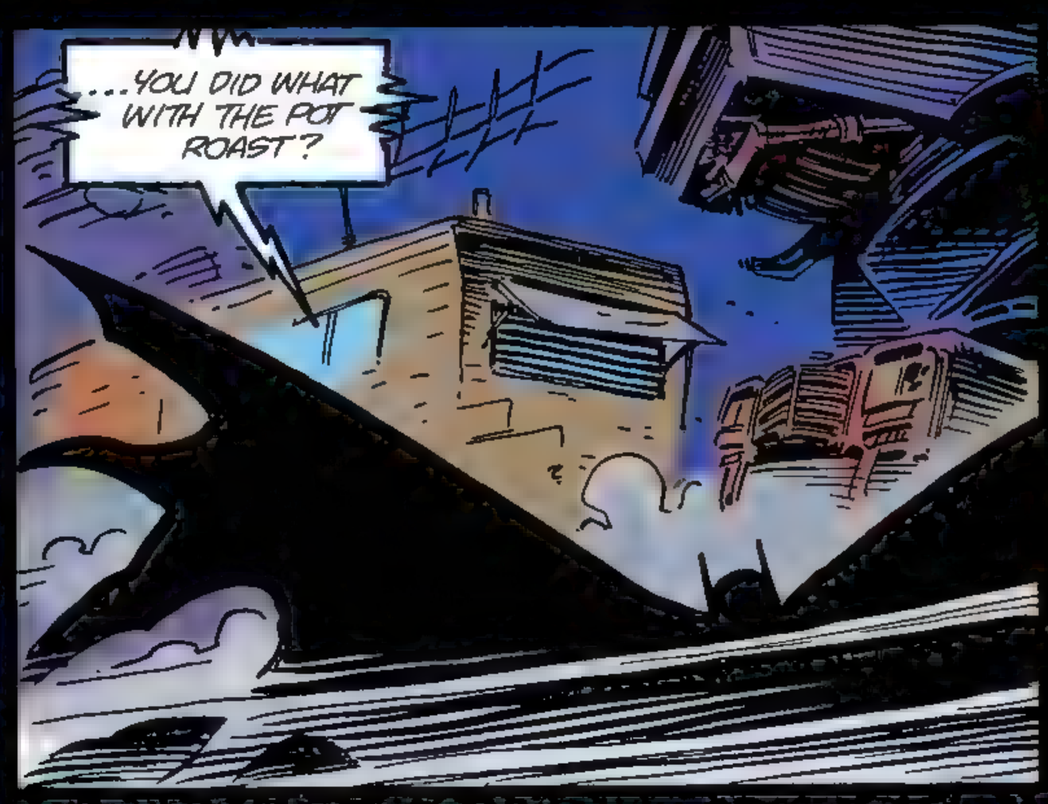
STUPID? LISTEN, BUDDY, I AIN'T A COLLEGE BOY, BUT I CAN FIGURE THIS OUT--
ONE NIGHT AL'S FIGHTER GETS WASTED, NEXT NIGHT IT'S MY TURN. IT'S CALLED REVENGE, BUDDY-- 'CEPT I DIDN'T DO AL'S BOY...
LEO, LISTEN, I BELIEVE YOU! WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER ALL OUR LIVES. KILLING KING WASN'T YOUR STYLE...
AND YOU DON'T REALLY THINK I'M STUPID ENOUGH TO WANT A WAR, DO YOU? NOT NOW THAT I'M LEGIT?
NO, THERE'S A THIRD PLAYER HERE, LEO. LET'S GET TOGETHER ...KEEP GOTHAM OURS...
THE MAYOR IS KEEN TO MAINTAIN THE, ah, STATUS QUO, TOO. NO UPSETS, NO--
OH, OH, P-PLEASE! N-NO VIOLENCE...

MR. YEAGER...?
BRAAKKKAA
MR. YEA--
SHWEEK
BRAPP
SZZZKTT
ALL I NEED

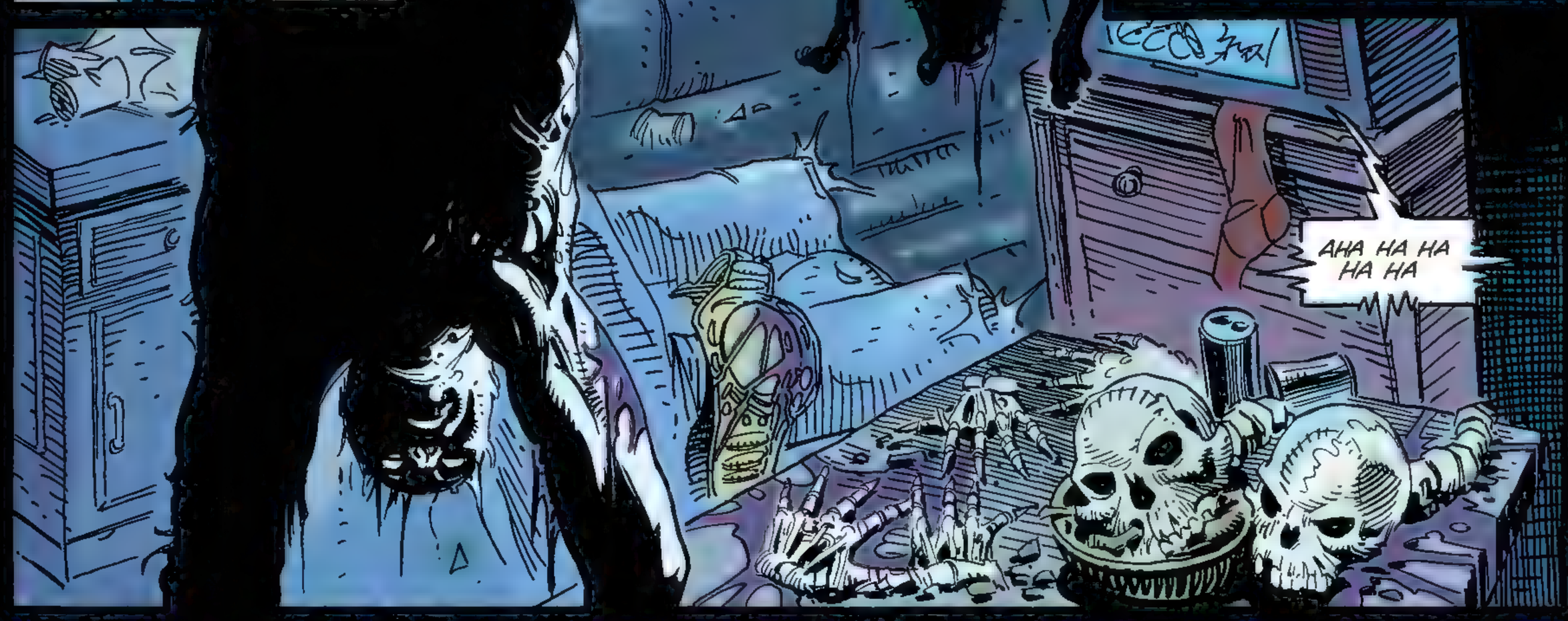
BLAAAM
I SEE YOU, YOU SON OF A--
BLAAAM
CHUNK
...ALL BEEN SHOT!
THE WINDOW! SOMEONE FELL OUT THE WIN-DOW--!
I SAW HIM! WHERE'D HE GO...?
BATMAN'S UP THERE-- LOOK!

WHAT THE HELL'S HAPPENED? DID YOU--?
NO... NO VIOLENCE... PLEASE...
DROP THE PIECE, LEO...!
NOT HUMAN...NOT HUMAN...NO
THE KILLER WAS HERE.
WHAT? WHERE ARE YOU GOING--?
...EASTERN AVENUE, ALFRED?
YES, SIR-- PICKETT'S SALVAGE... UNLIKE THE OTHER TWO YARDS, IT WAS LOCKED AND QUITE DESERTED.
HOWEVER, STRANGEST OF ALL, IN MY EXPERIENCE OF SUCH ESTABLISHMENTS--
--THERE WASN'T EVEN A DOG BARKING.
PICKETT'S SALVAGE

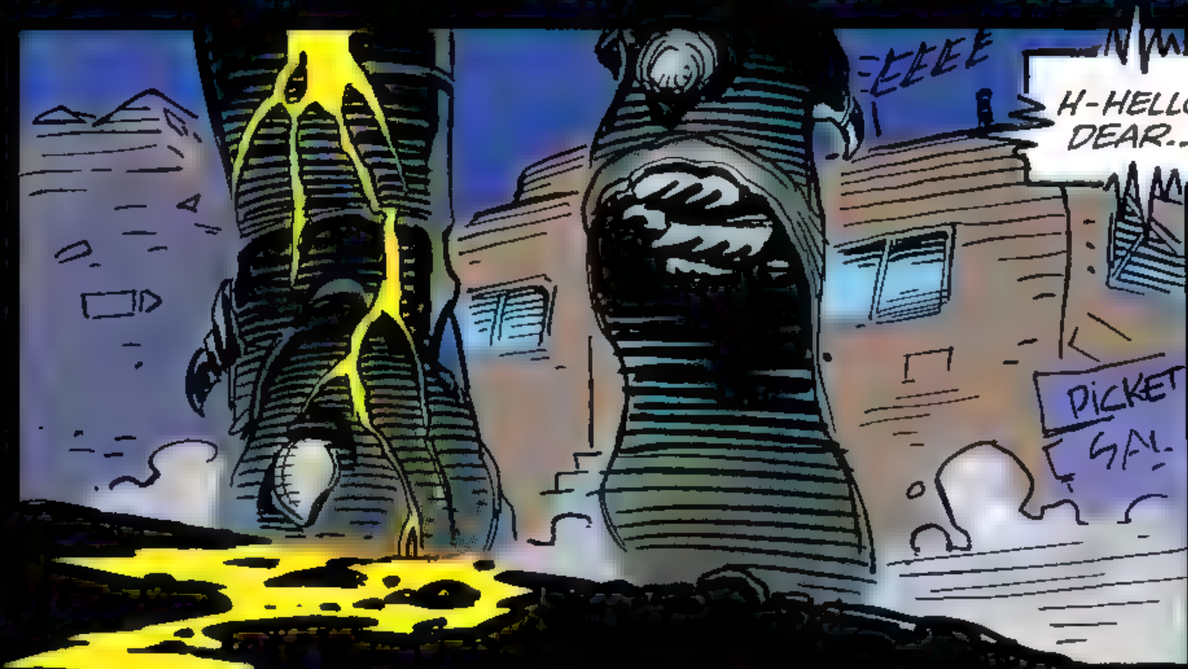

CLOSED
KEEP
OUT
SNIK


...YOU DID WHAT WITH THE POT ROAST?

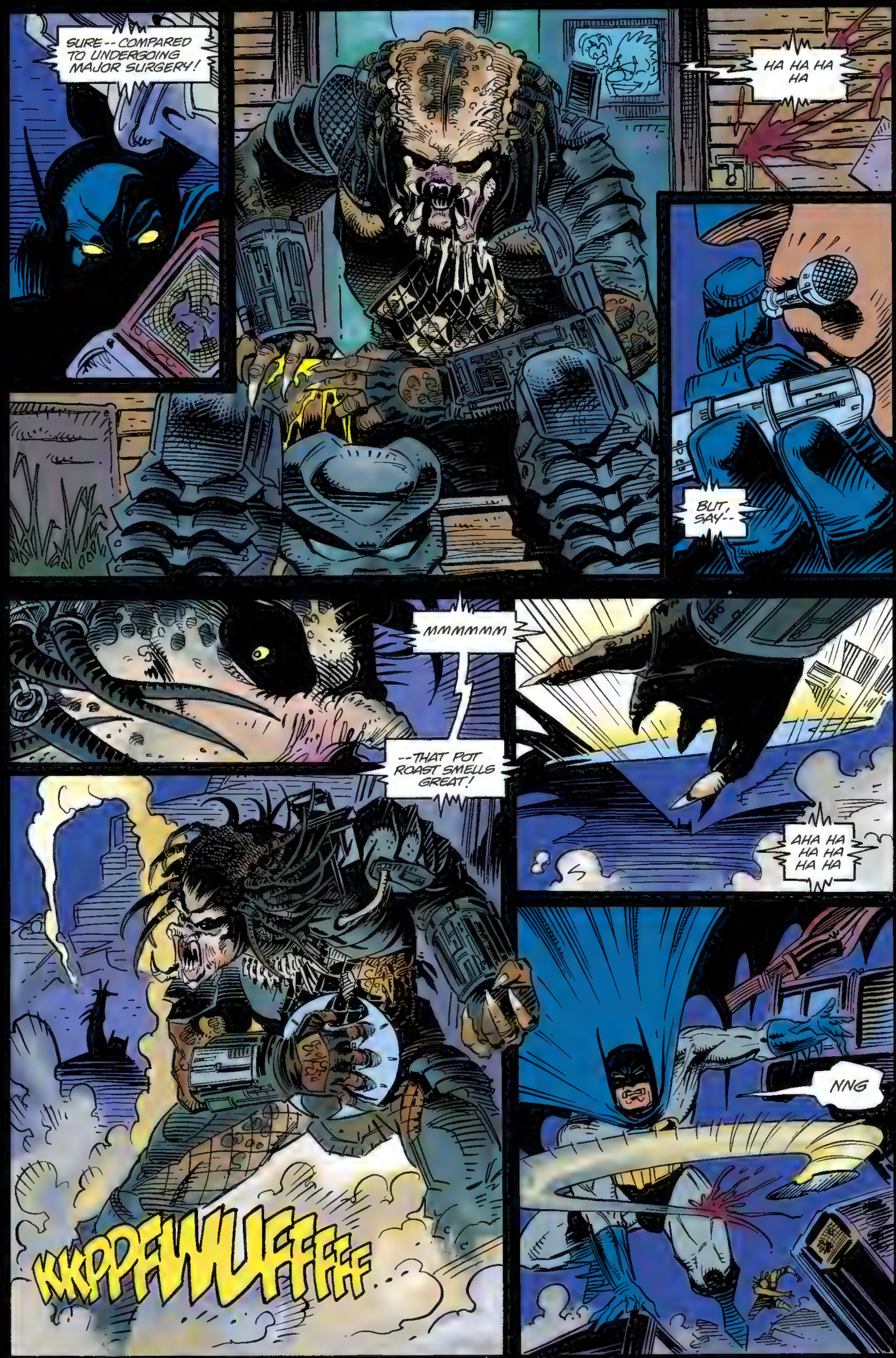
WHAT AM I GOING TO GIVE YOUR FATHER FOR DINNER NOW?


AHA HA HA HA HA

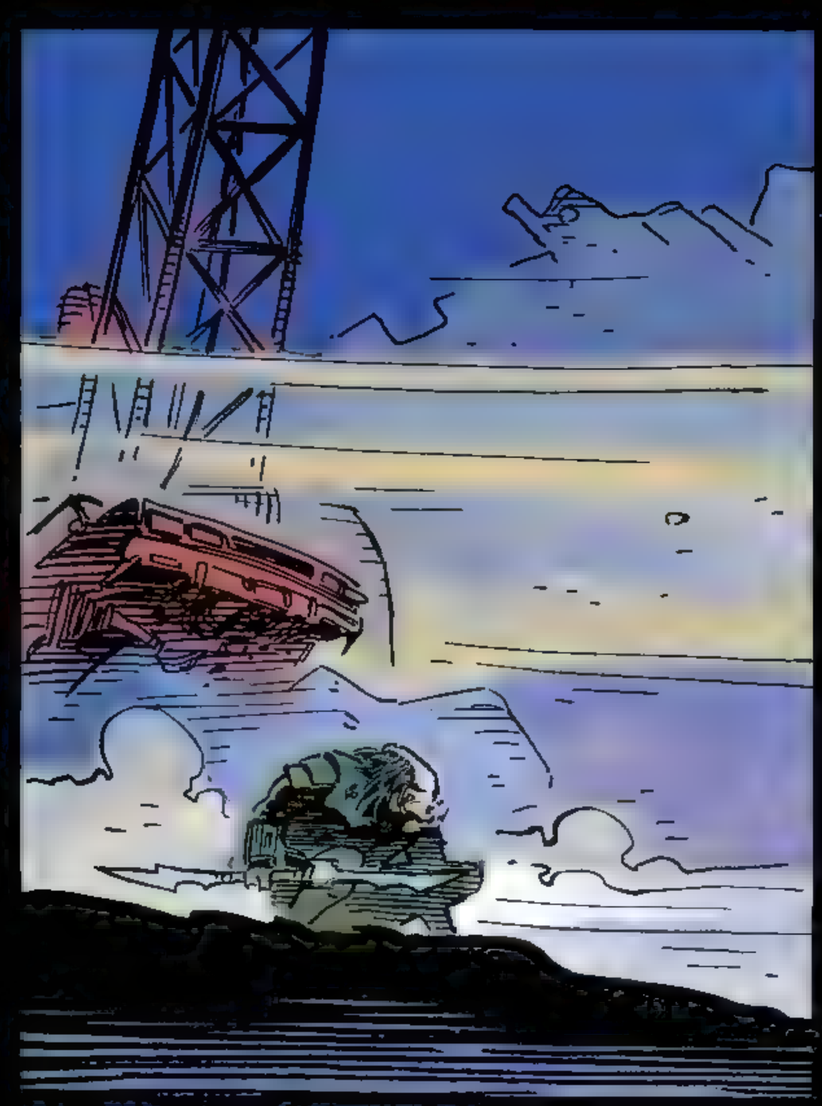
OH, NO, THAT'S HIM NOW!
SKCHT

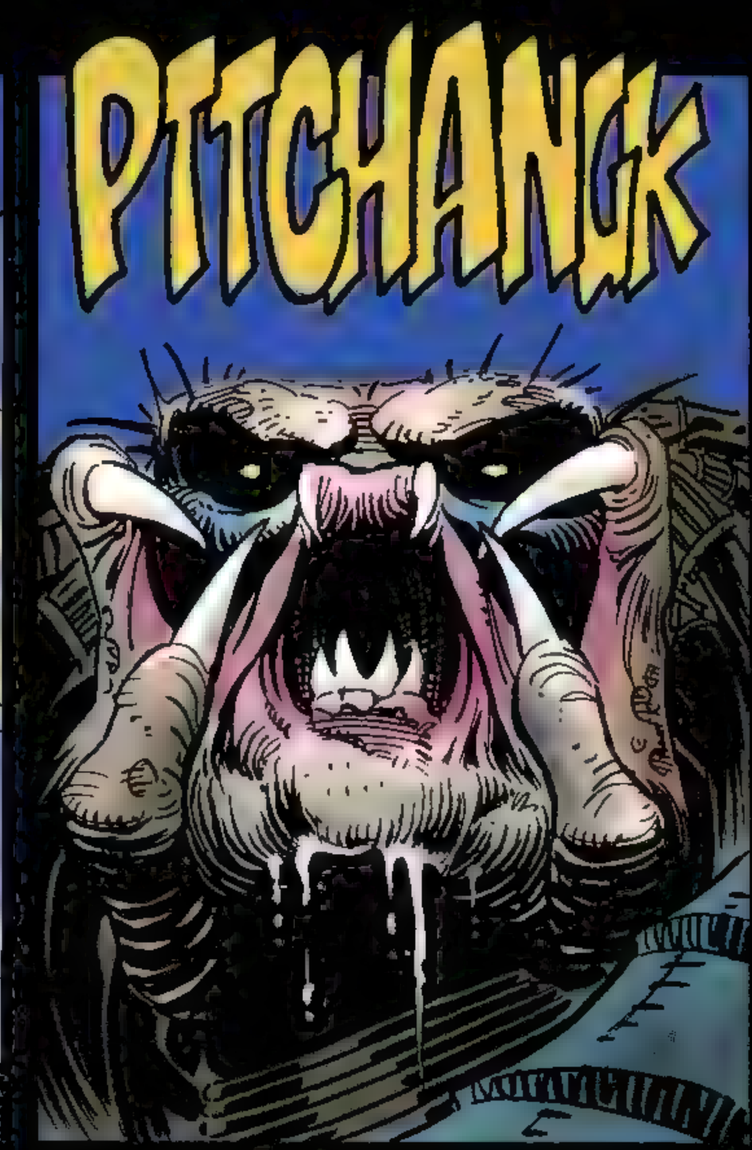

H-HELLO, DEAR...
PICKET SAL

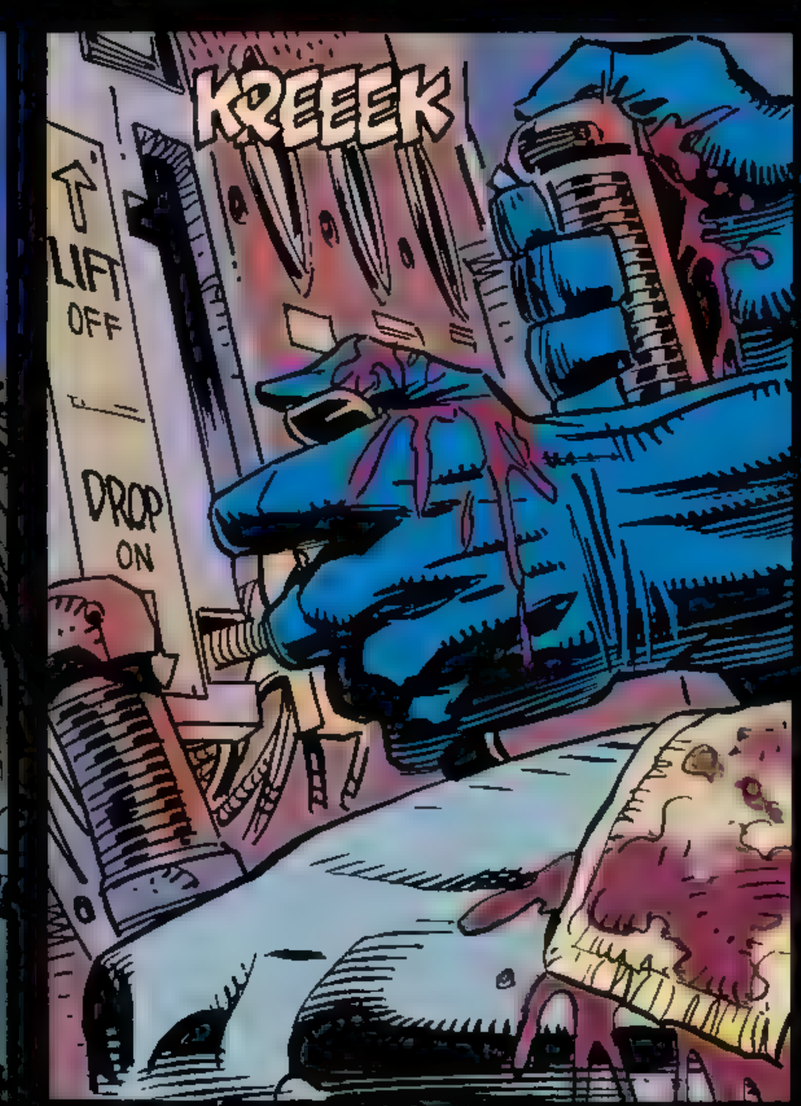
CHKKT
PFFFTT
...er, GOOD DAY AT THE OFFICE?


SURE -- COMPARED TO UNDERGOING MAJOR SURGERY!
HA HA HA HA
BUT, SAY--
MMMMMM
--THAT POT ROAST SMELLS GREAT!
AHA HA HA HA HA HA
KKPPFWUFFFFF
NNG

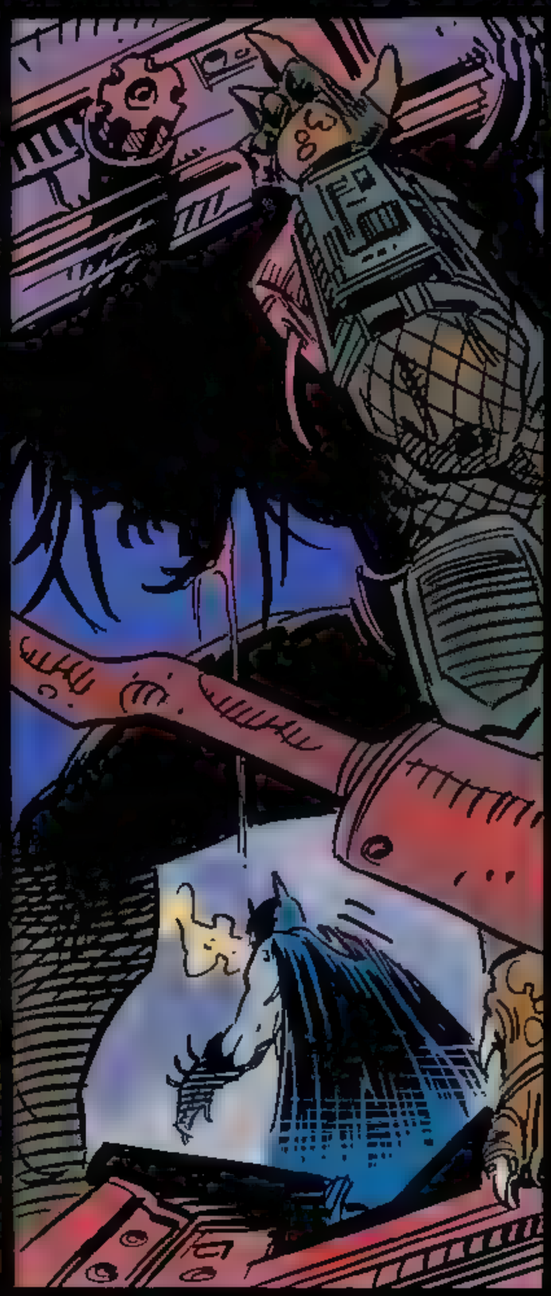
KHHHHHK
KT
kttk




PITCHANGK


KREEEK
LIFT OFF
DROP ON

BRAAAK

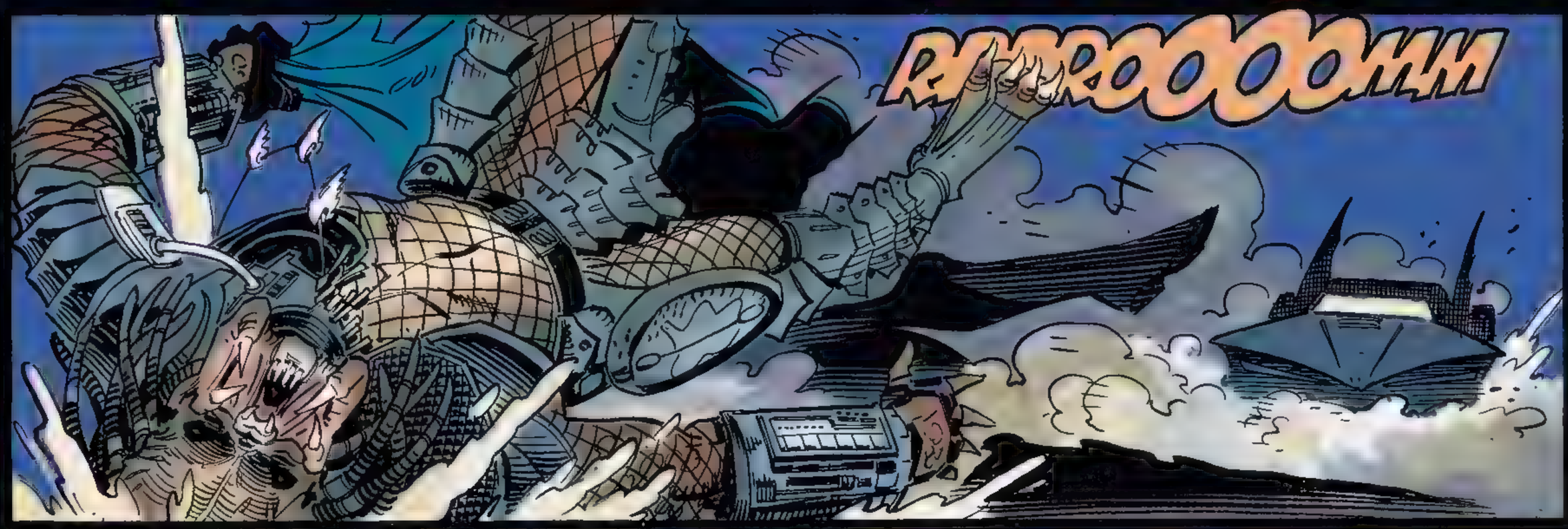


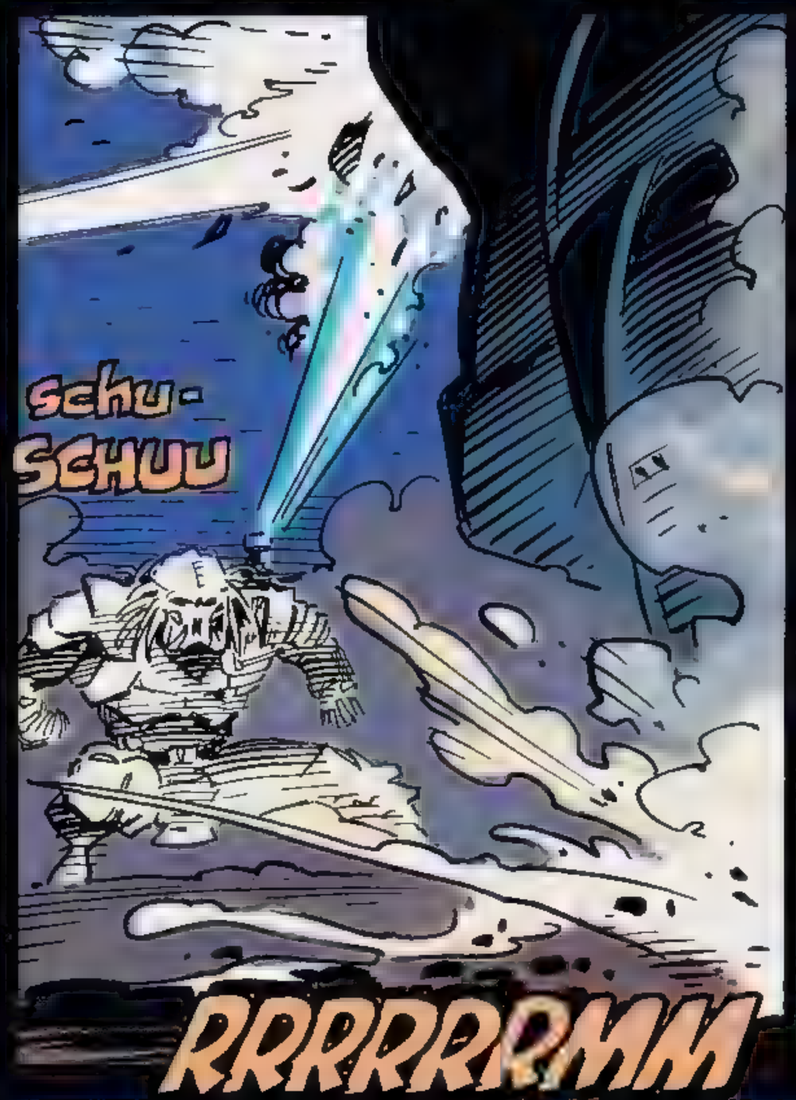
>SON OF A<

AK
AK

DC
BATMAN
VERSUS
PREDATOR
DARK HORSE COMICS
2 OF 3

>UNDER-STAND THE RULES<
>CHAMPION-SHIP<
rrrrrrrrrr
RRRRRMMM
CLOSD KEEP OUT
SKRRAANG
RRRRRRRRROOOOMM

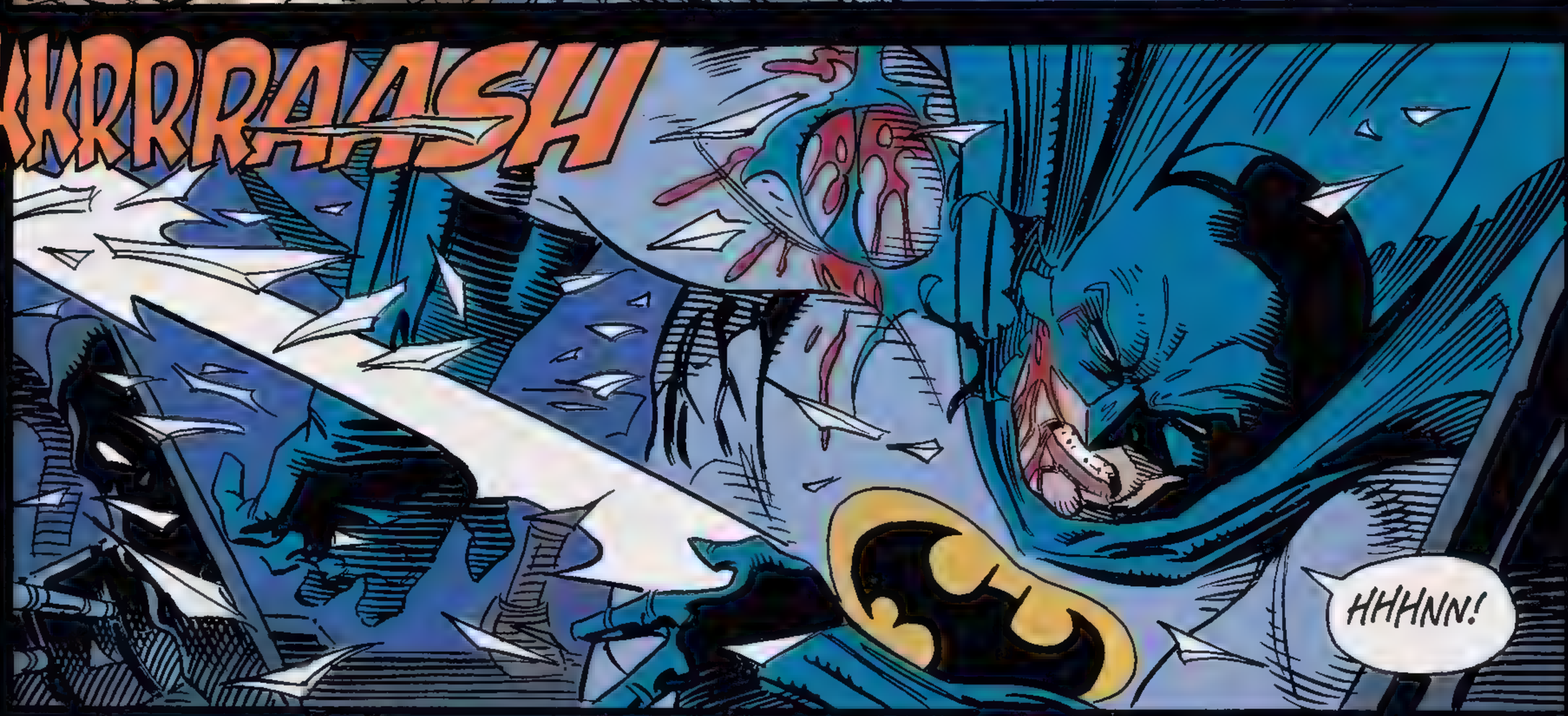

RAAAROOOOOMMM

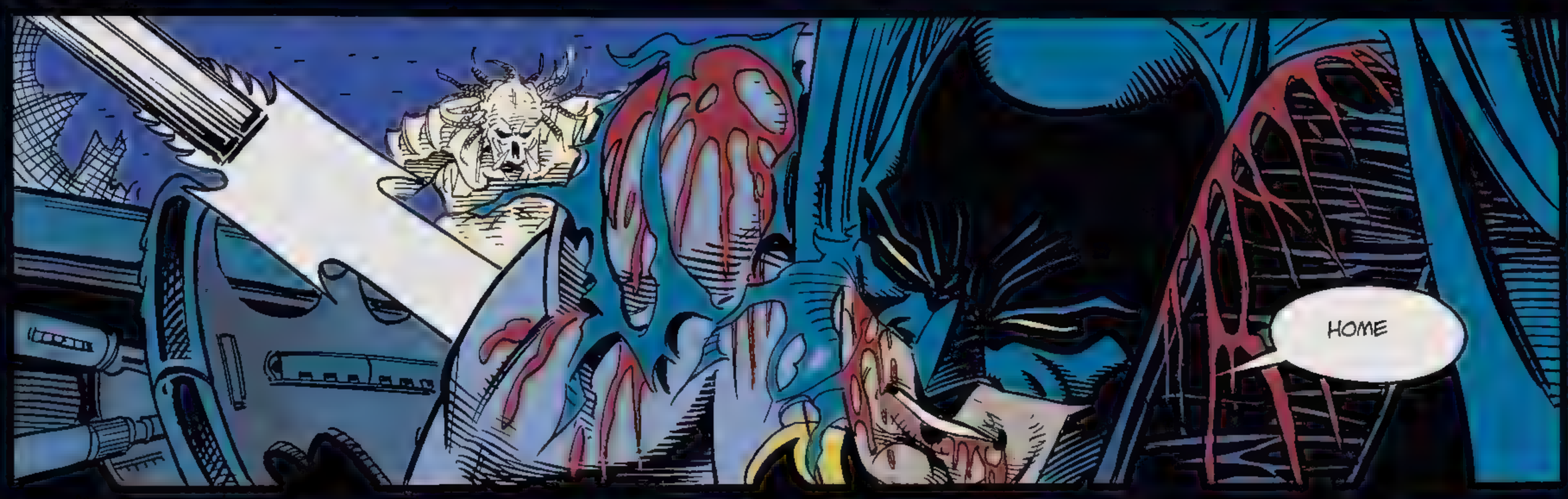

SCHU-
SCHUU
RRRRRRMM

SKREEEEE

TSSHINK

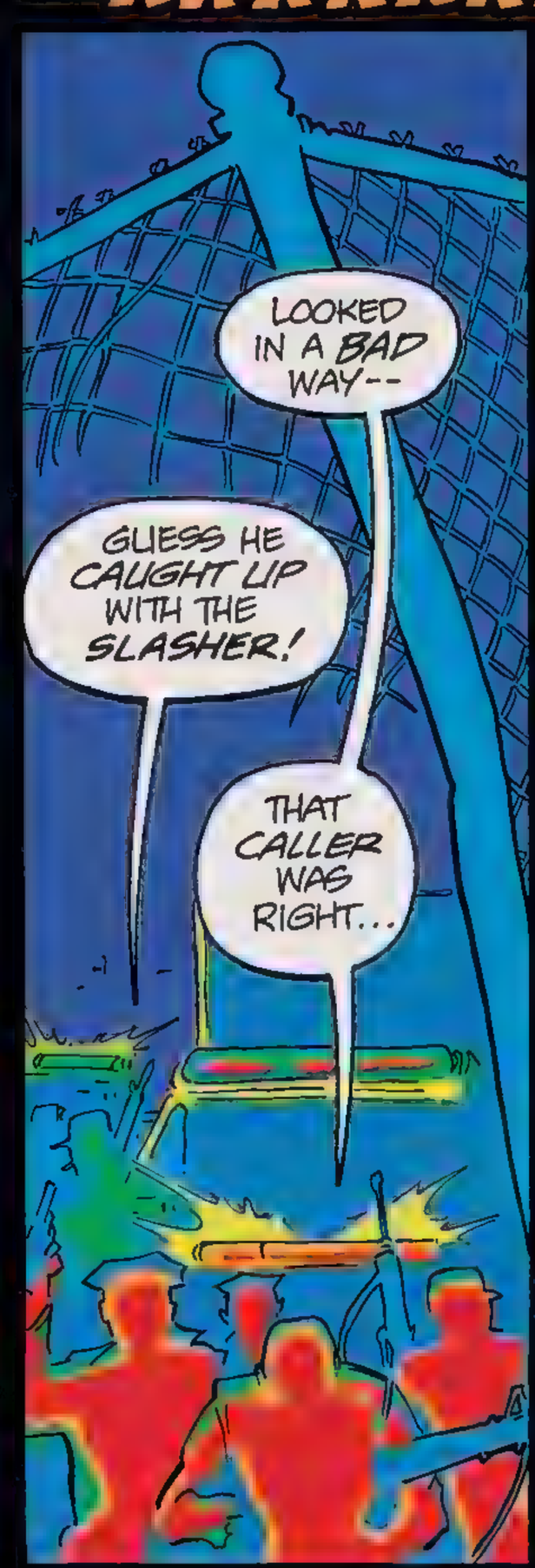
YIK >SON OF A<VIK!

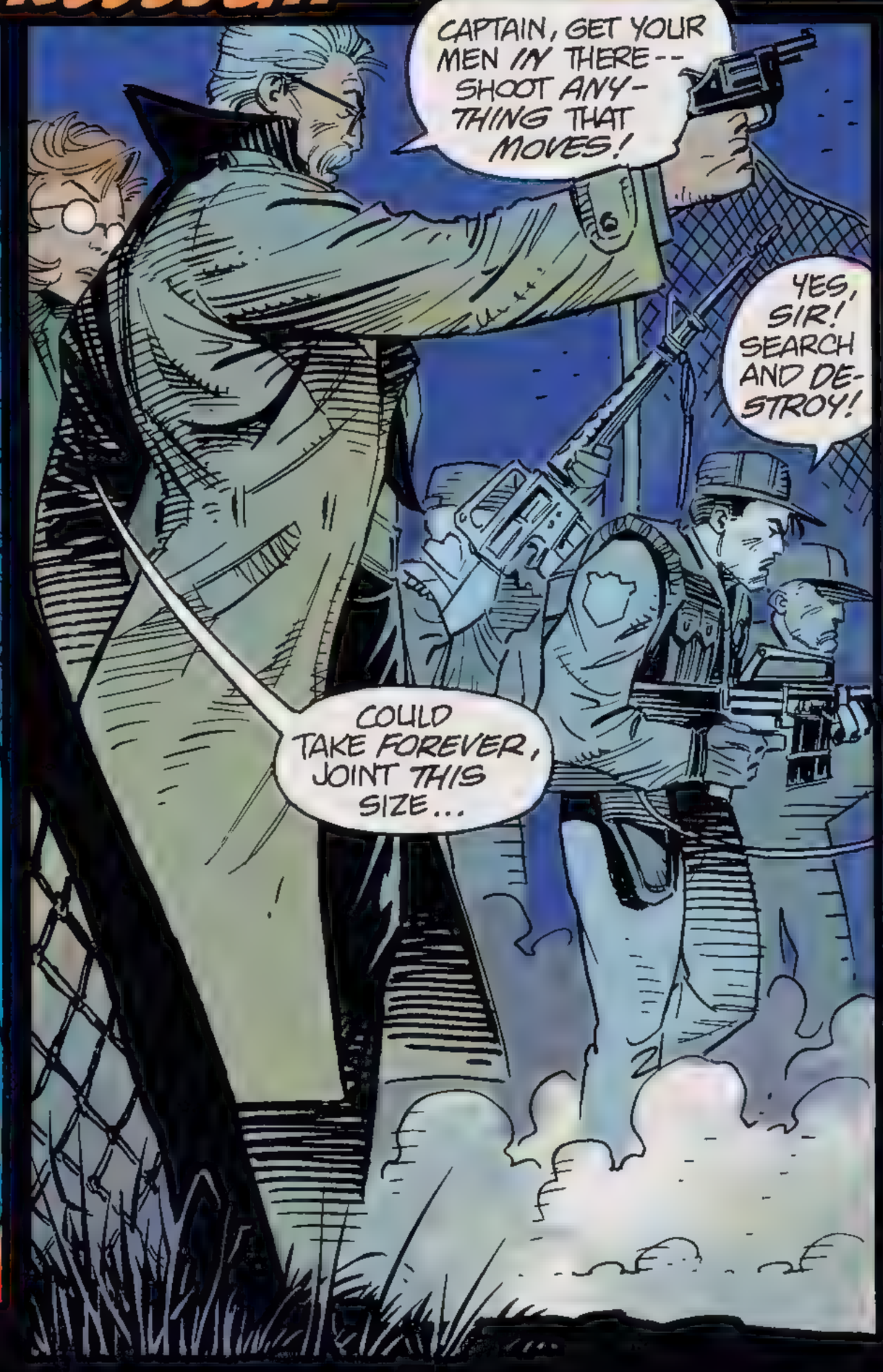

KKRRRAASH
HHHNN!

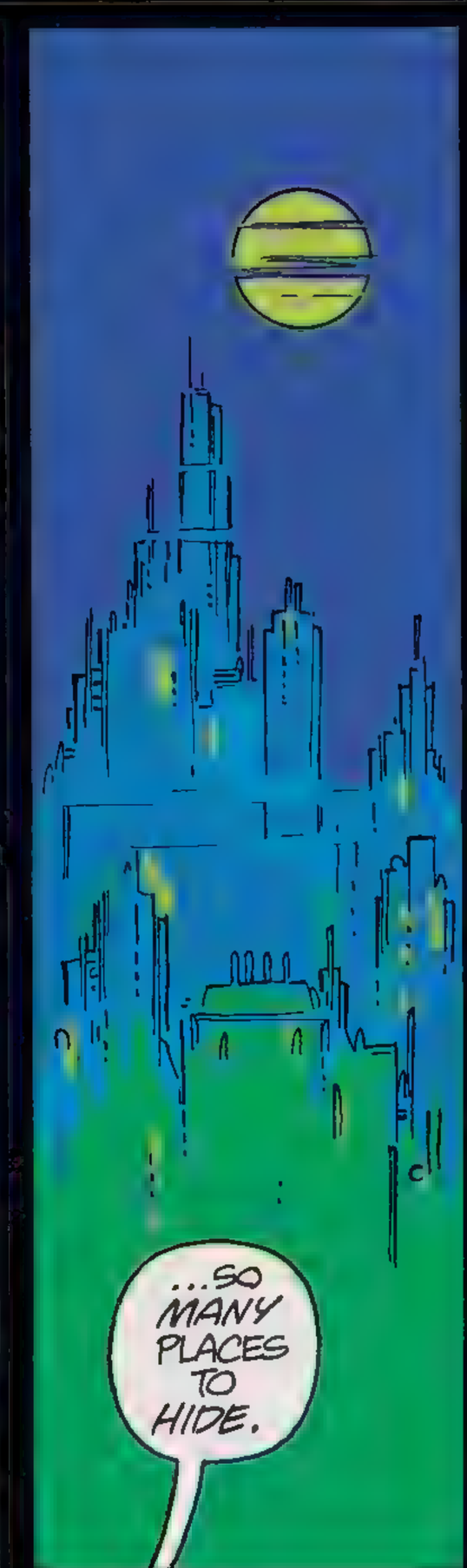

HOME

aaaaaAAAAAOOOOWWWWAAAAAOOOO
VVRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEE!

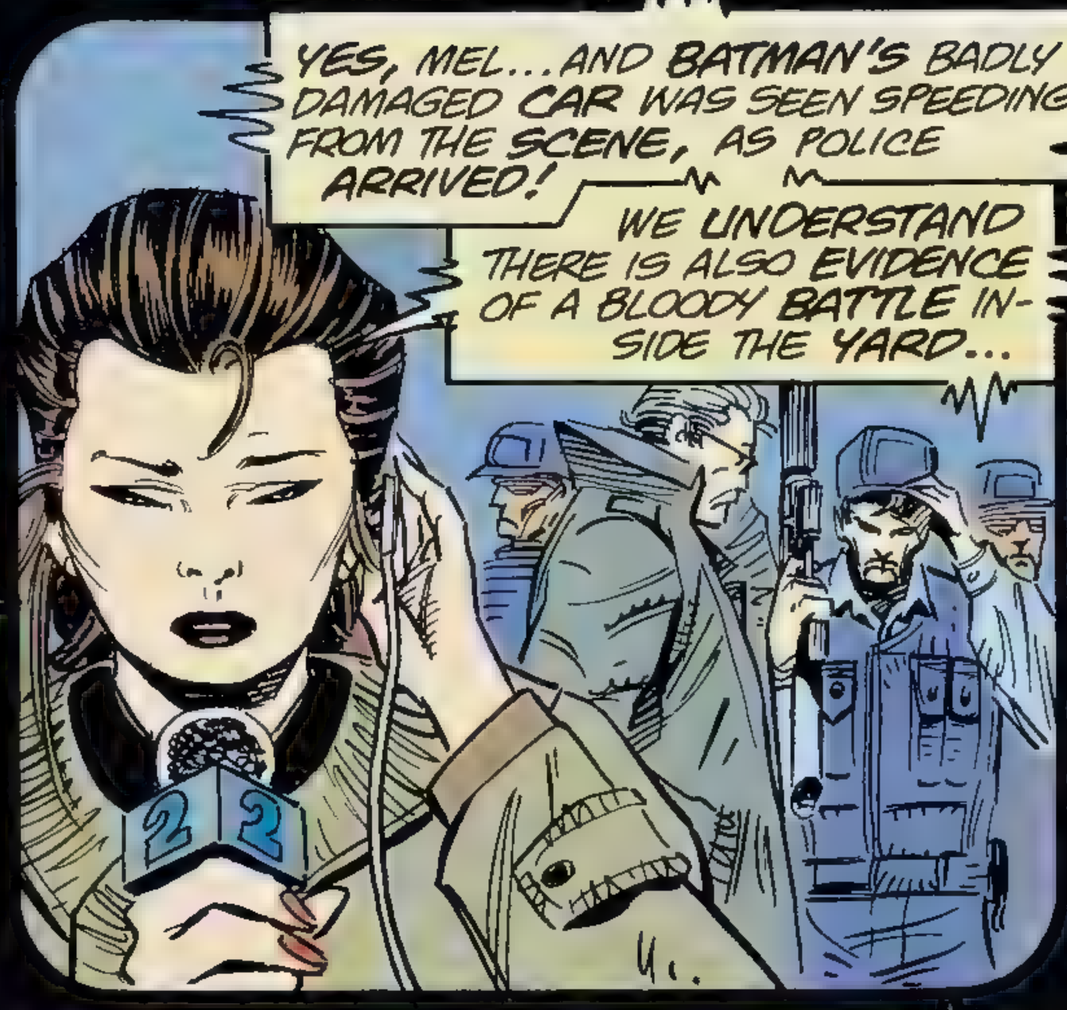
AAAAOOOOWWWWOOOO
RRRRRRRoooooM
WATCH OUT!
BATMAN--?


LOOKED IN A BAD WAY--
GUESS HE CAUGHT UP WITH THE SLASHER!
THAT CALLER WAS RIGHT...


CAPTAIN, GET YOUR MEN IN THERE-- SHOOT ANY-THING THAT MOVES!
YES, SIR! SEARCH AND DE-STROY!
COULD TAKE FOREVER, JOINT THIS SIZE...


...SO MANY PLACES TO HIDE.

Good Morn
Gotham
NEWS
...AN ANONYMOUS TIP-OFF, POLICE FAILED TO CAPTURE THE MULTIPLE MURDERER AT A JUNKYARD IN GOTHAM'S EAST END.
JENNIFER, ARE YOU THERE...?


YES, MEL...AND BATMAN'S BADLY DAMAGED CAR WAS SEEN SPEEDING FROM THE SCENE, AS POLICE ARRIVED!
WE UNDERSTAND THERE IS ALSO EVIDENCE OF A BLOODY BATTLE INSIDE THE YARD...

EARLIER, A WEIRD NET-WEAPON--BELIEVED USED IN THE SLAYING OF ALEX YEAGER AT THE SQUIRE CENTER--WAS TAKEN FOR FORENSIC TESTS...
SOURCES REPORT THAT ITS METAL HAS DEFIED CHEMICAL ANALYSIS--

COMMISSIONER! IS BATMAN STILL ALIVE...?
THE KILLER--COULD HE BE A MONSTER FROM ANOTHER WORLD?
NO COMMENT.

AND WE'VE JUST HEARD THAT SOME GRISLY TROPHIES HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED HERE--
THEY'RE SAID TO INCLUDE THE MISSING REMAINS OF CHAMPION BOXERS MARCUS KING AND BULL BERSAGLIO!
NOW, BACK TO YOU, MEL...

...LEADING PROPERTY TYCOON, RAYMOND SQUIRE, SPOKE OF HIS ASSOCIATE ALEX YEAGER'S DEATH, WHICH HE WITNESSED.

HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR LEO BRODIN'S RECKLESS USE OF FIREARMS, BATMAN AND I COULD HAVE CAPTURED THE KILLER--

YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT CRAP, DO YOU?

GORDON? HOW DARE YOU INTERRUP--

YOU'RE DAMN LUCKY BRODIN HAD THAT SHOTGUN, SQUIRE, OR YOUR SKULL MIGHT BE IN A BAG DOWNTOWN, TOO.

I DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO THIS! I'M A VERY BUSY MAN...!

ME, TOO. WHAT IS IT NOW, LIEBERMAN?

MY APOLOGIES, RAYMOND. OFFICIAL BUSINESS, Y'KNOW...

I'M VERY UNHAPPY WITH YOU, GORDON. VERY UNHAPPY.

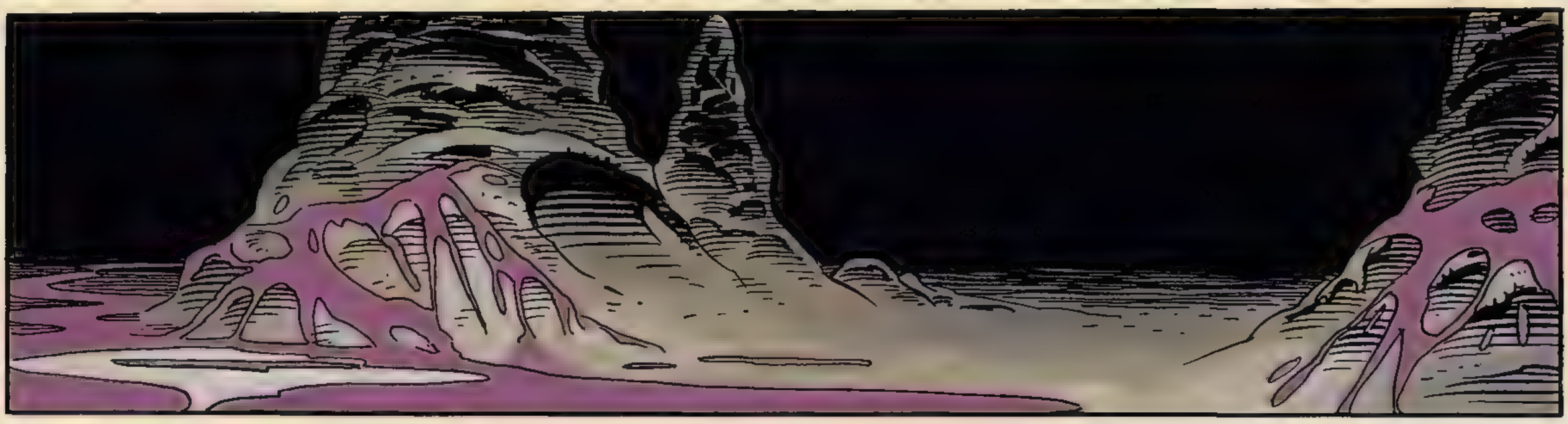
INSULTING MY IMPORTANT FRIENDS IS BAD ENOUGH...

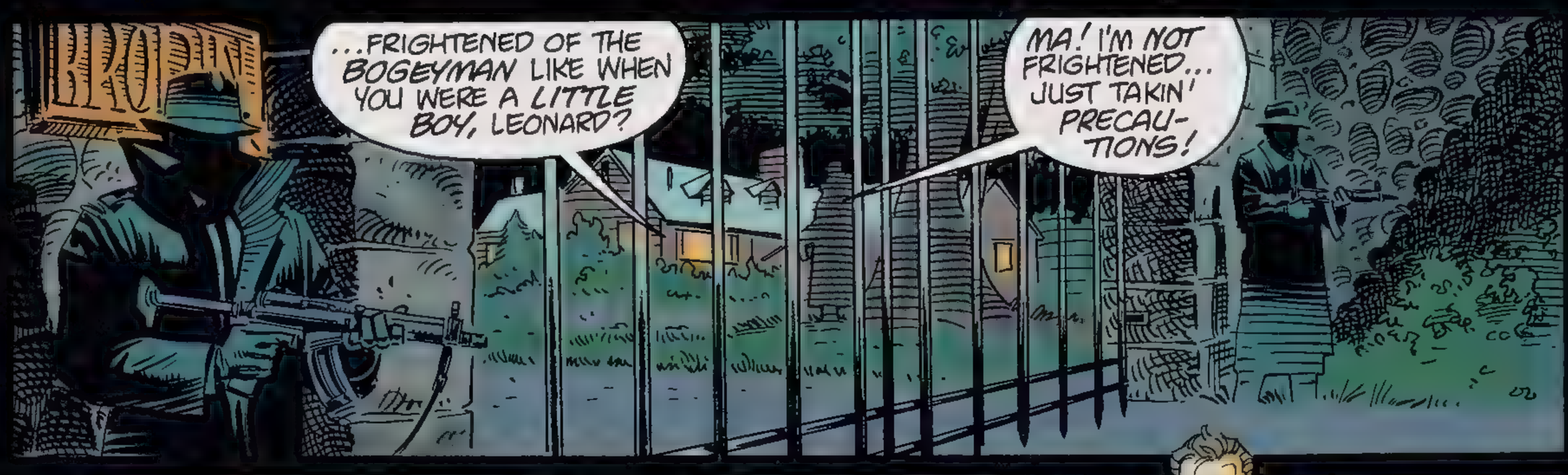
ALLOWING SOME MADMAN TO KILL ONE IS UNFORGIVABLE.

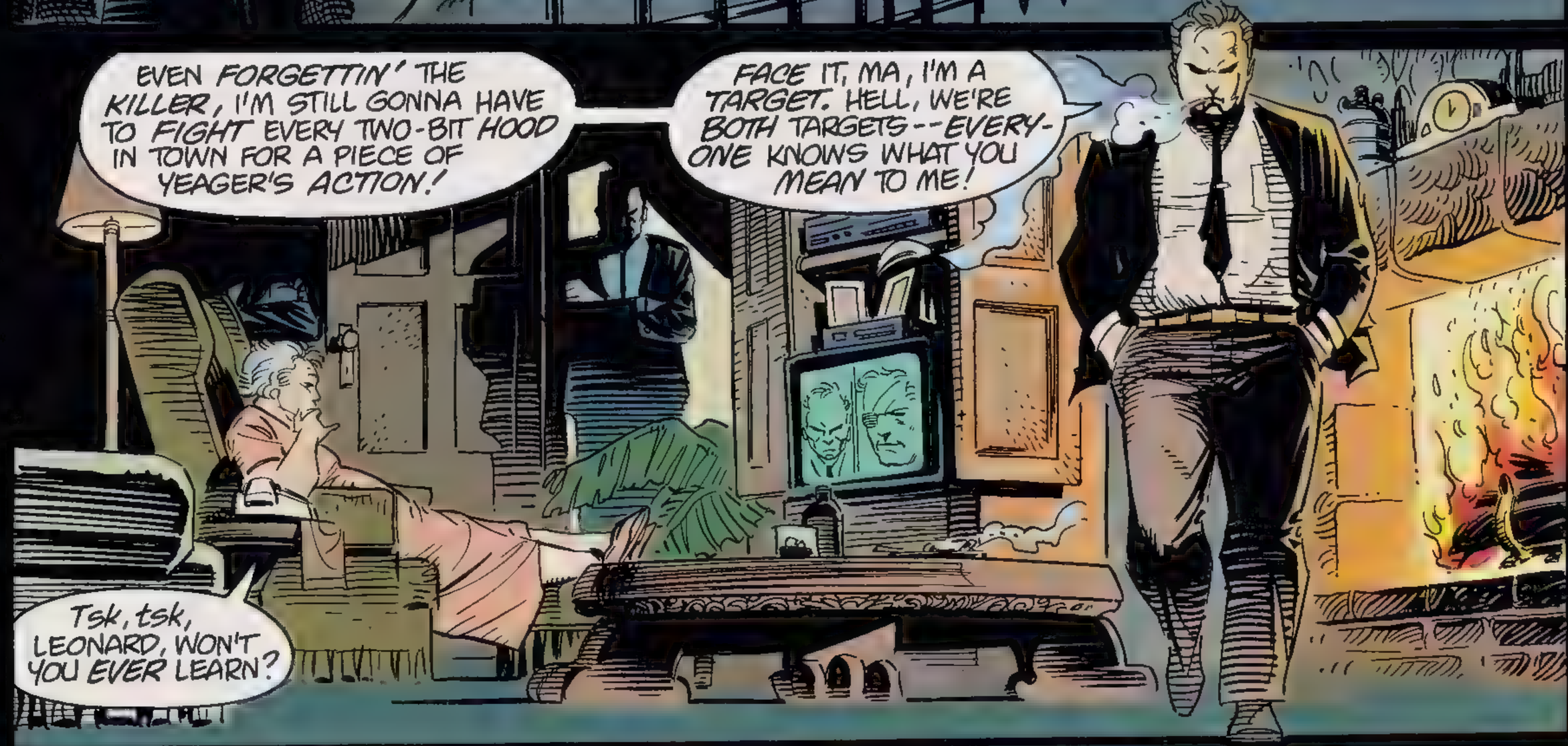
YOU'D BETTER BE MAKING EVERY EFFORT TO CATCH WHOEVER'S DOING THIS--

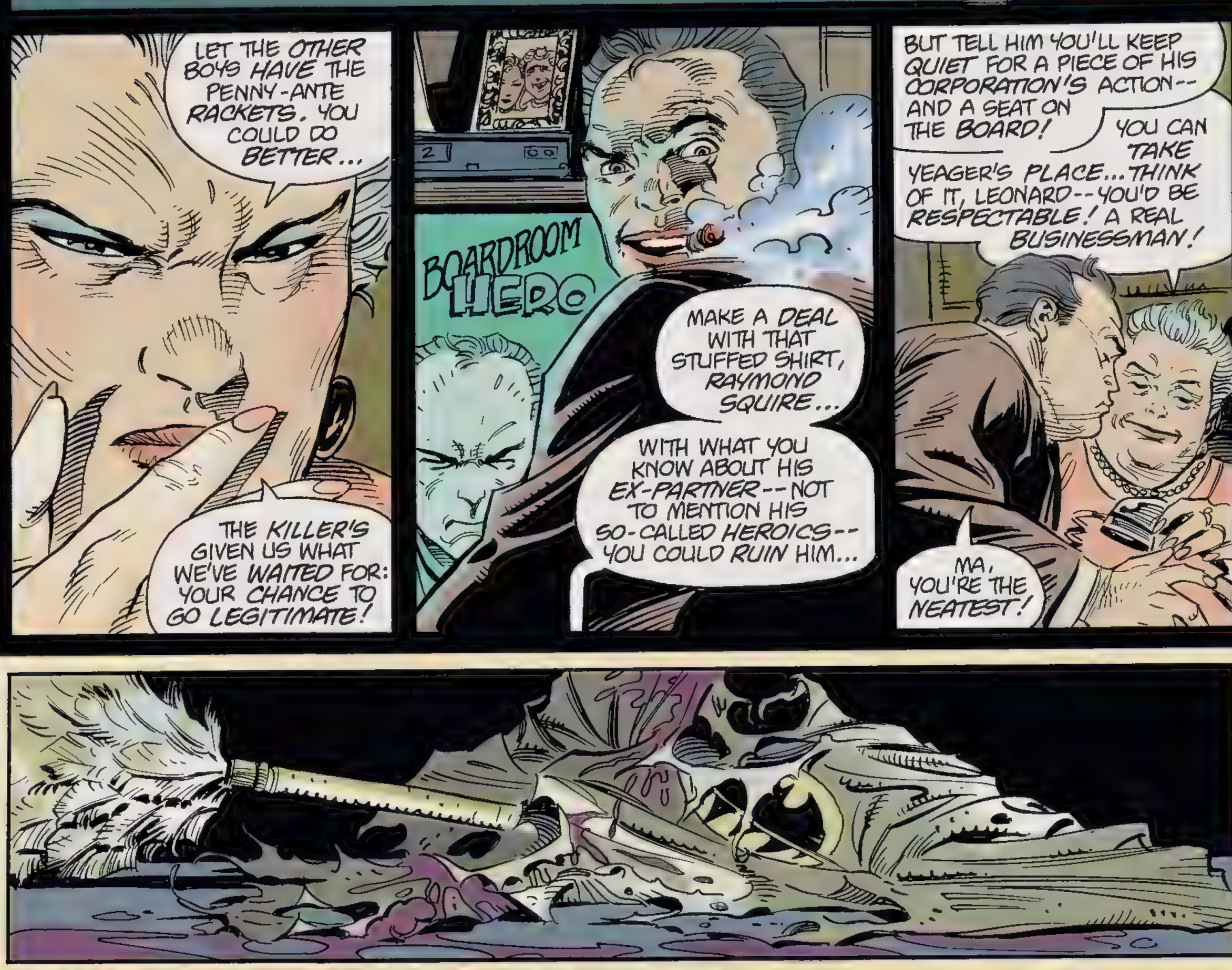
--OR I'LL HAVE YOUR HEAD ON A PLATE, GORDON. UNDERSTAND?

IF THAT'S ALL...

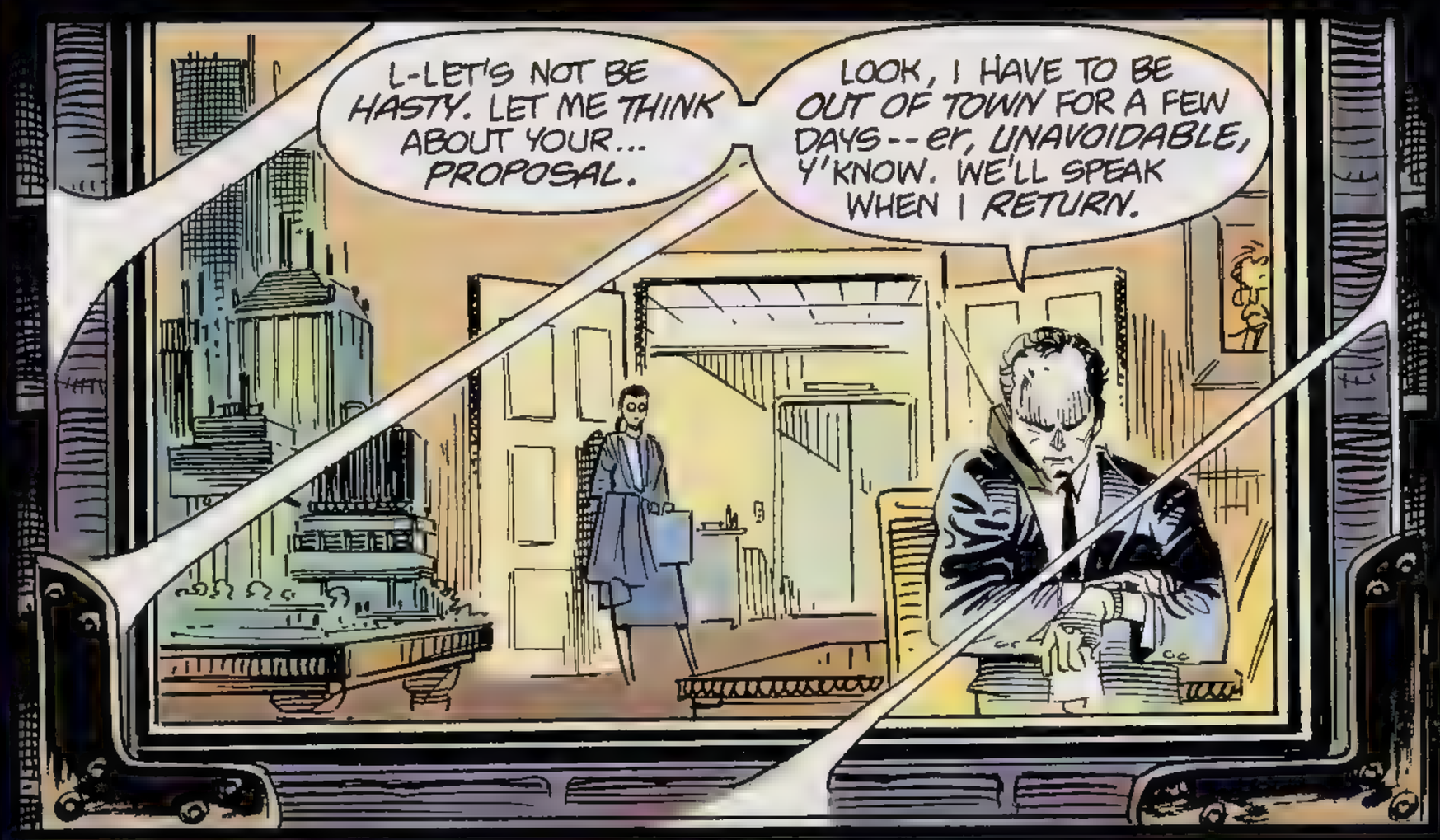



...FRIGHTENED OF THE BOGEYMAN LIKE WHEN YOU WERE A LITTLE BOY, LEONARD?
MA! I'M NOT FRIGHTENED... JUST TAKIN' PRECAUTIONS!


EVEN FORGETTIN' THE KILLER, I'M STILL GONNA HAVE TO FIGHT EVERY TWO-BIT HOOD IN TOWN FOR A PIECE OF YEAGER'S ACTION!
FACE IT, MA, I'M A TARGET. HELL, WE'RE BOTH TARGETS--EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT YOU MEAN TO ME!
Tsk, tsk, LEONARD, WON'T YOU EVER LEARN?


LET THE OTHER BOYS HAVE THE PENNY-ANTE RACKETS. YOU COULD DO BETTER...
THE KILLER'S GIVEN US WHAT WE'VE WAITED FOR: YOUR CHANCE TO GO LEGITIMATE!
BOARDROOM HERO
MAKE A DEAL WITH THAT STUFFED SHIRT, RAYMOND SQUIRE...
WITH WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT HIS EX-PARTNER--NOT TO MENTION HIS SO-CALLED HEROICS--YOU COULD RUIN HIM...
BUT TELL HIM YOU'LL KEEP QUIET FOR A PIECE OF HIS CORPORATION'S ACTION--AND A SEAT ON THE BOARD!
YOU CAN TAKE YEAGER'S PLACE...THINK OF IT, LEONARD--YOU'D BE RESPECTABLE! A REAL BUSINESSMAN!
MA, YOU'RE THE NEATEST!

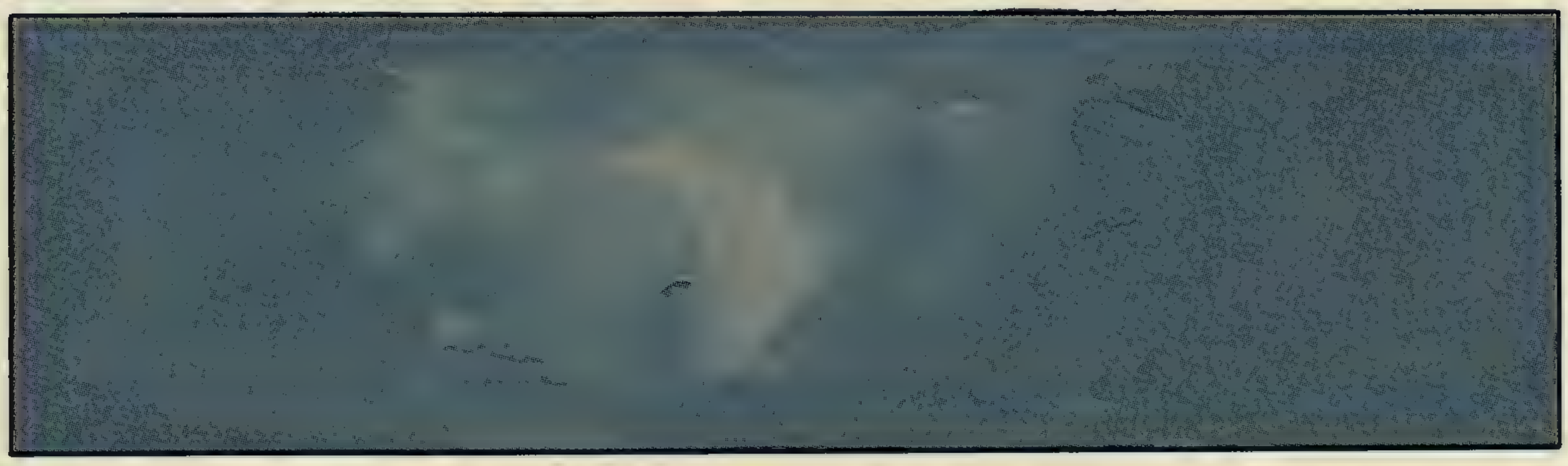
...WELL, I CALL IT BLACK-MAIL, BRODIN!
NO. NO, I'M NOT SAYING THAT I WON'T DISCUSS IT...
SQUIRE

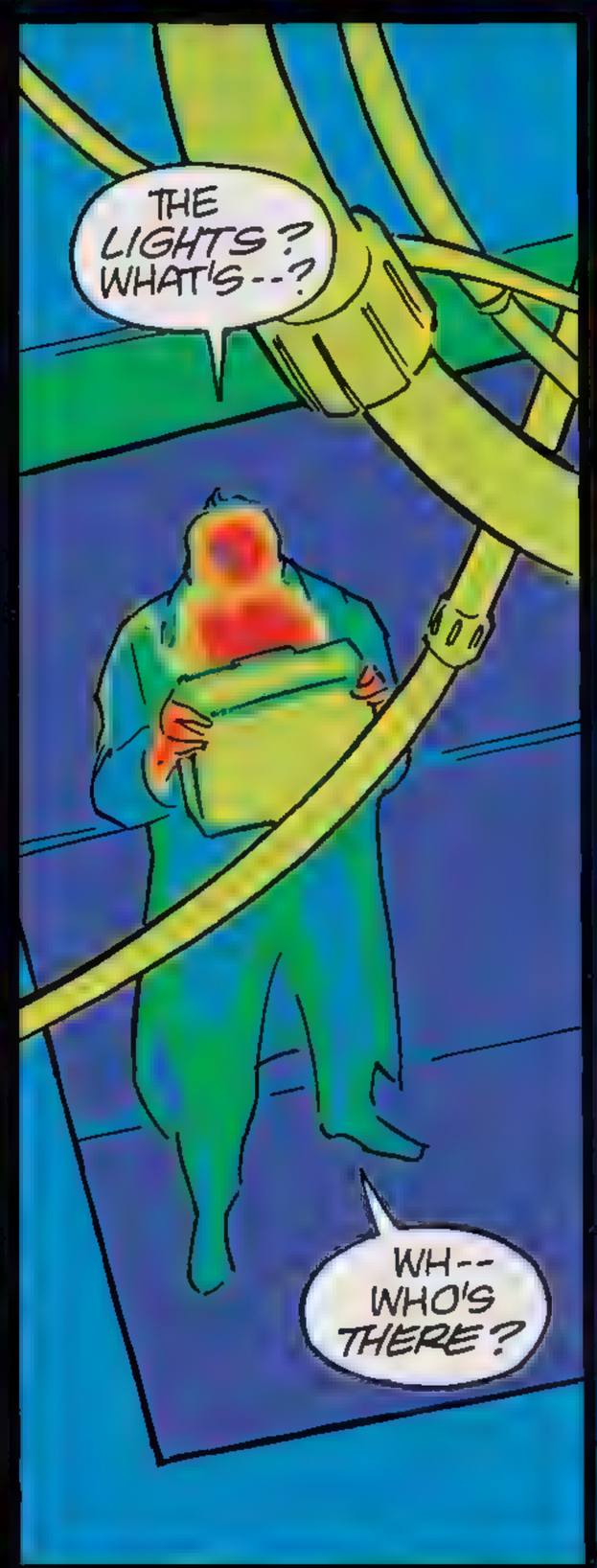

L-LET'S NOT BE HASTY. LET ME THINK ABOUT YOUR... PROPOSAL.
LOOK, I HAVE TO BE OUT OF TOWN FOR A FEW DAYS--er, UNAVOIDABLE, Y'KNOW. WE'LL SPEAK WHEN I RETURN.

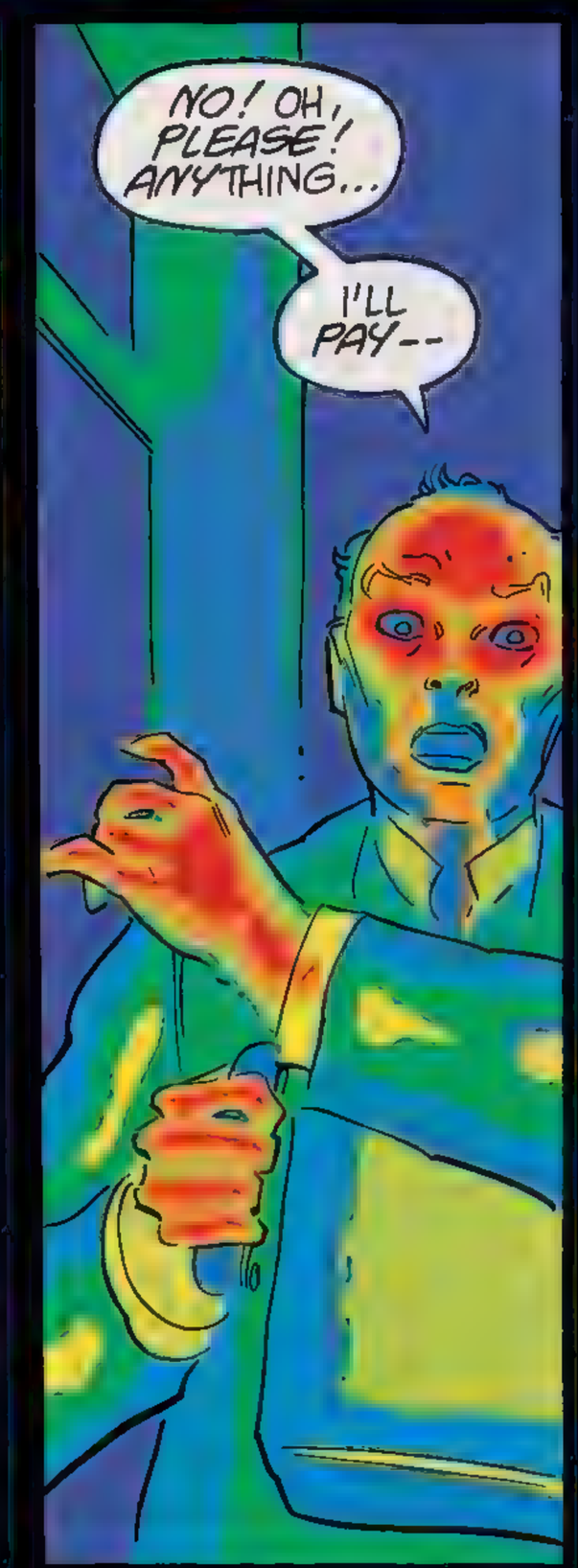
EVERYTHING SET, MARCIA?
AFFIRMATIVE, MR. SQUIRE. THE SKI LODGE HAS BEEN PREPARED--YOUR WHEREABOUTS WILL BE KNOWN ONLY TO MYSELF.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS ARE TO BE ENCRYPTED, AND THE MEDIA WILL BE FED A PLAUSIBLE COVER STORY.
YOU WILL EFFECTIVELY DISAPPEAR UNTIL SUCH TIME AS THE KILLER HAS BEEN APPREHENDED.

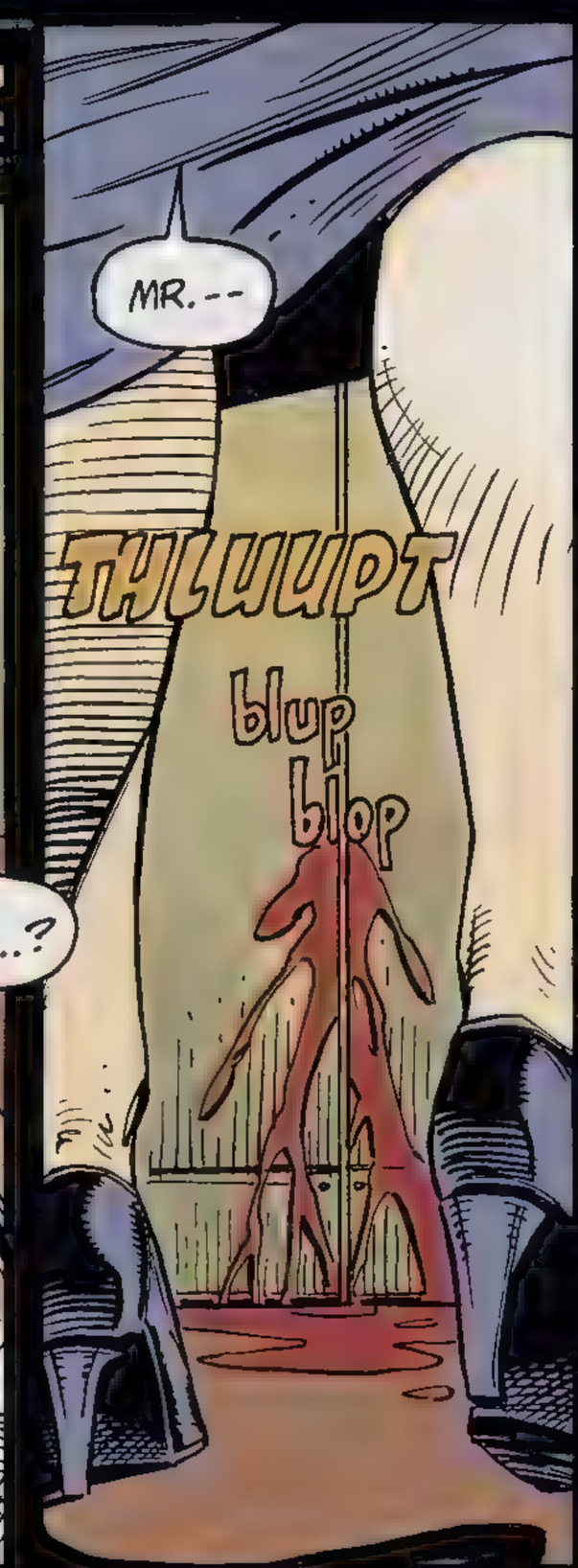
GOOD. OH, AND, MARCIA, PLACE A CALL TO THAT EXTERMINATION SERVICE OF OUR LATE FRIEND, YEAGER.
TELL THEM I'D LIKE A QUOTATION FOR A MR. BRODIN.



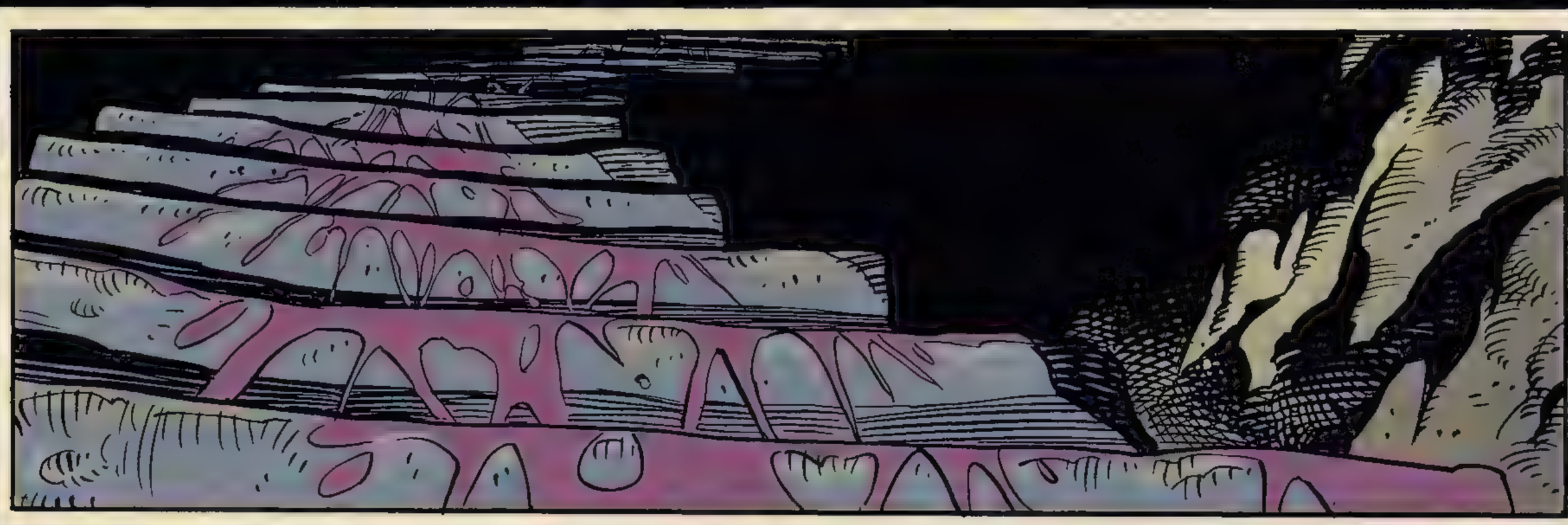

THE LIGHTS? WHAT'S--?
WH-- WHO'S THERE?


NO! OH, PLEASE! ANYTHING...
I'LL PAY--

SSHNK
MR. SQUIRE...?


MR.--
THLUUPT
blup blop

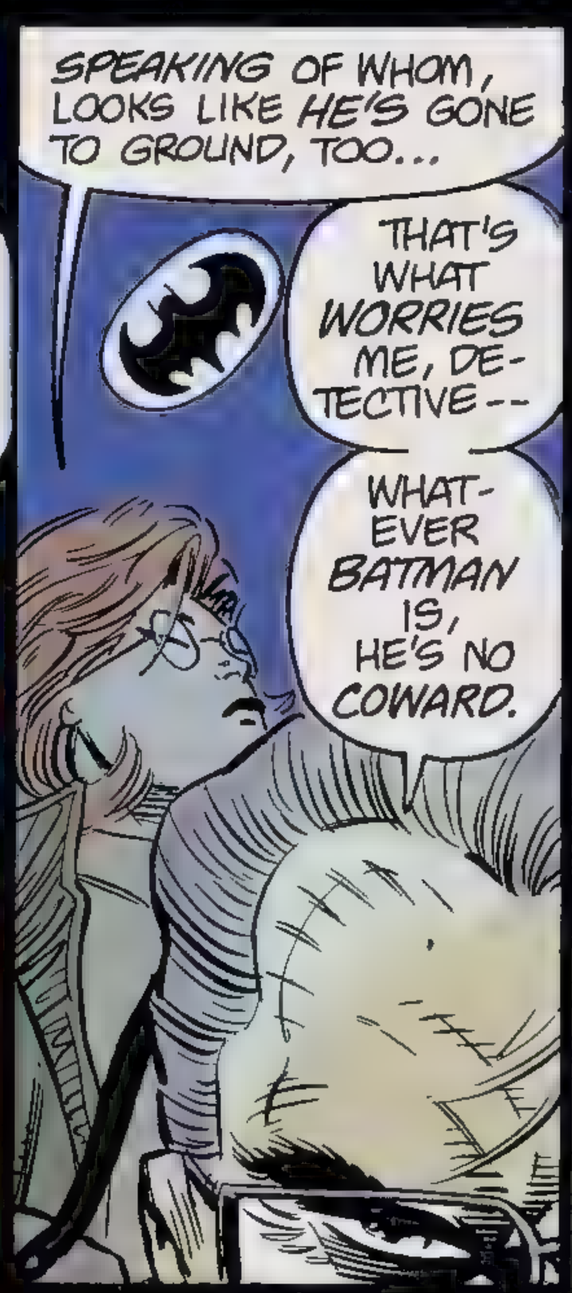
GOOD DAY AT THE OFFICE?
Ohhhhhh

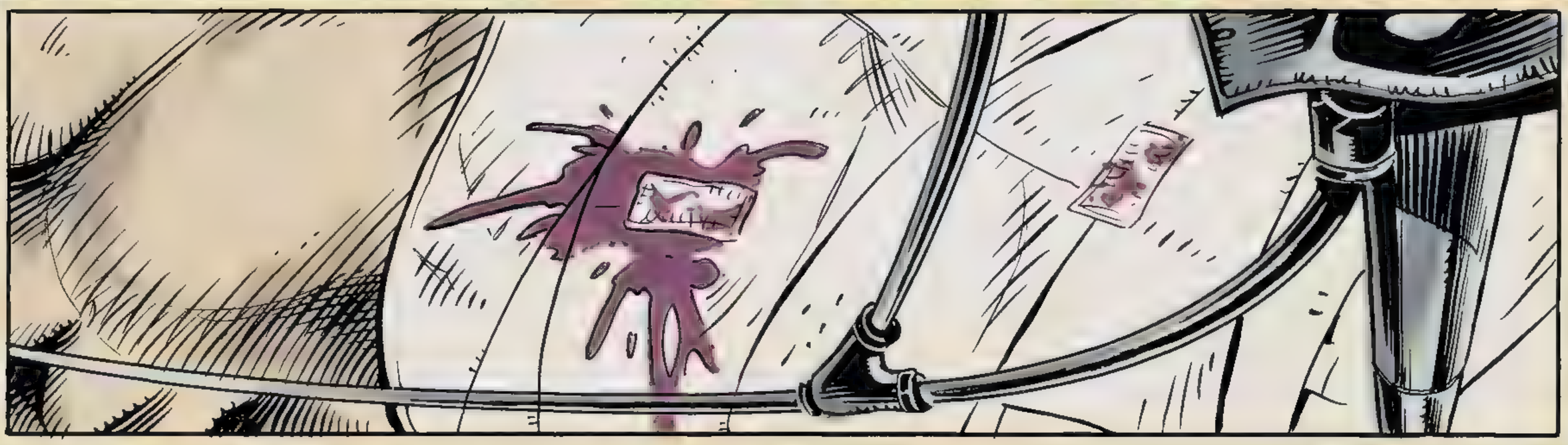


...FOR ALL HIS BIG TALK ON TV, SQUIRE WAS TERRIFIED, GOING TO GROUND UPSTATE--
LEASTWAYS, I FIGURE THAT'S WHAT HIS SECRETARY WAS BABBLING ABOUT.
AFTER YESTERDAY, THERE WERE GUARDS ALL OVER THE BUILDING, BUT NONE OF THEM EVEN SAW THE KILLER.
HE FILLETED SQUIRE IN THE ELEVATOR AND SPREAD WHAT HE DIDN'T WANT ALL OVER THIS MODEL, LIKE SOME KIND OF MESSAGE...

SO WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE, KANDOWSKI?
AN INVISIBLE KILLER, WITH WEAPONS LIKE NOTHING THE LAB BOYS HAVE EVER SEEN, WHO TAKES BODY PARTS FOR TROPHIES...?
IF IT IS A GANG VENDETTA, IT'S BEYOND BRODIN'S CAPABILITIES.

UNLESS HE FOUND A HIT MAN IN THE PLANET X PHONE BOOK...
OR MAYBE SOME SUPER-SCIENCE PSYCHO VIGILANTE WANTS TO SHOW BATMAN HOW TO REALLY KICK BUTT!


SPEAKING OF WHOM, LOOKS LIKE HE'S GONE TO GROUND, TOO...
THAT'S WHAT WORRIES ME, DETECTIVE--
WHATEVER BATMAN IS, HE'S NO COWARD.



I TELL YOU, FRIENDS-- THIS KILLER IS A DEMON FROM HELL, COME TO CLAIM HIS OWN...

THE VIOLENT, THE WICKED, AND THE GREEDY! PURIFY YOUR SOULS, THAT YOU DO NOT BECOME HIS PREY!

SO, MAY THE LORD HAVE MERCY ON YOU ALL...

AND AS YOU LEAVE, I'D REMIND YOU TO GIVE GENEROUSLY TO THE RESTORATION APPEAL FOR OLD ST. MARTIN'S CATHEDRAL...

JUST 'CUZ THE KILLER'S LAID LOW FOR A COUPLA DAYS, MA, I STILL DON'T THINK WE SHOULD BE OUT.

SUN-DAY'S CHURCH, LEONARD.

BESIDES, NOW SQUIRE'S GONE, I NEEDED GUIDANCE FROM ABOVE...

"OFFENSE IS THE BEST DEFENSE," LEONARD...

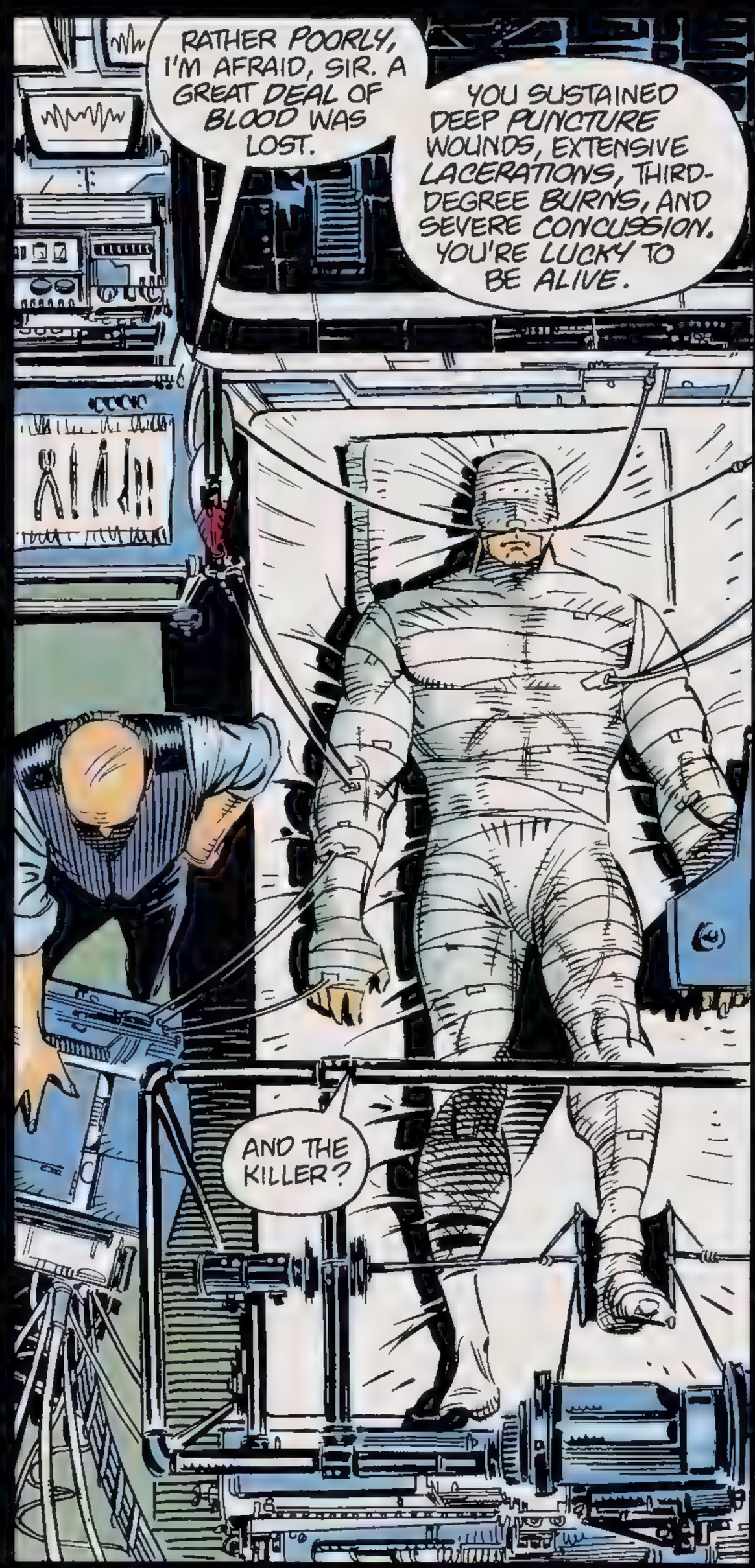
YOU OUGHT TO BE HUNTING DOWN THIS KILLER, NOT HIDING FROM HIM.

WHY, YOU ALREADY TOOK A POT SHOT AT HIM-- SAVED BATMAN'S LIFE, EVEN!

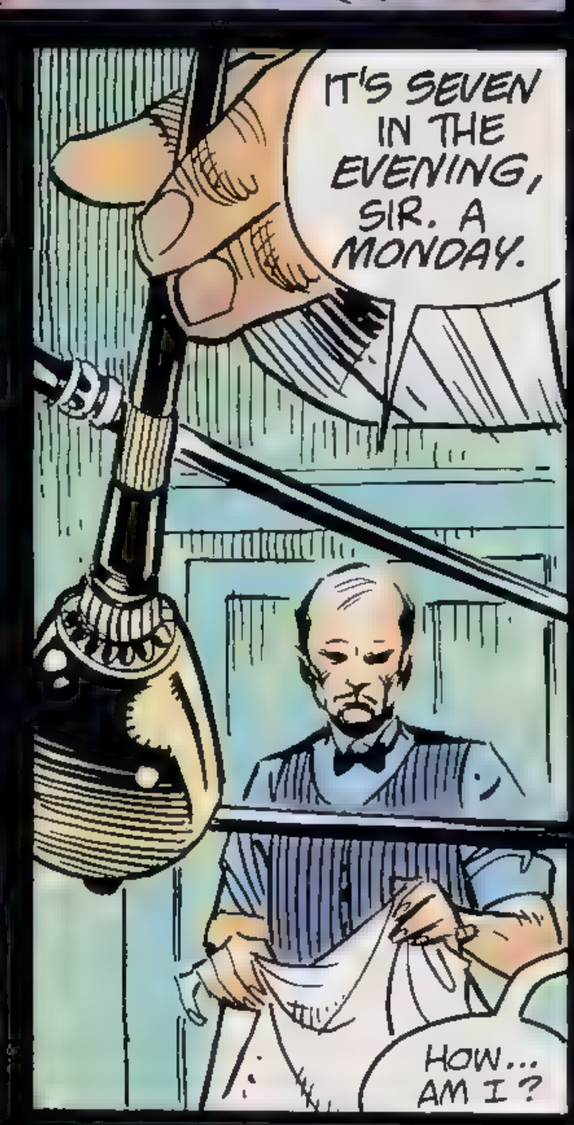
AND IF HE'S DEAD OR RUNNING SCARED NOW, ALL THE MORE CHANCE FOR YOU TO BE A HERO...

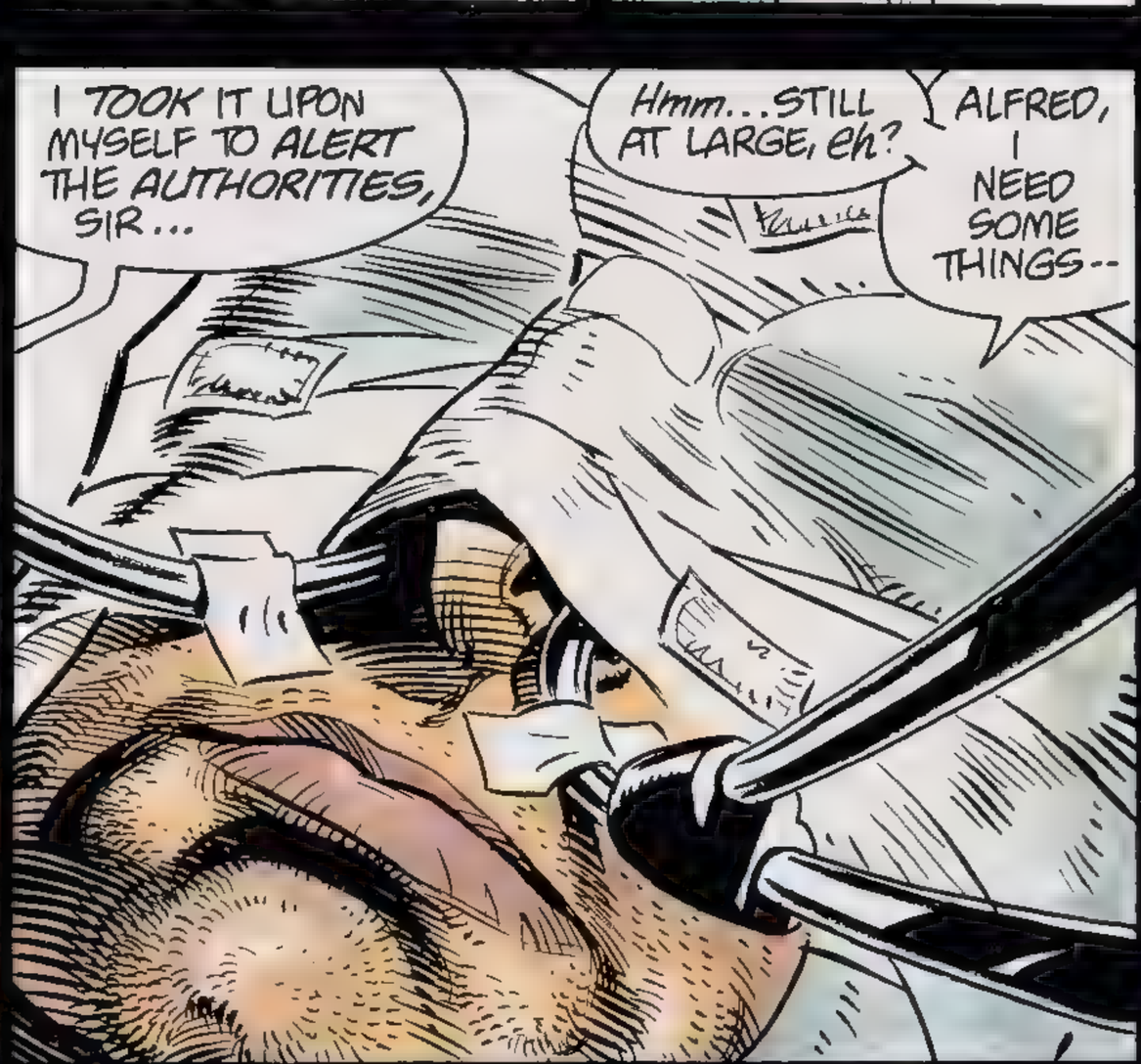
YOU COULD BECOME FAMOUS, LEONARD-- THE GUY WHO CLEANED UP GOTHAM!

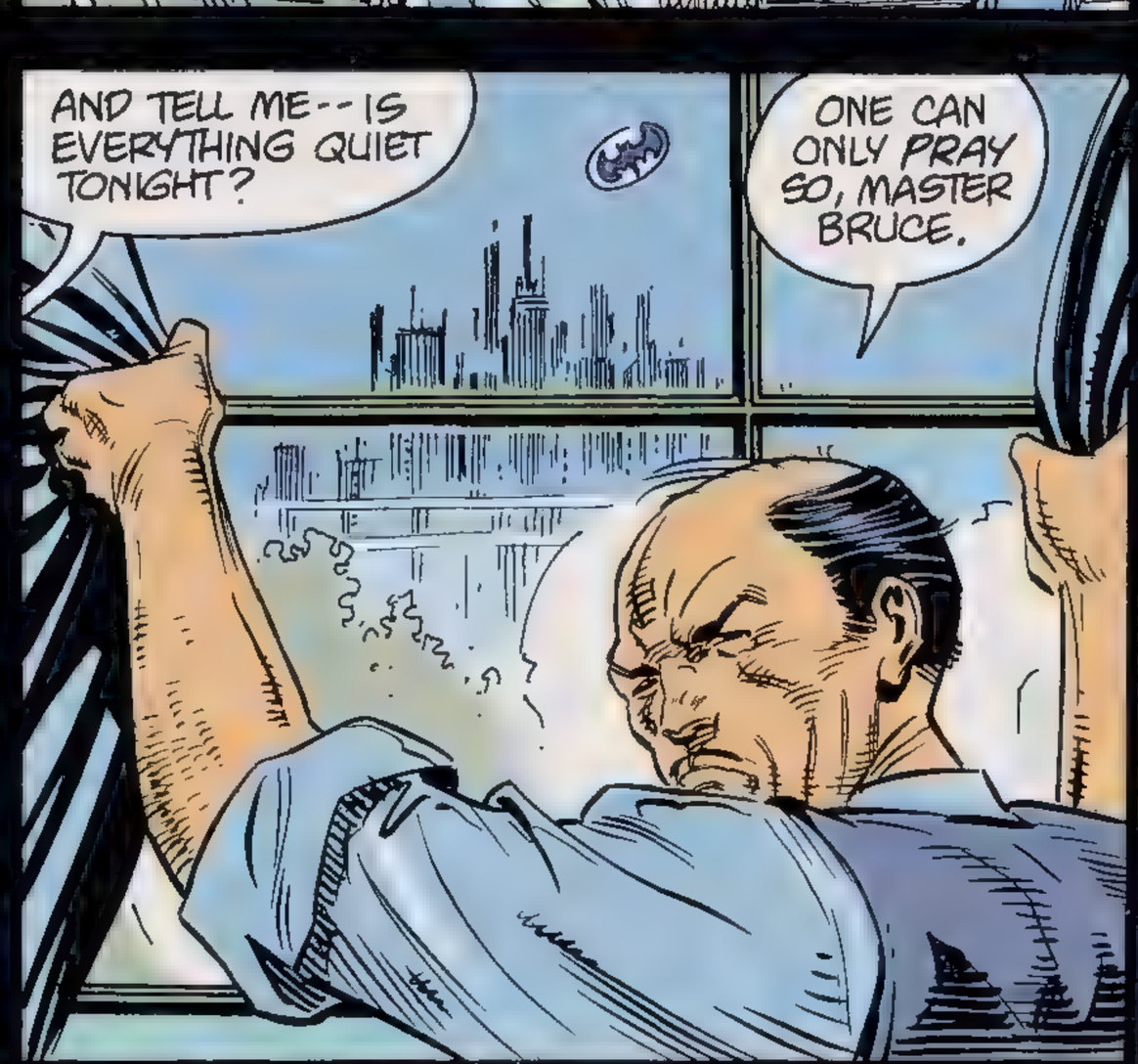
ting
ting


RATHER POORLY, I'M AFRAID, SIR. A GREAT DEAL OF BLOOD WAS LOST.
YOU SUSTAINED DEEP PUNCTURE WOUNDS, EXTENSIVE LACERATIONS, THIRD-DEGREE BURNS, AND SEVERE CONCUSSION. YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE.
AND THE KILLER?

MASTER BRUCE? ARE YOU AWAKE...?
WH-WHAT TIME IS IT, ALFRED?


IT'S SEVEN IN THE EVENING, SIR. A MONDAY.
HOW... AM I?


I TOOK IT UPON MYSELF TO ALERT THE AUTHORITIES, SIR...
Hmm...STILL AT LARGE, eh?
ALFRED, I NEED SOME THINGS--


AND TELL ME--IS EVERYTHING QUIET TONIGHT?
ONE CAN ONLY PRAY SO, MASTER BRUCE.

...SO-CALLED "SEE-THROUGH" SLASHER HAS BEEN BLAMED FOR SEVERAL UNEXPLAINED DEATHS AND A VARIETY OF PROPERTY DAMAGE OVER THE LAST WEEK.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

ELECTRONIC

POLICE COMISSIONER GORDON REFUSED TO CONFIRM THESE REPORTS--

--OR TO COMMENT ON THE APPARENT FAILURE OF THE BAT-SIGNAL TO SUMMON BATMAN FOR SEVERAL NIGHTS.

St. Mart Cat

UNDER REPAIR

Daily Mass 9-12:00

DESPITE ASSURANCES FROM MAYOR LIEBERMAN, CITY AUTHORITIES SEEM POWERLESS TO BRING THE MYSTERIOUS -- SOME SAY ALIEN -- MURDERER TO JUSTICE... AND THERE ARE FEARS OF CITIZENS TAKING THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS.

SONY

IN THE POWER VACUUM LEFT BY THE DEATH OF ACKNOWLEDGED GANG BOSS ALEX YEAGER, GOTHAM'S UNDERWORLD HAS BEEN WRACKED BY A WAVE OF VIOLENCE.

FROM HIS HOME ON WESTGATE DRIVE, COMMUNITY LEADER LEO BRODIN ISSUED THIS CHALLENGE...

IT'S TIME THE KILLER WHO'S UPSETTIN' OUR CITY WAS HUNTED DOWN!

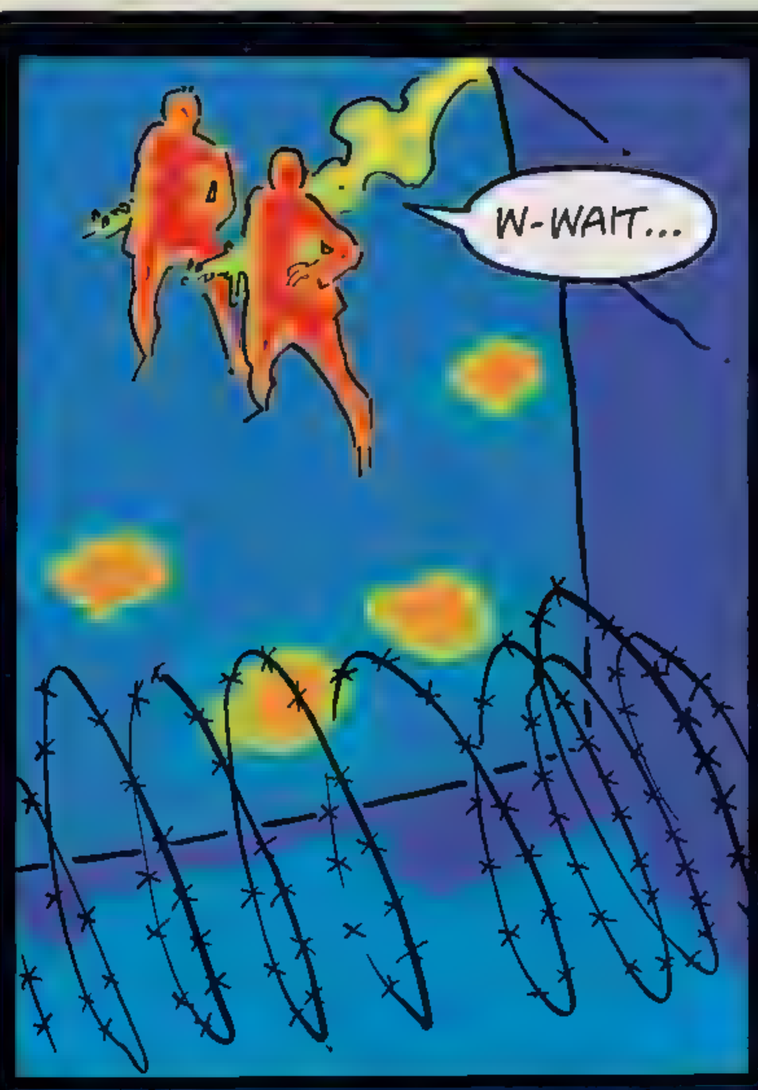
SO, IF HE'S OUT THERE WATCHIN', HEAR THIS--

SONY

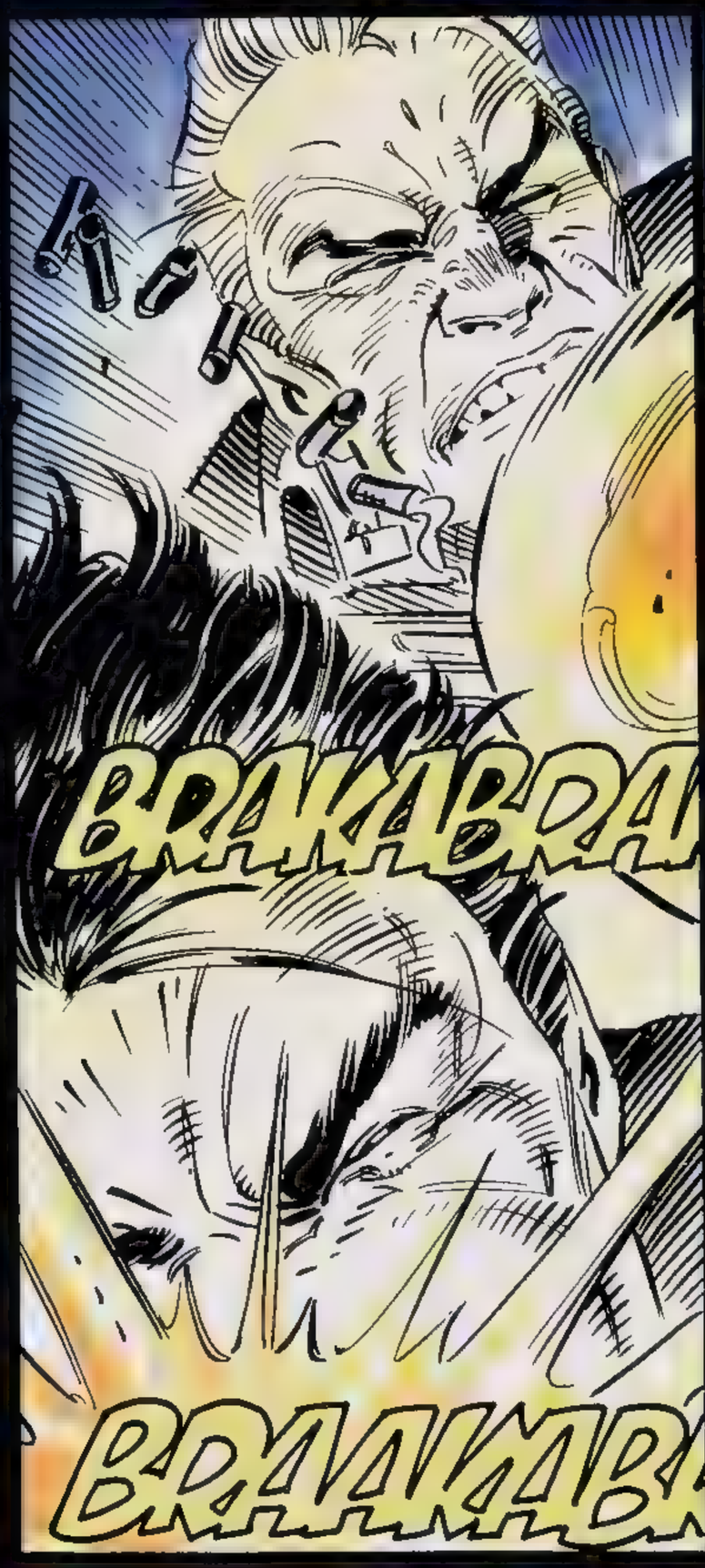
--LEO BRODIN'S GONNA GET YOU, BUDDY!

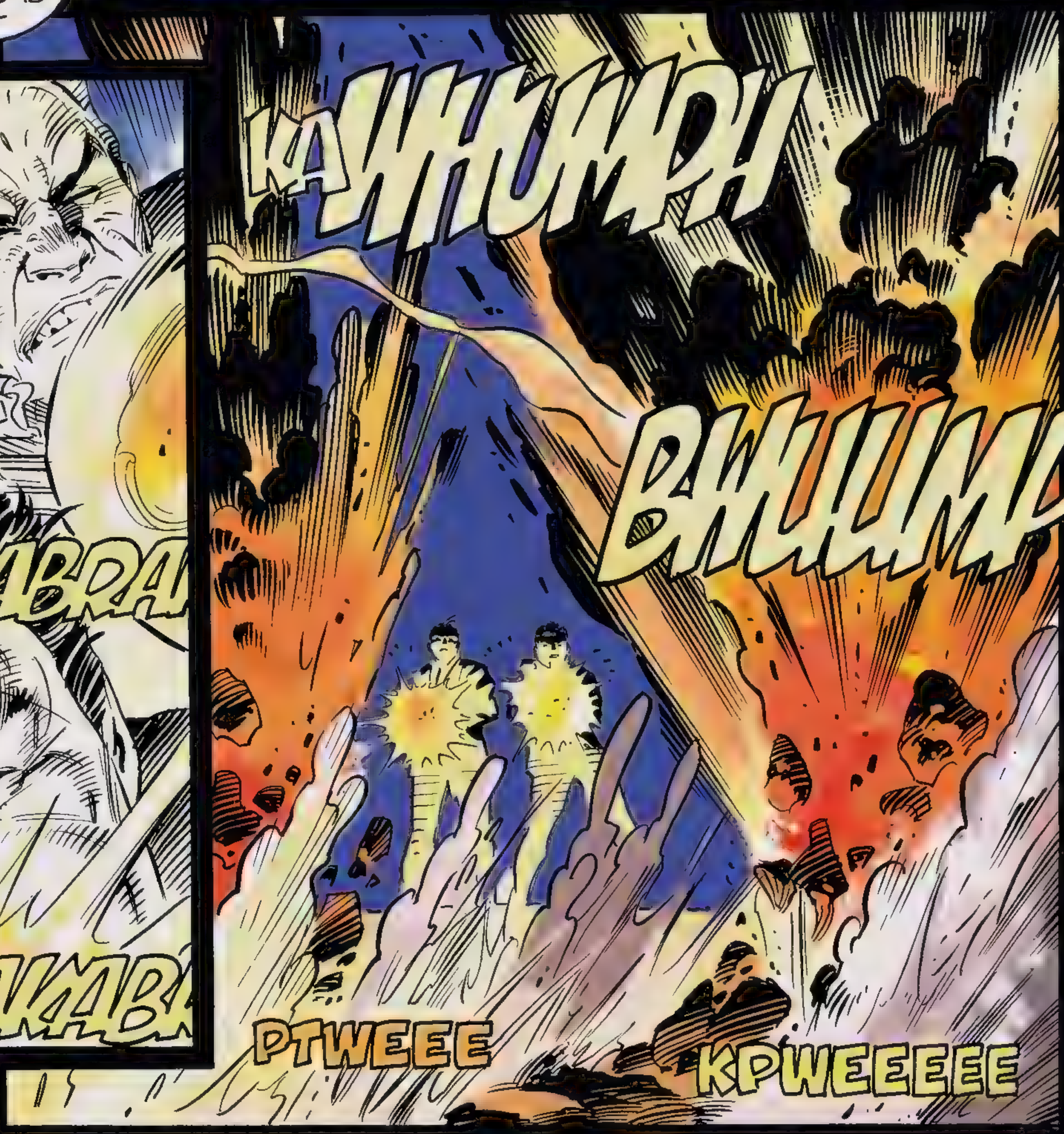
...SLASHER DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!
THERE'S GOTHAM, YOU VEGAS BOYS, THE TEAM FROM THE APPLE--EVEN A BUNCH O' YEAGER'S TOP GUNS HAVE COME OVER...
IT'S GONNA BE SOME BEAR HUNT!

AN' SOME BEAR, S'POSE IT COMES HUNTIN' US?
AW, TAKE IT EASY. WE GOT RAZOR WIRE, LAND MINES, AND ENOUGH ORDNANCE TO STOP AN ARMY--

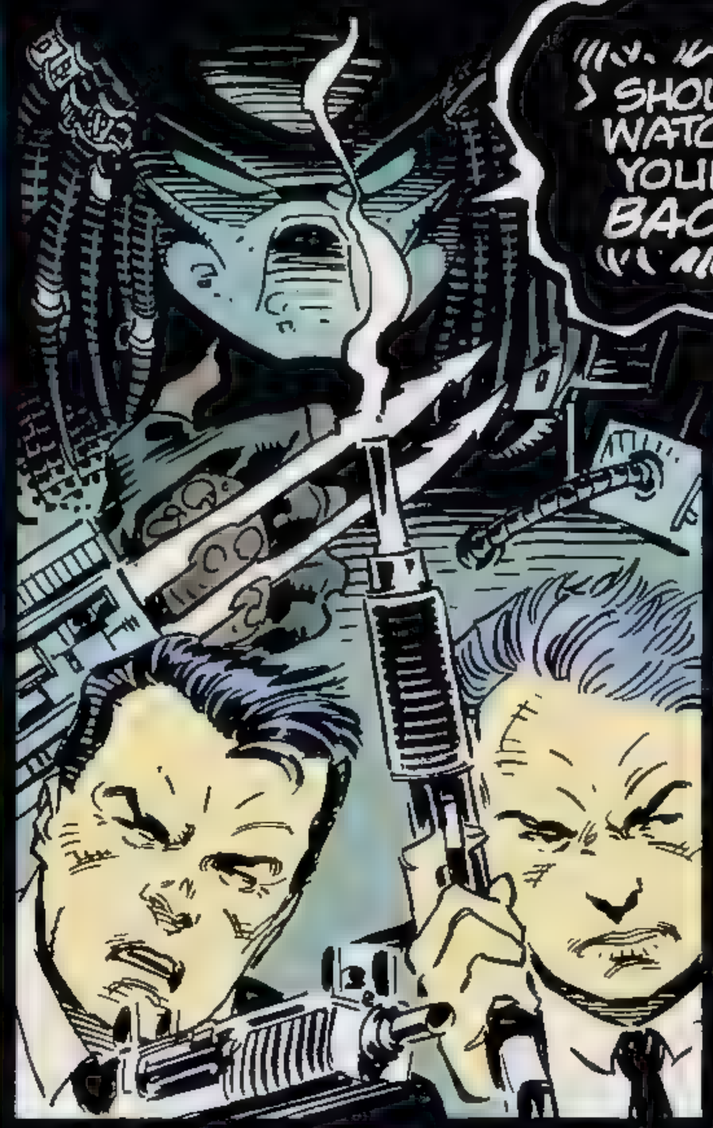

W-WAIT...

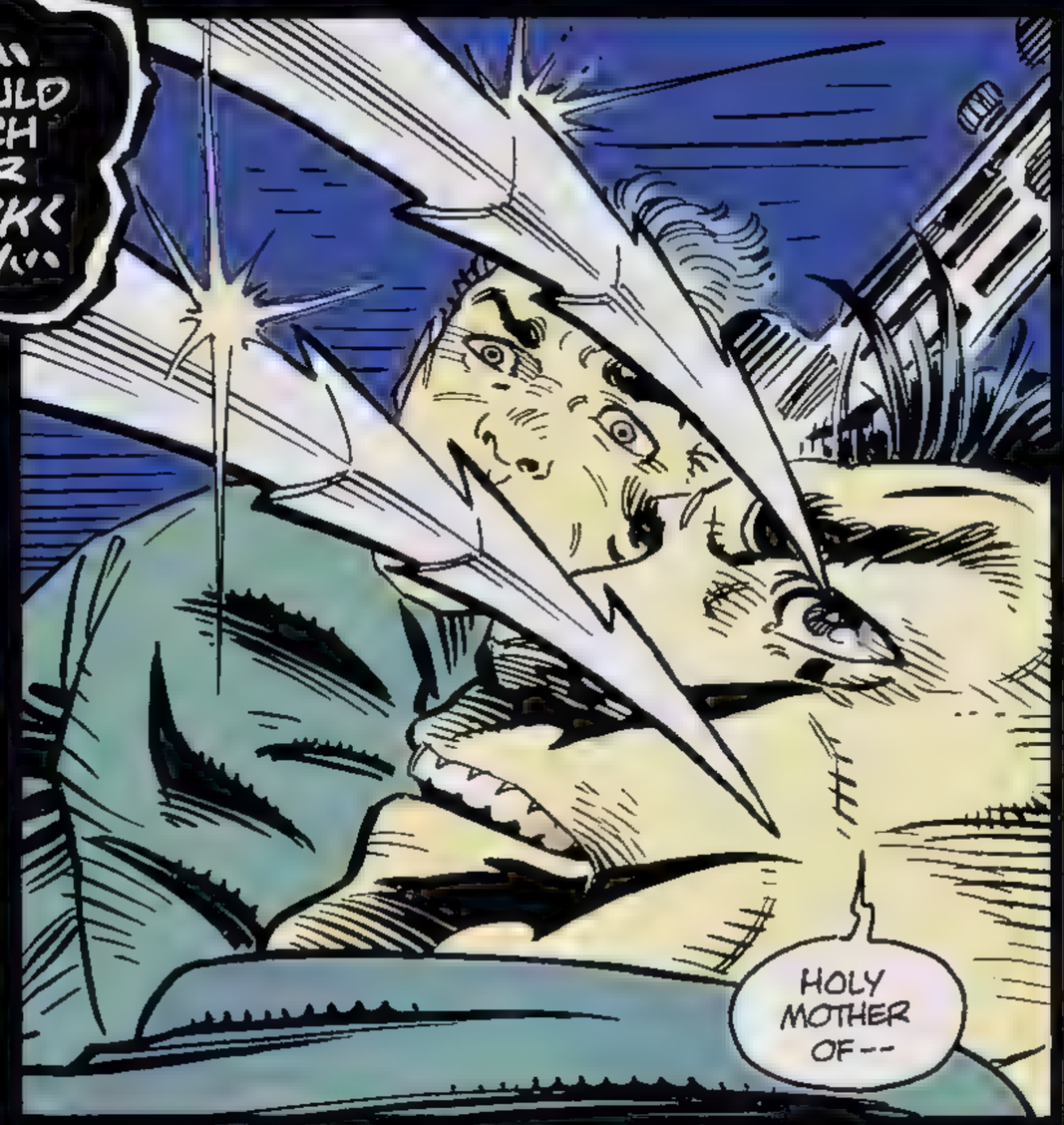
BY THE FENCE-- LIKE A MIRAGE ...SEE?
WELL, HIT THE CREEPY B--


BRAKABRA
BRAAKAAB


KA WHUMPH
BAUUMP
PTWEEE
KPWEEEEEE

WHERE'D HE GO?
TOO MUCH SMOKE. CAN'T--


SHOULD WATCH YOUR BACK

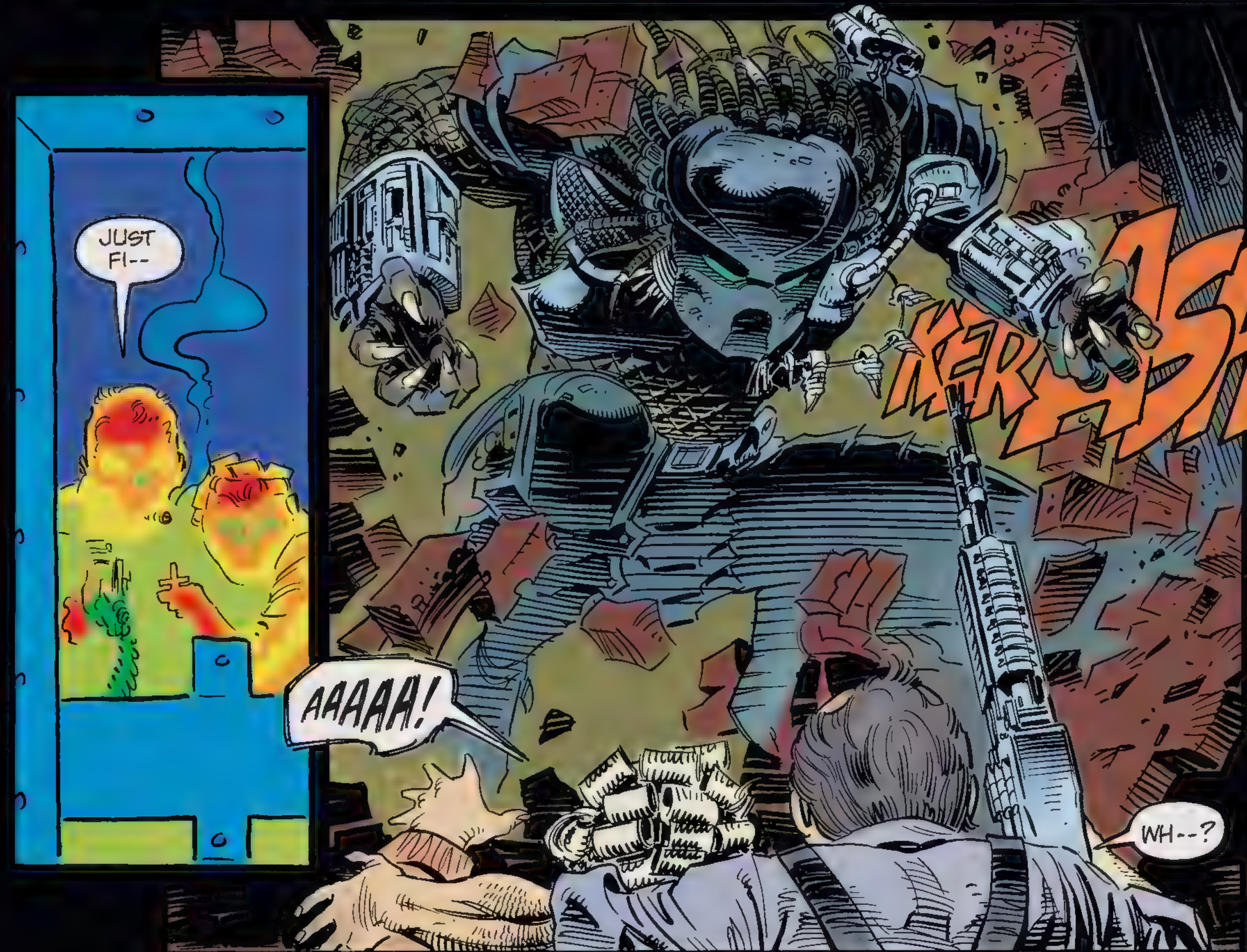

HOLY MOTHER OF--

CHONK
CHUNNK

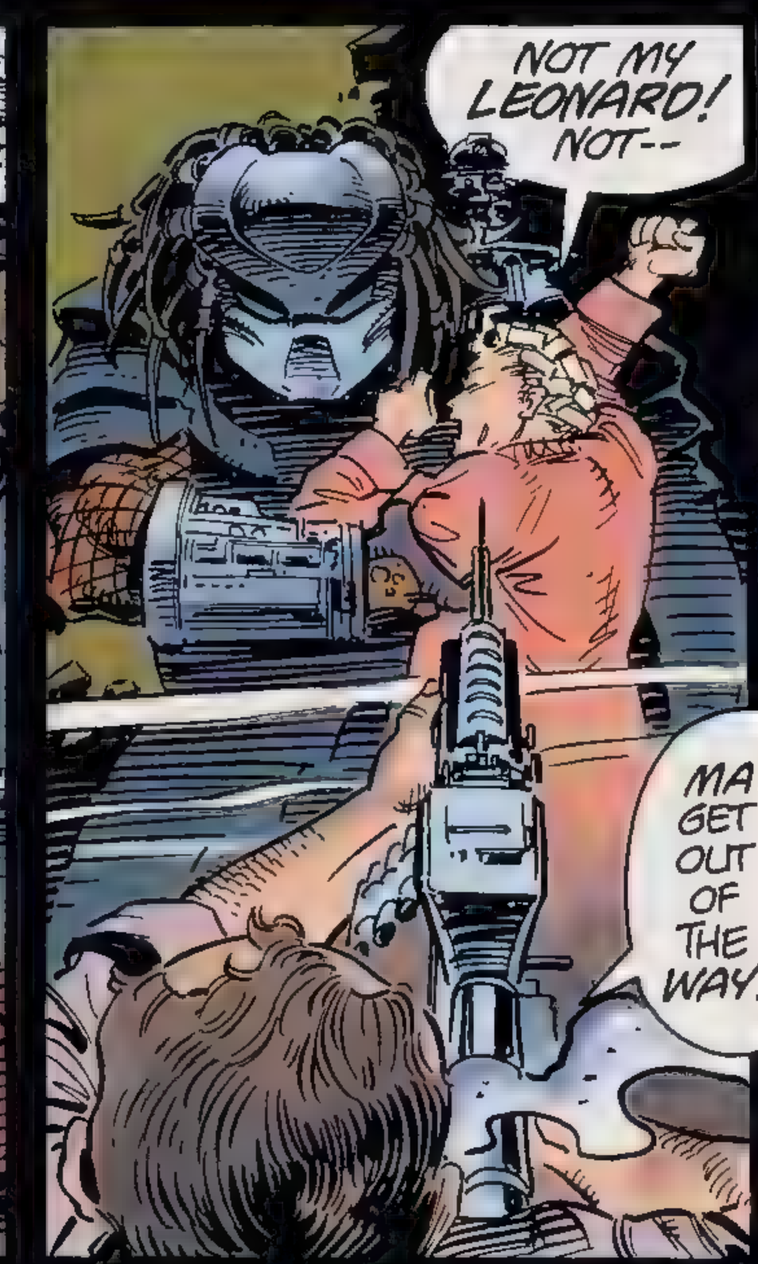
EEEAAAA!
SSSCHUUUNK
...TOLD ME THIS PLACE WAS SECURE, LEONARD!
GET IN THE STRONG ROOM, MA...
BRRAAAKKAAABRAAAAKA

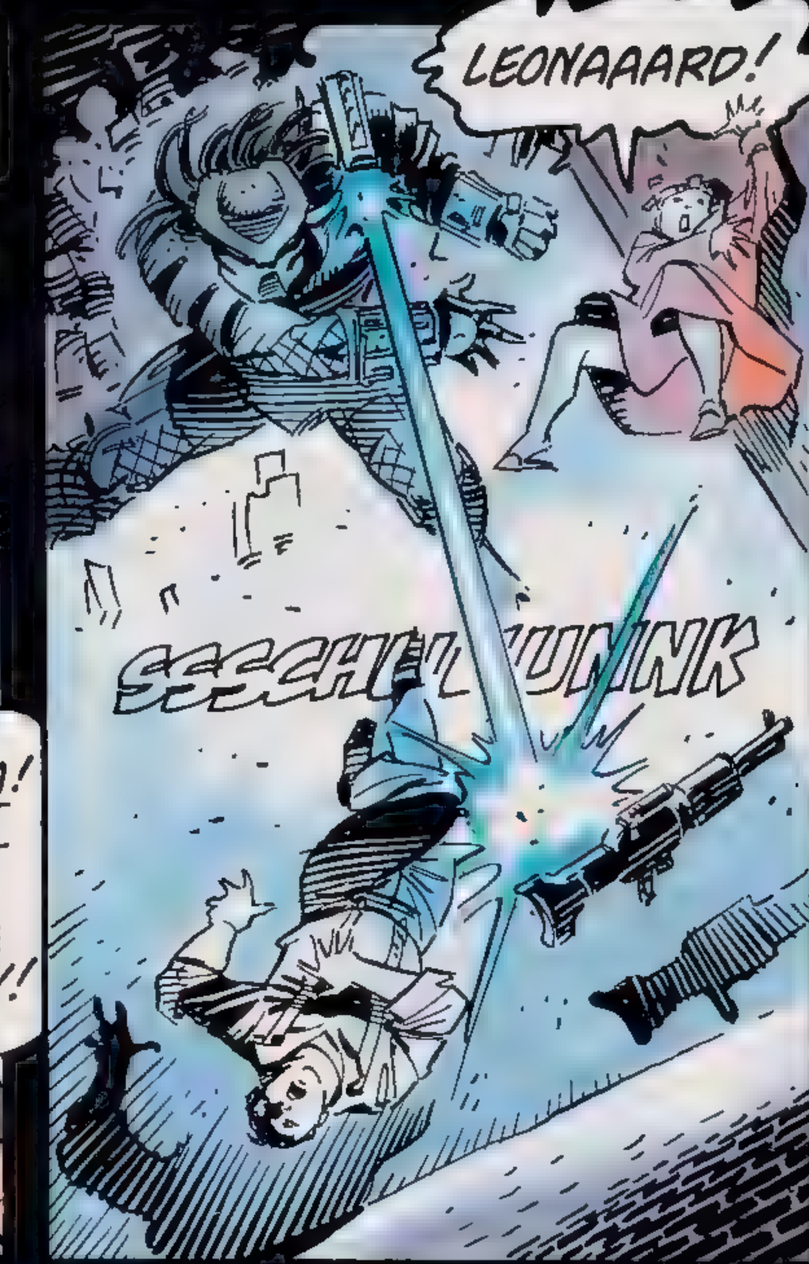
SCHUUUK
AAAA--
YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE. PROMISE.
TWENTY OF MY BEST MEN OUT THERE, MA-- NOTHING'LL GET BY THEM!

NOTHING. DON'T WORRY, MA...
IF ONLY YOUR FATHER WERE HERE...OR YOUR BROTHERS. OH, LEONARD...
SCHLUNK SCHLUNK
BRAKABRA
MA, I SAID. DON'T WORRY...
BRAK
BRA
SCHLUN
NOOOO! AAAA--*
THERE!
THEY STOPPED HIM! TOLD YA, MA...
BE FINE NOW...


JUST FI--
AAAAA!
KER ASH
WH--?

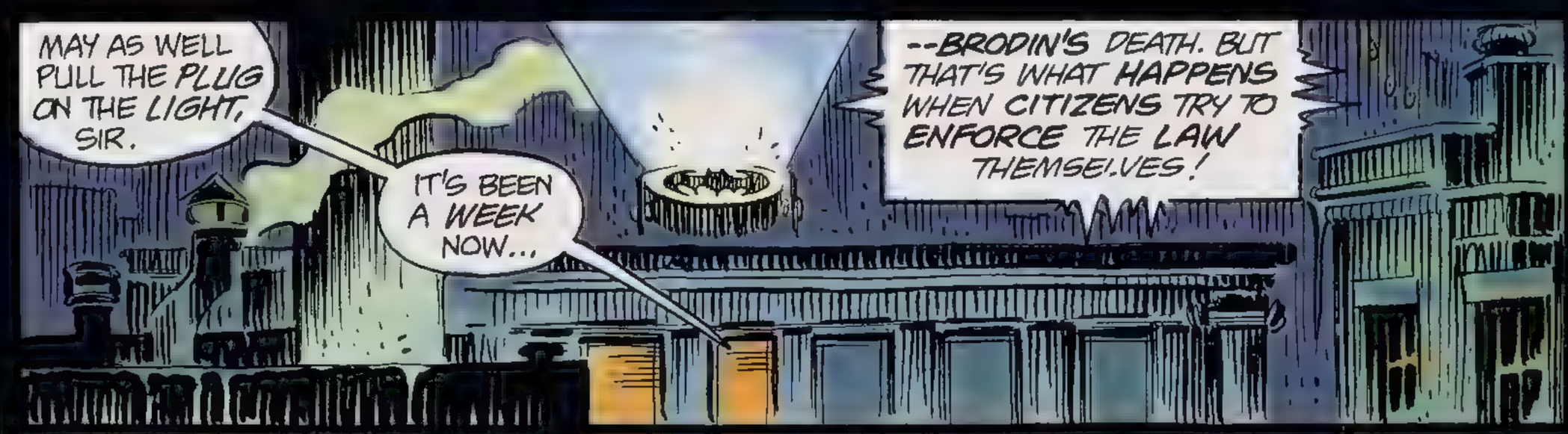
NO. NO. NO...!

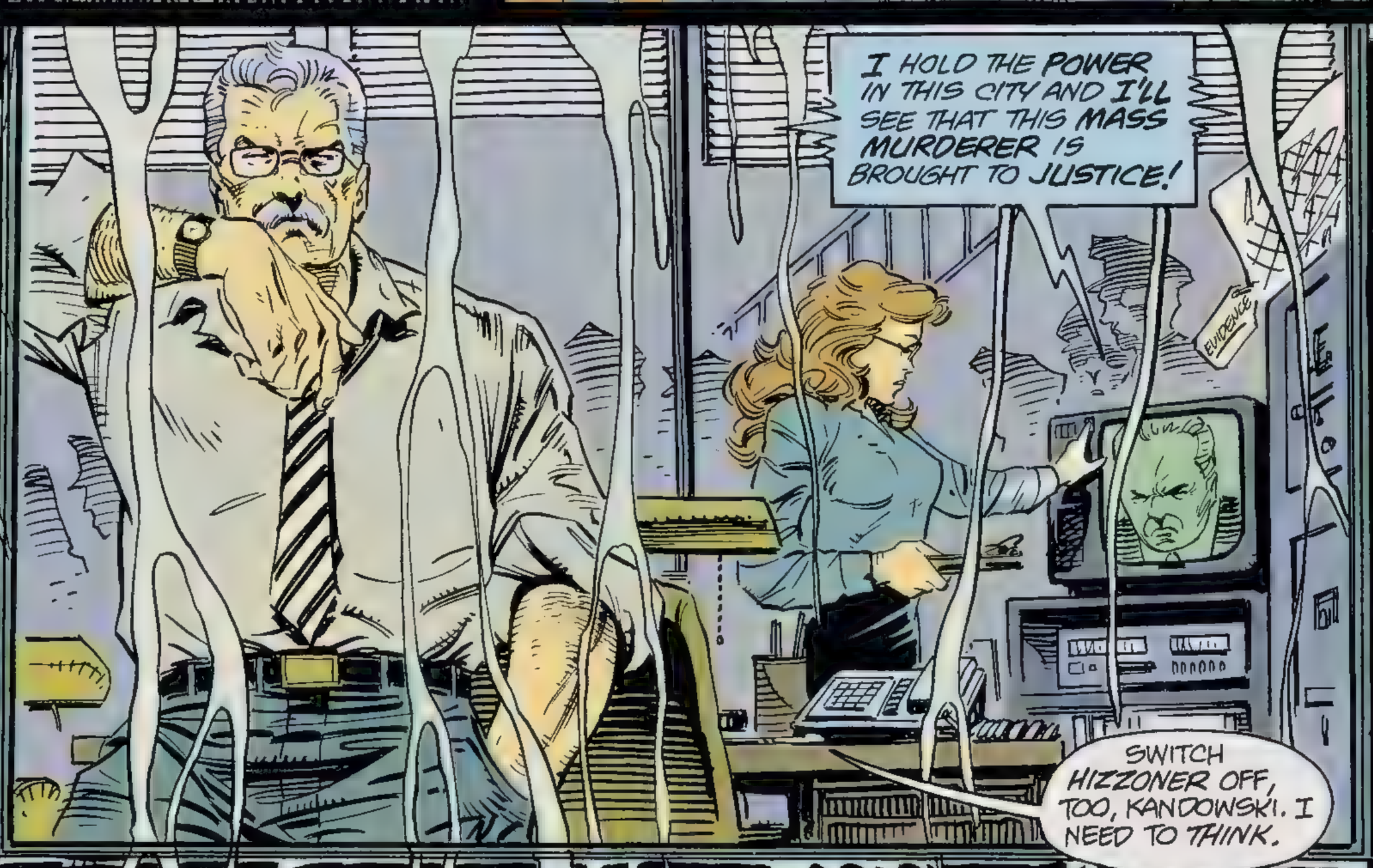

NOT MY LEONARD! NOT--
MA! GET OUT OF THE WAY!


LEONAAARD!
SSSCHLUNNK

MAAAAA!

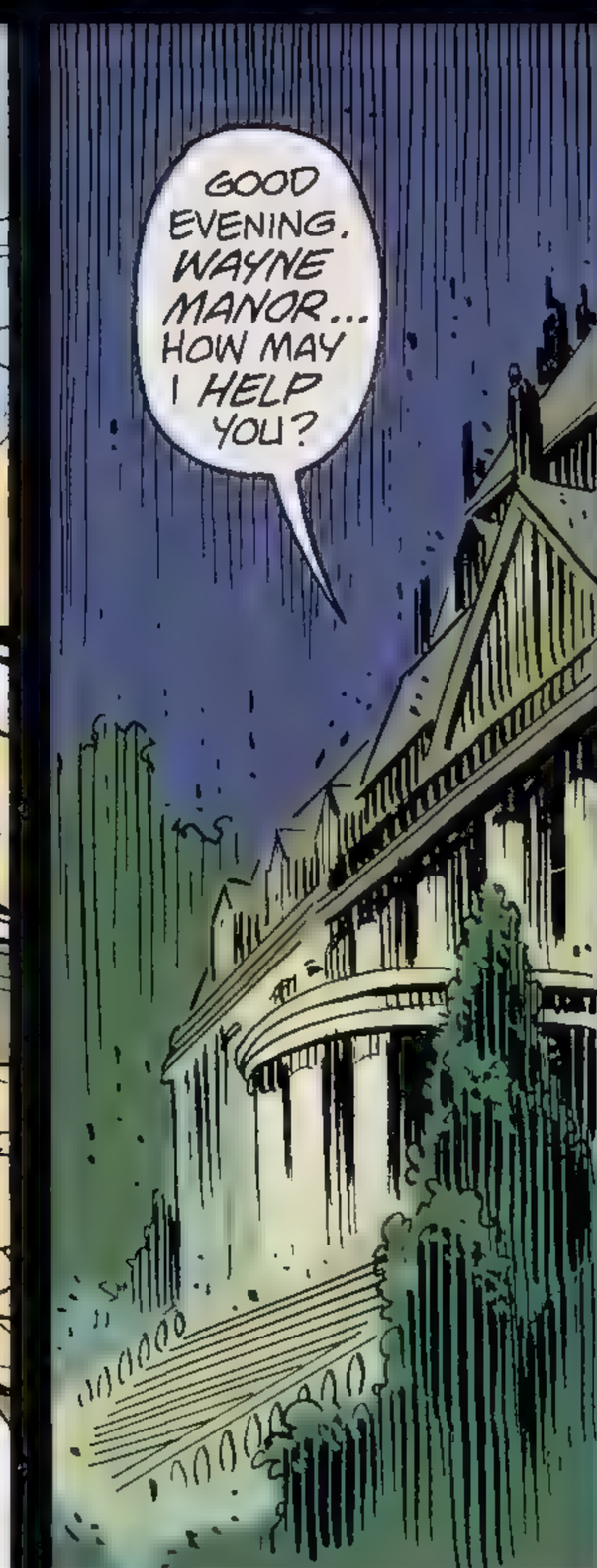
CHOONK
SSSZZZZT


MAY AS WELL PULL THE PLUG ON THE LIGHT, SIR.
IT'S BEEN A WEEK NOW...
--BRODIN'S DEATH. BUT THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN CITIZENS TRY TO ENFORCE THE LAW THEMSELVES!


I HOLD THE POWER IN THIS CITY AND I'LL SEE THAT THIS MASS MURDERER IS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE!
EVIDENCE
SWITCH HIZZONER OFF, TOO, KANDOWSKI. I NEED TO THINK.

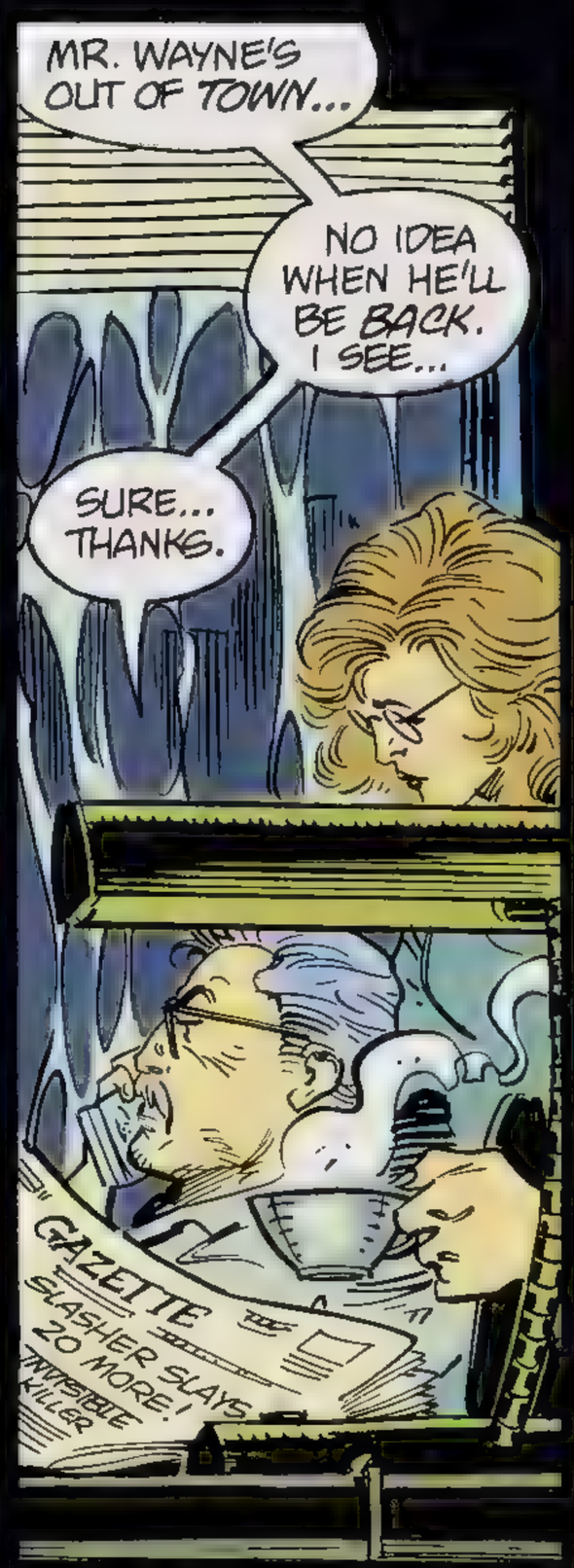
ANY-BODY LEFT ON THE LIST?
ONLY ONE, SIR...

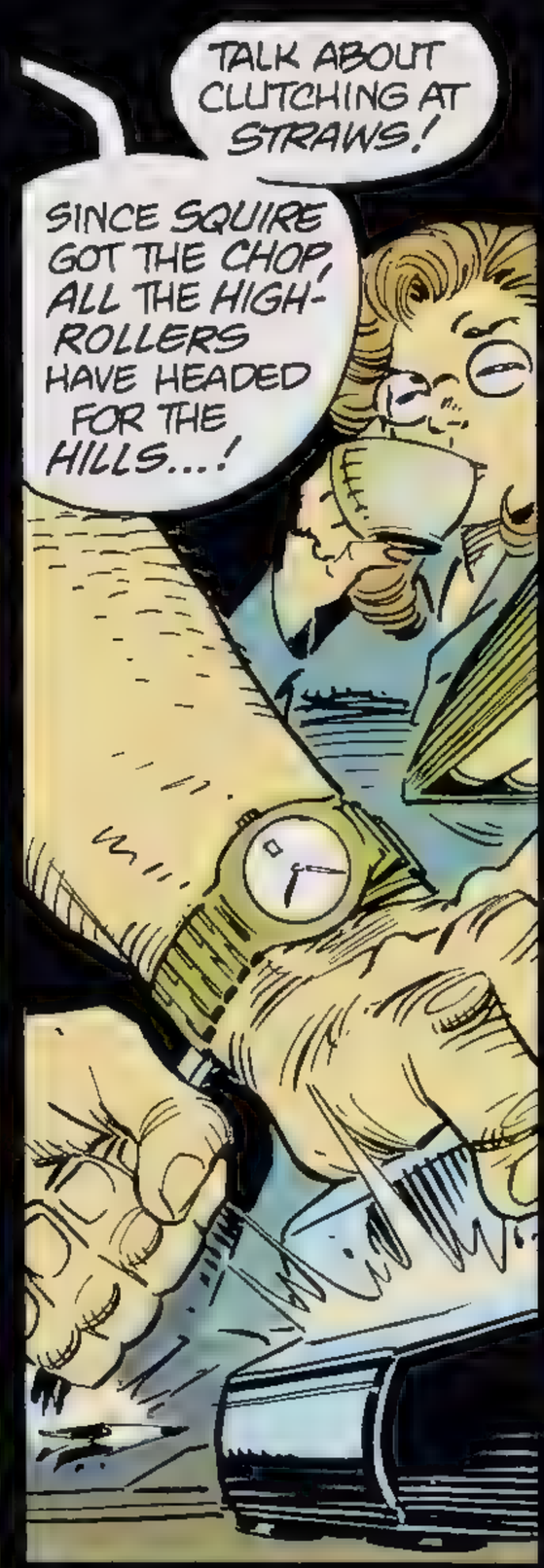
ALWAYS WAS A LONG SHOT, I GUESS...


GOOD EVENING, WAYNE MANOR... HOW MAY I HELP YOU?

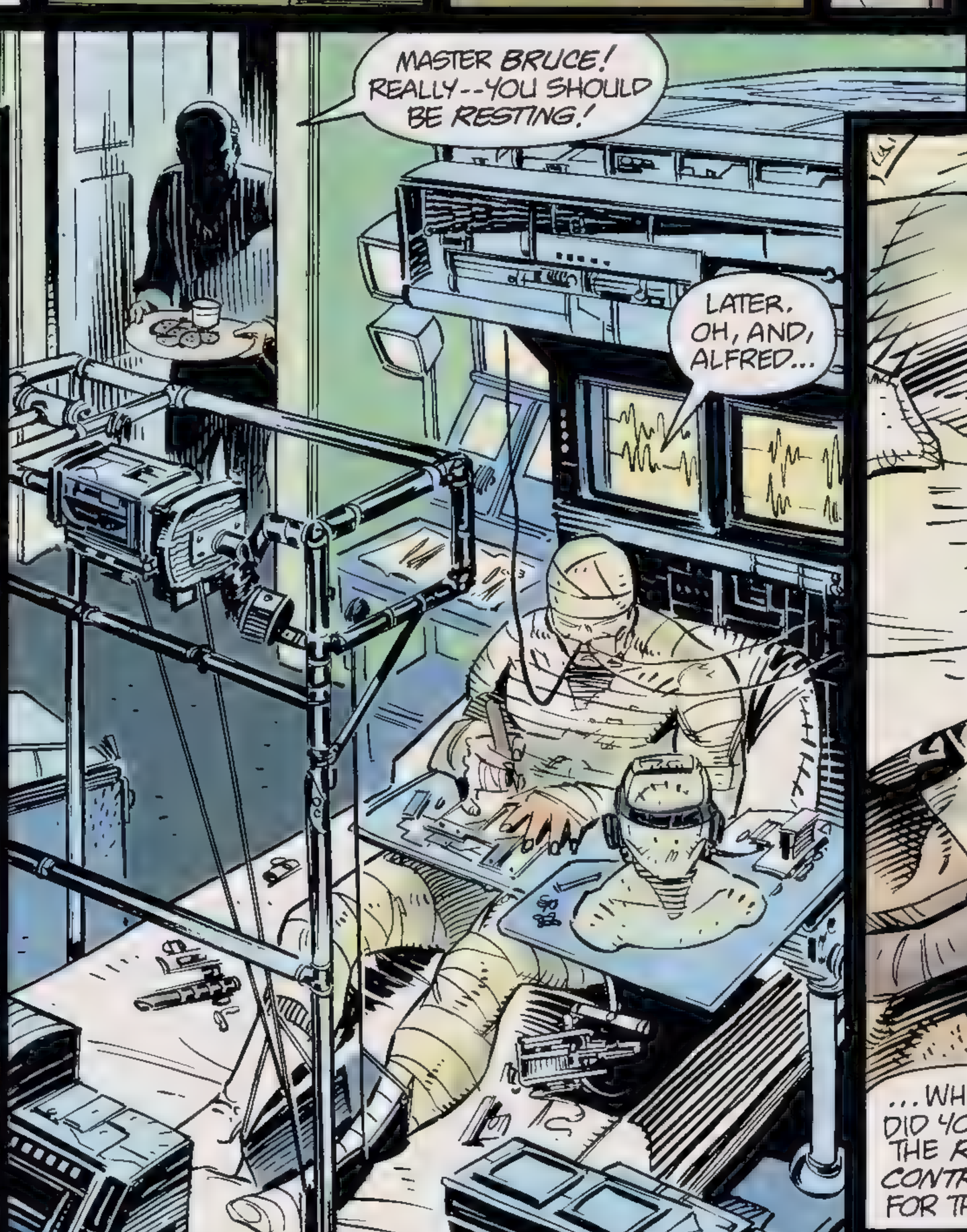
...DID YOU SAY "BATMAN," COMMIS-SIONER?

YES...I-I NEED TO SPEAK TO HIM. FIND OUT IF HE'S STILL ALIVE, AT LEAST...
I'M CALLING WELL-CONNECTED AND INFLUENTIAL CITIZENS LIKE MR. WAYNE, IN THE HOPE THAT SOMEONE MIGHT KNOW WHERE--


MR. WAYNE'S OUT OF TOWN...
NO IDEA WHEN HE'LL BE BACK. I SEE...
SURE... THANKS.
GAZETTE
SLASHER SLAYS 20 MORE!
INVISIBLE KILLER

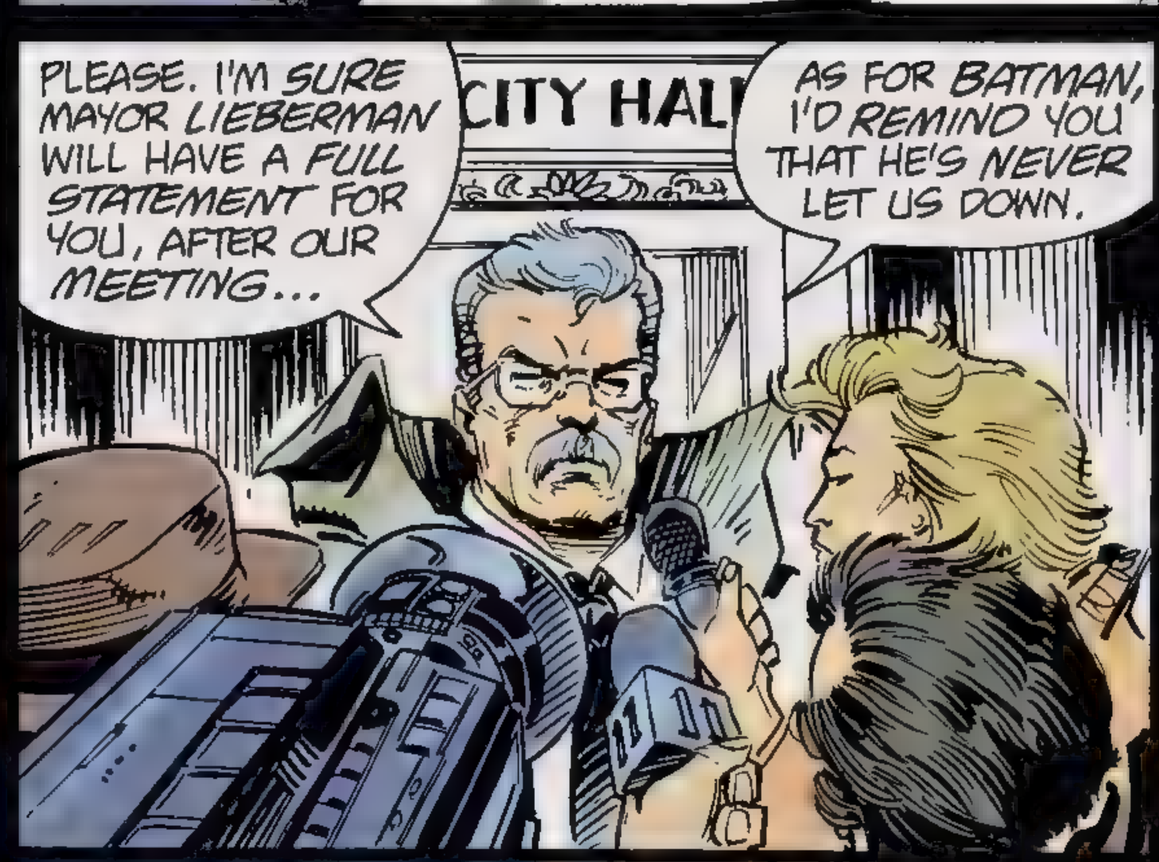

TALK ABOUT CLUTCHING AT STRAWS!
SINCE SQUIRE GOT THE CHOP, ALL THE HIGH-ROLLERS HAVE HEADED FOR THE HILLS...!

WHO WAS THAT, ALFRED?
NOTHING FOR YOU TO WORRY ABOUT, SIR...


MASTER BRUCE! REALLY--YOU SHOULD BE RESTING!
LATER. OH, AND, ALFRED...

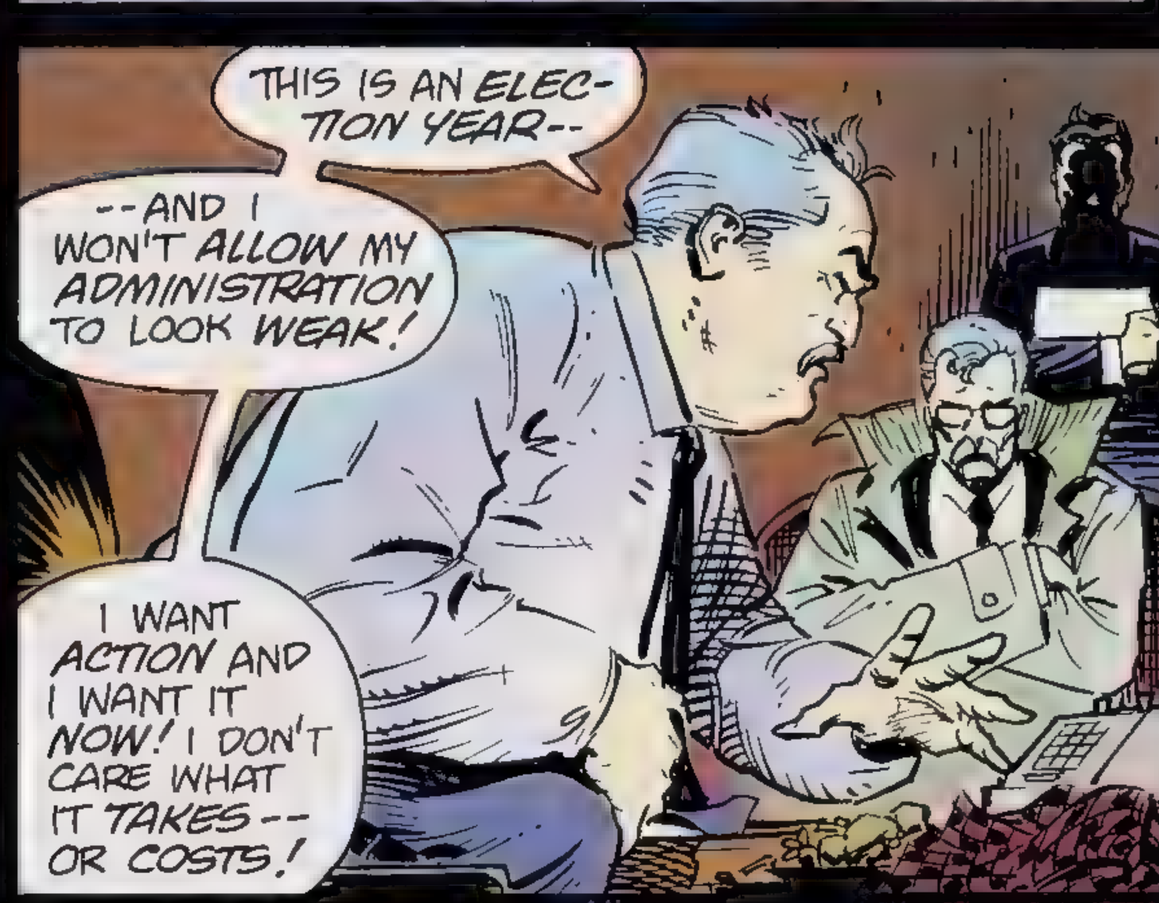
...WHERE DID YOU HIDE THE REMOTE CONTROL FOR THE TV?

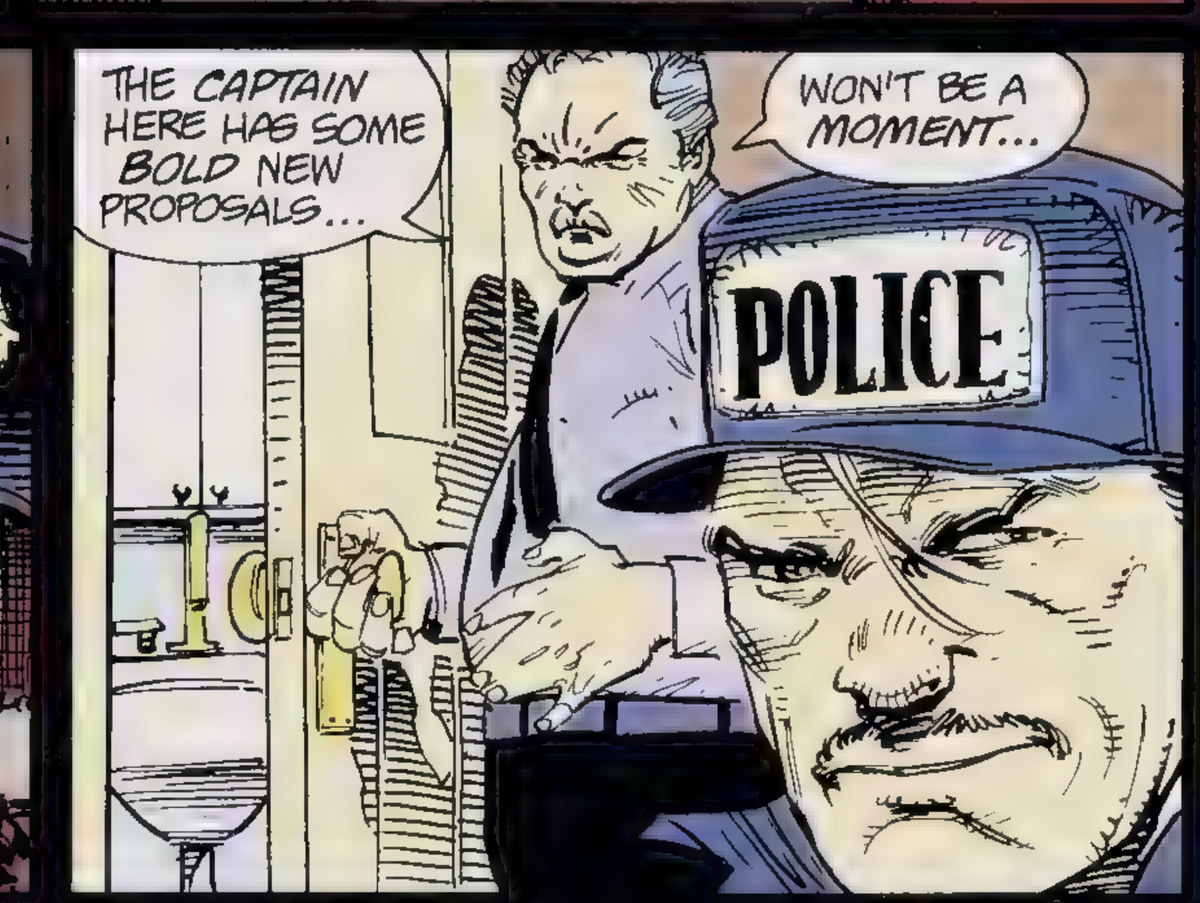
...INVISIBLE MONSTER?
IS BATMAN DEAD--?
--OR DEAD SCARED?
...TERRORISTS?
...OUTER SPACE?
WHO'S NEXT?
...GANG WAR?
...YOU POWERLESS, COMMIS-SIONER?
POLICE
POLICE
PLEASE...
CITY


PLEASE. I'M SURE MAYOR LIEBERMAN WILL HAVE A FULL STATEMENT FOR YOU, AFTER OUR MEETING...
CITY HAL
AS FOR BATMAN, I'D REMIND YOU THAT HE'S NEVER LET US DOWN.

ABOUT TIME!
AND TIME'S ONE THING YOU'VE HAD PLENTY OF, GORDON --YOUR REGULAR PROCEDURES JUST AREN'T WORKING!

YET!
HE'S BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, COM-MISSIONER...

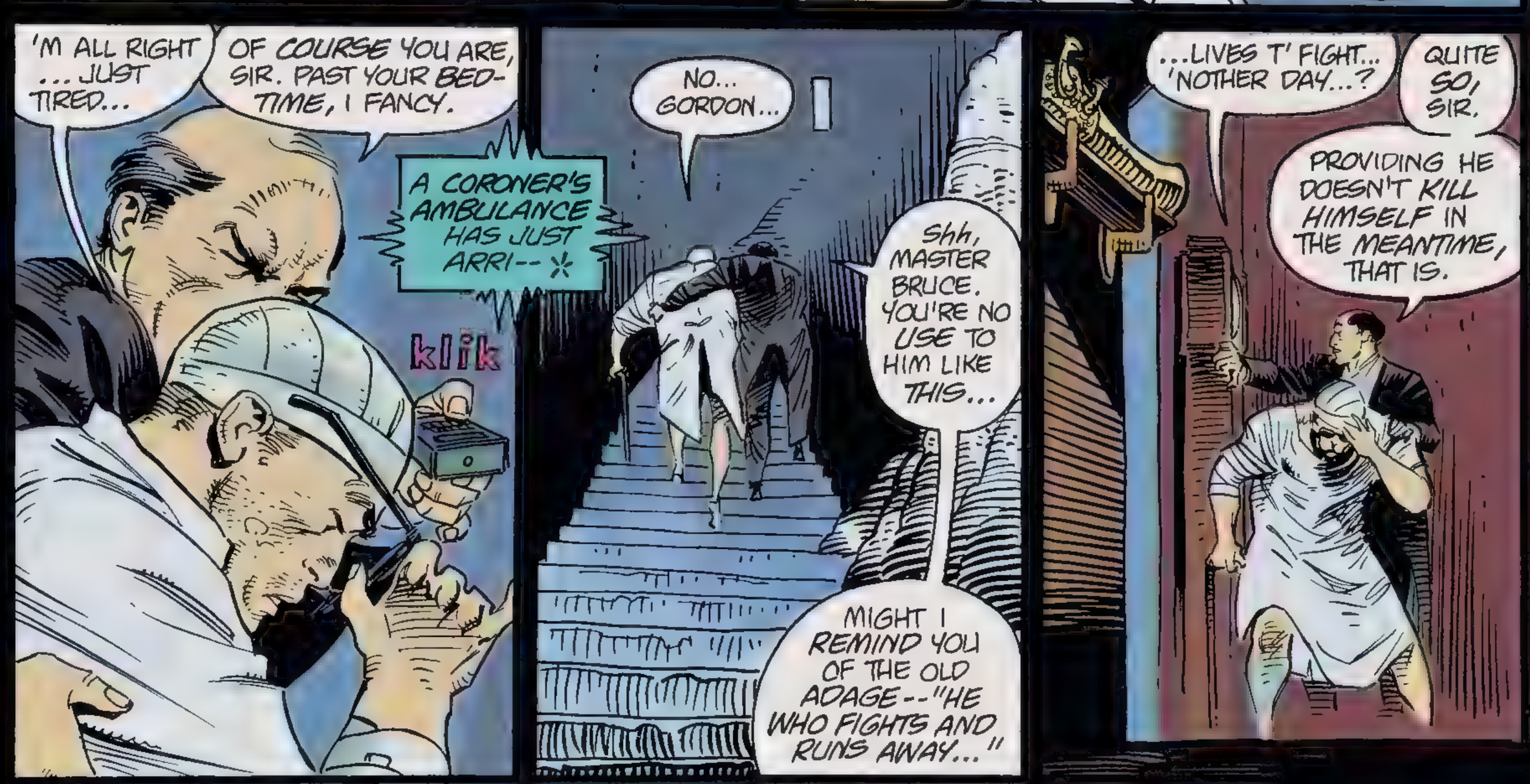

THIS IS AN ELEC-TION YEAR--
--AND I WON'T ALLOW MY ADMINISTRATION TO LOOK WEAK!
I WANT ACTION AND I WANT IT NOW! I DON'T CARE WHAT IT TAKES-- OR COSTS!

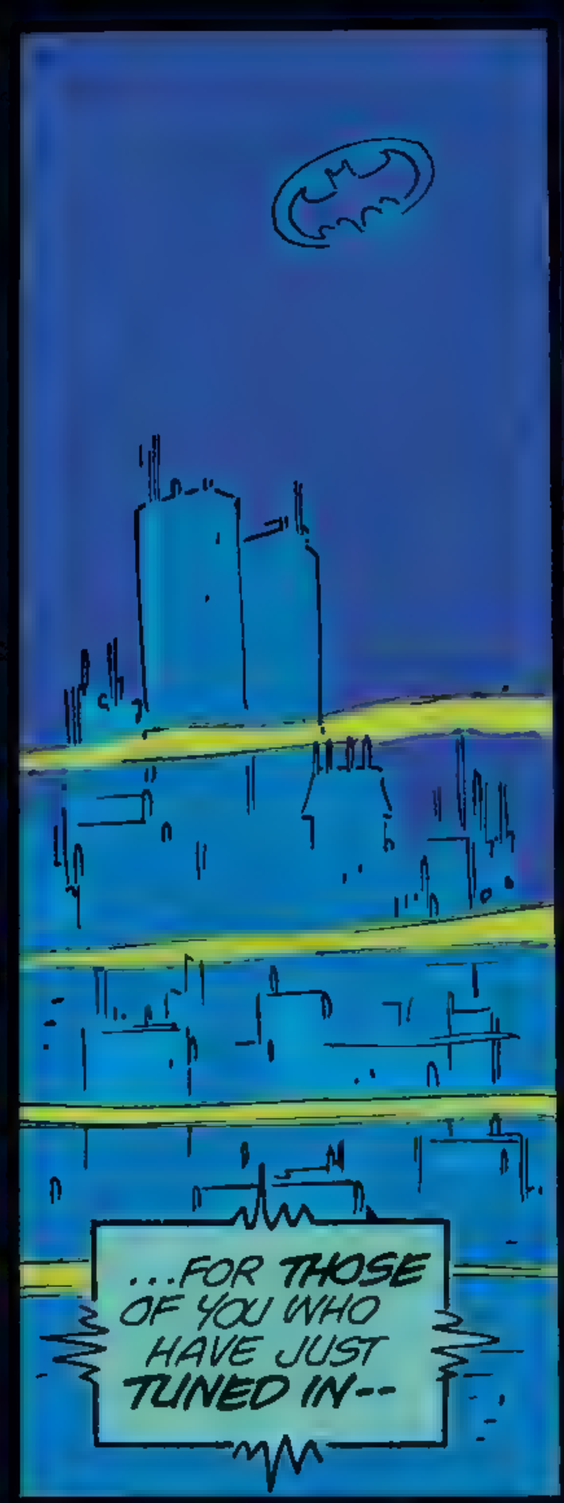

THE CAPTAIN HERE HAS SOME BOLD NEW PROPOSALS...
WON'T BE A MOMENT...
POLICE

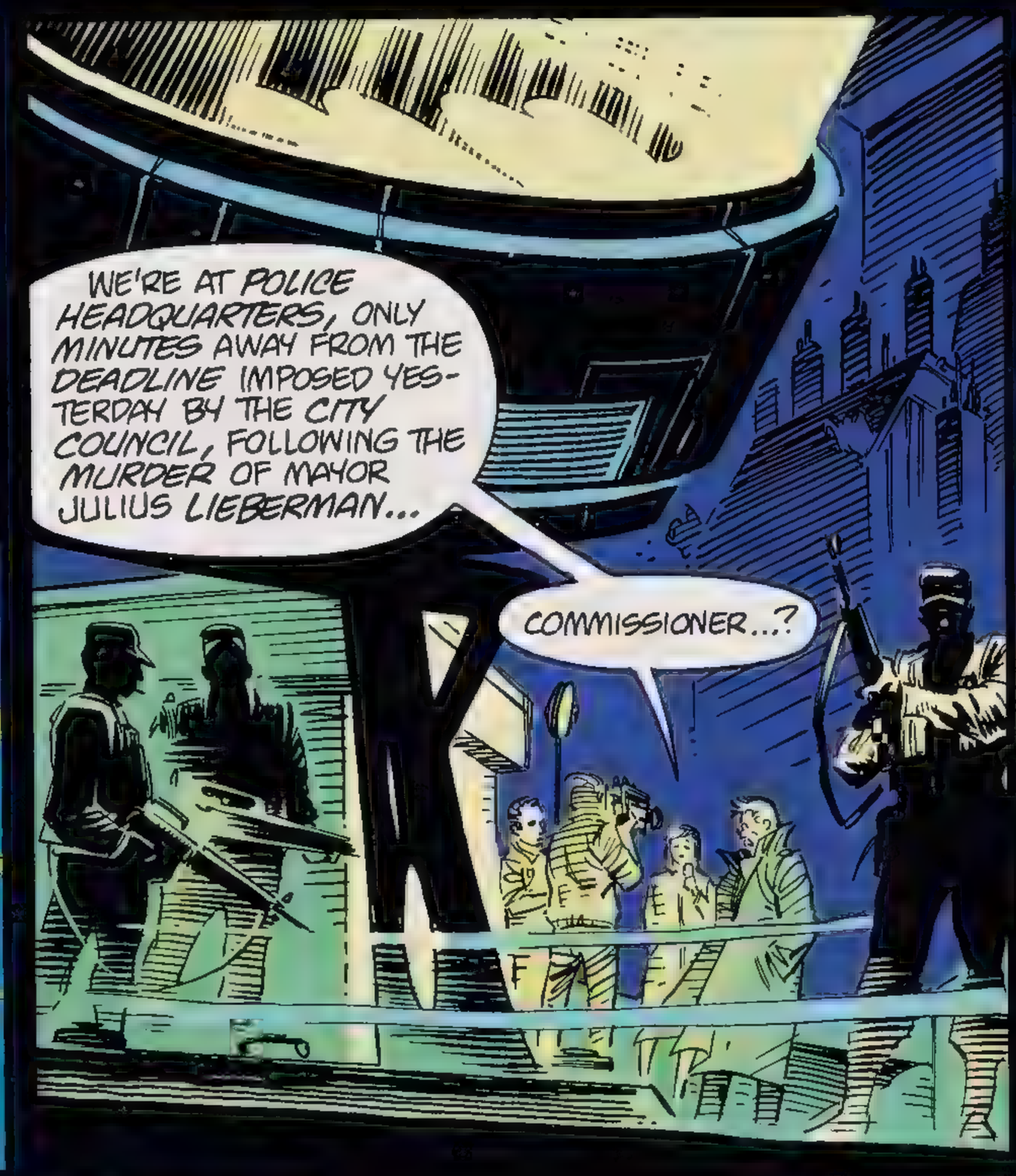
WE NEED A MASSIVE SHOW OF FORCE! CALL IN THE NATIONAL GUARD-- FLUSH THIS...THIS SLASHER OUT!
POLICE
YES, I THINK I'VE GOT THE PLOT, CAPTAIN...
POLICE
WHAT TH--?
POLICE
gggn
CLUUNK
blop
YOU CAN'T GO--
BETTER CALL THE ELECTION NOW--
--AND THE MORGUE WAGON.

...ARE YOU, MASTER BRUCE?
MASTER BRUCE
ASTER BRUCE
BRUCE
...HERE AT CITY HALL, COMMISSIONER GORDON IS STILL IN CONFERENCE WITH MAYOR LIEBERMAN--

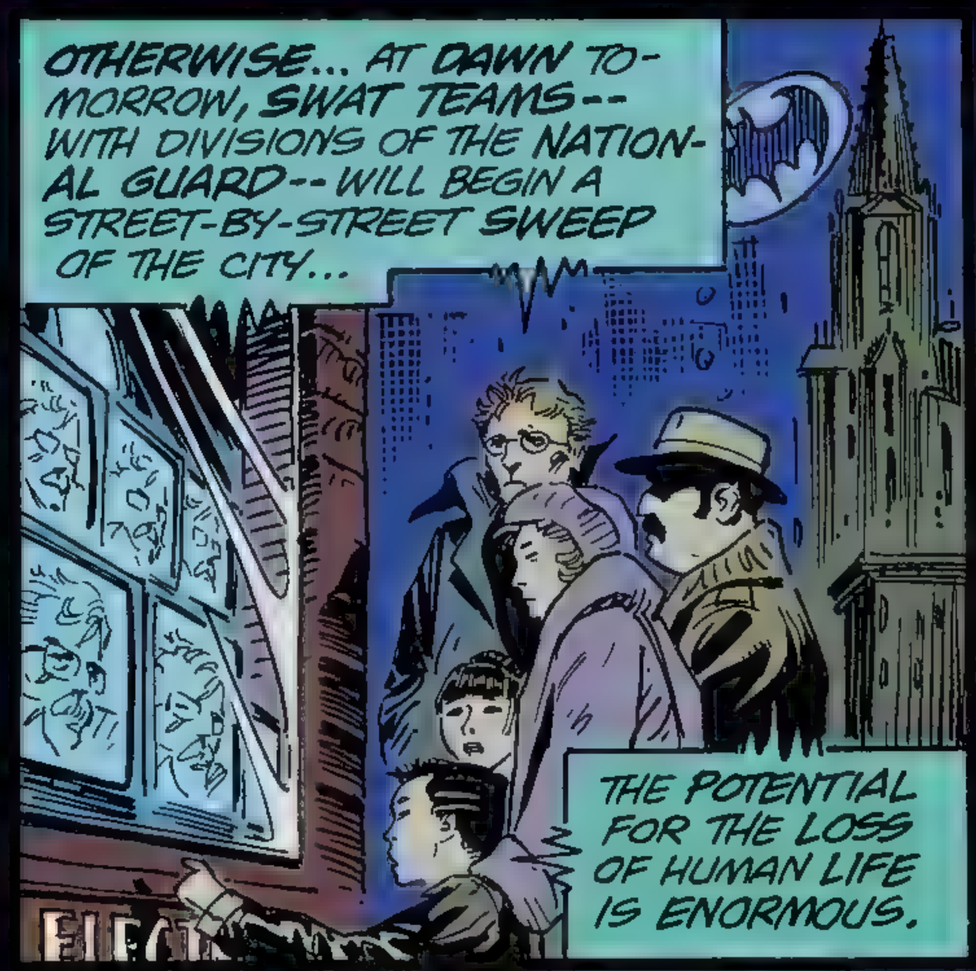
YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T OVERDO THINGS, Y'KNOW, SIR...
--NO DOUBT EXPLAINING THE DIFFICULTIES OF FINDING A KILLER WHO CAN-NOT BE SEEN--
WAIT-- SOMETHING'S HAPPENING!
nnf
OH, MASTER BRUCE...

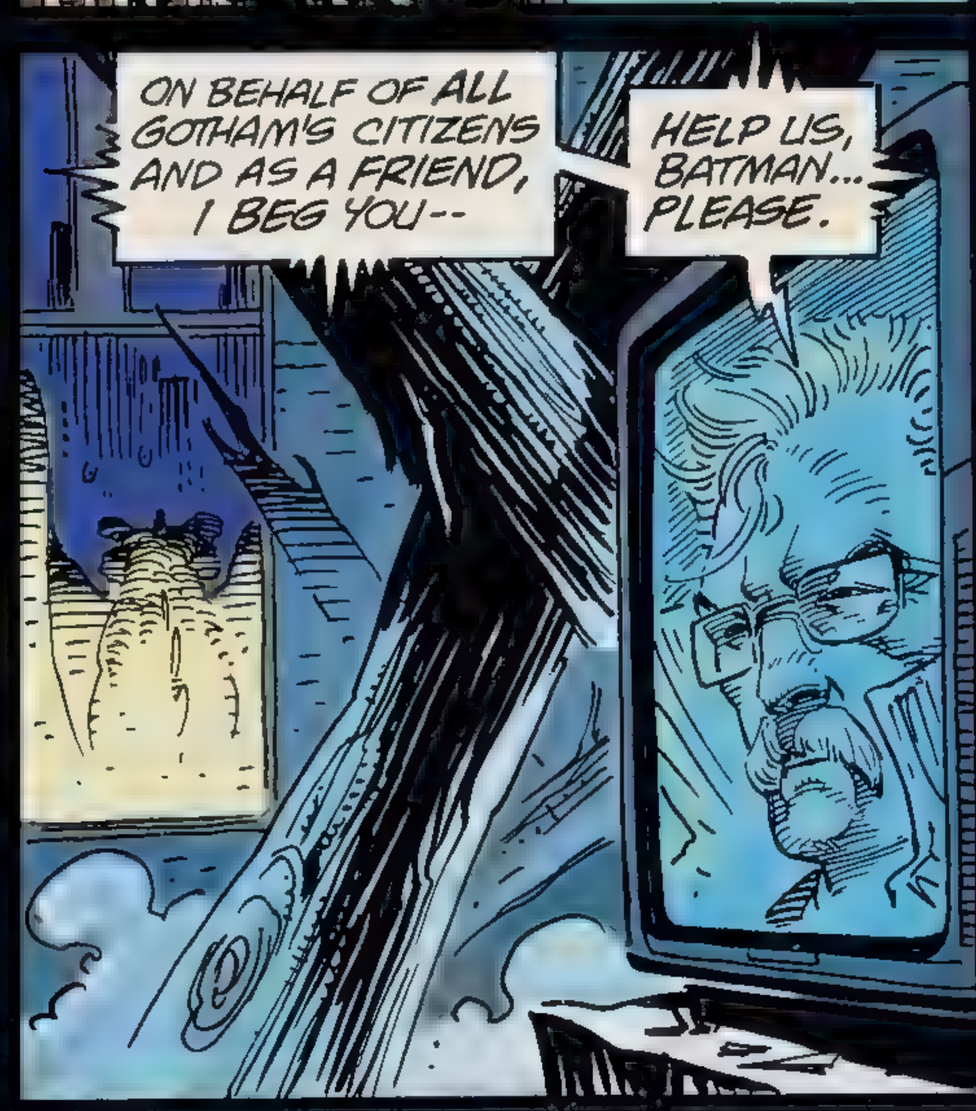

'M ALL RIGHT ... JUST TIRED...
OF COURSE YOU ARE, SIR. PAST YOUR BED-TIME, I FANCY.
A CORONER'S AMBULANCE HAS JUST ARRI--
klik
NO... GORDON...
Shh, MASTER BRUCE. YOU'RE NO USE TO HIM LIKE THIS...
MIGHT I REMIND YOU OF THE OLD ADAGE--"HE WHO FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY..."
...LIVES T' FIGHT... 'NOTHER DAY...?
QUITE SO, SIR.
PROVIDING HE DOESN'T KILL HIMSELF IN THE MEANTIME, THAT IS.


...FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE JUST TUNED IN--


WE'RE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, ONLY MINUTES AWAY FROM THE DEADLINE IMPOSED YESTERDAY BY THE CITY COUNCIL, FOLLOWING THE MURDER OF MAYOR JULIUS LIEBERMAN...
COMMISSIONER...?

BATMAN... GOTHAM NEEDS YOU. THIS IS NO ORDINARY MURDERER WE'RE DEALING WITH...
ONLY YOUR SKILL, YOUR EXPERIENCE... YOUR INSTINCT CAN END THIS REIGN OF TERROR.

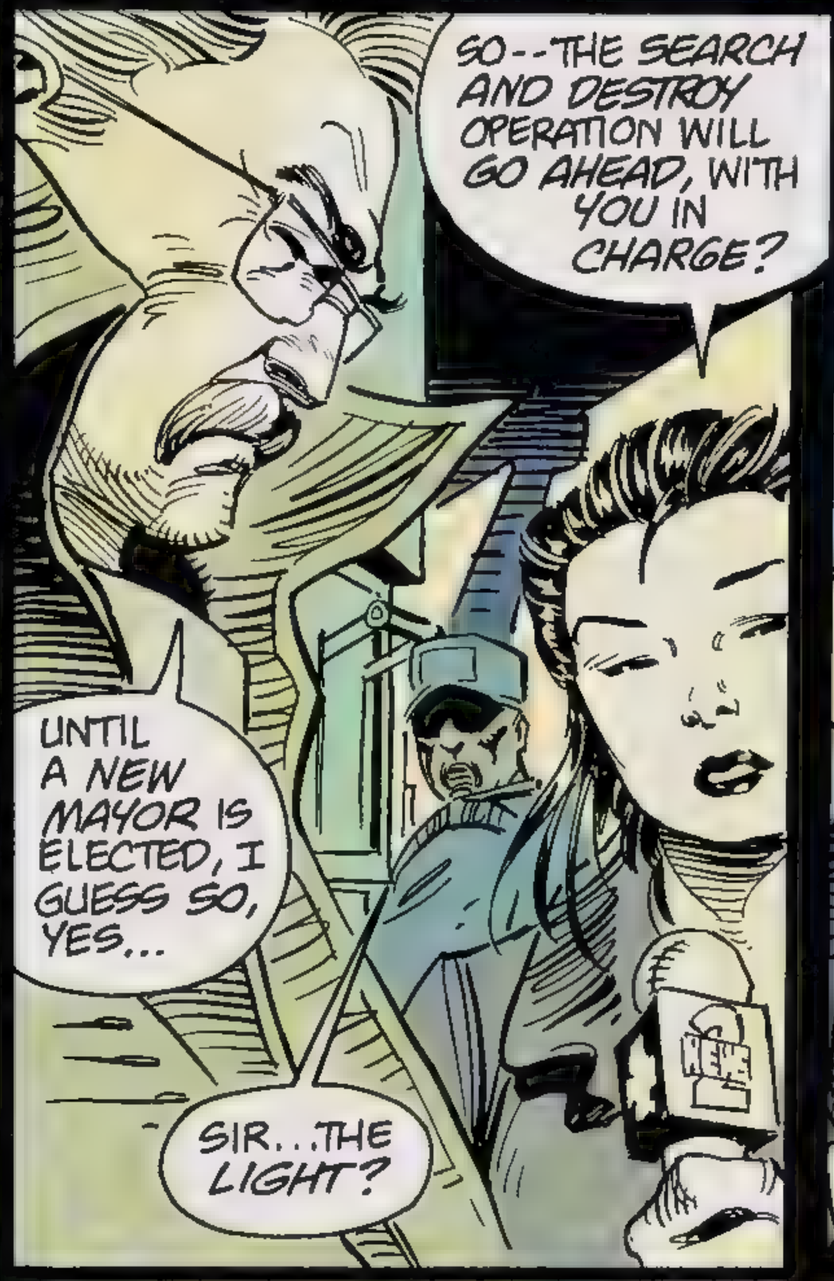

OTHERWISE... AT DAWN TOMORROW, SWAT TEAMS-- WITH DIVISIONS OF THE NATIONAL GUARD-- WILL BEGIN A STREET-BY-STREET SWEEP OF THE CITY...
THE POTENTIAL FOR THE LOSS OF HUMAN LIFE IS ENORMOUS.


ON BEHALF OF ALL GOTHAM'S CITIZENS AND AS A FRIEND, I BEG YOU--
HELP US, BATMAN... PLEASE.

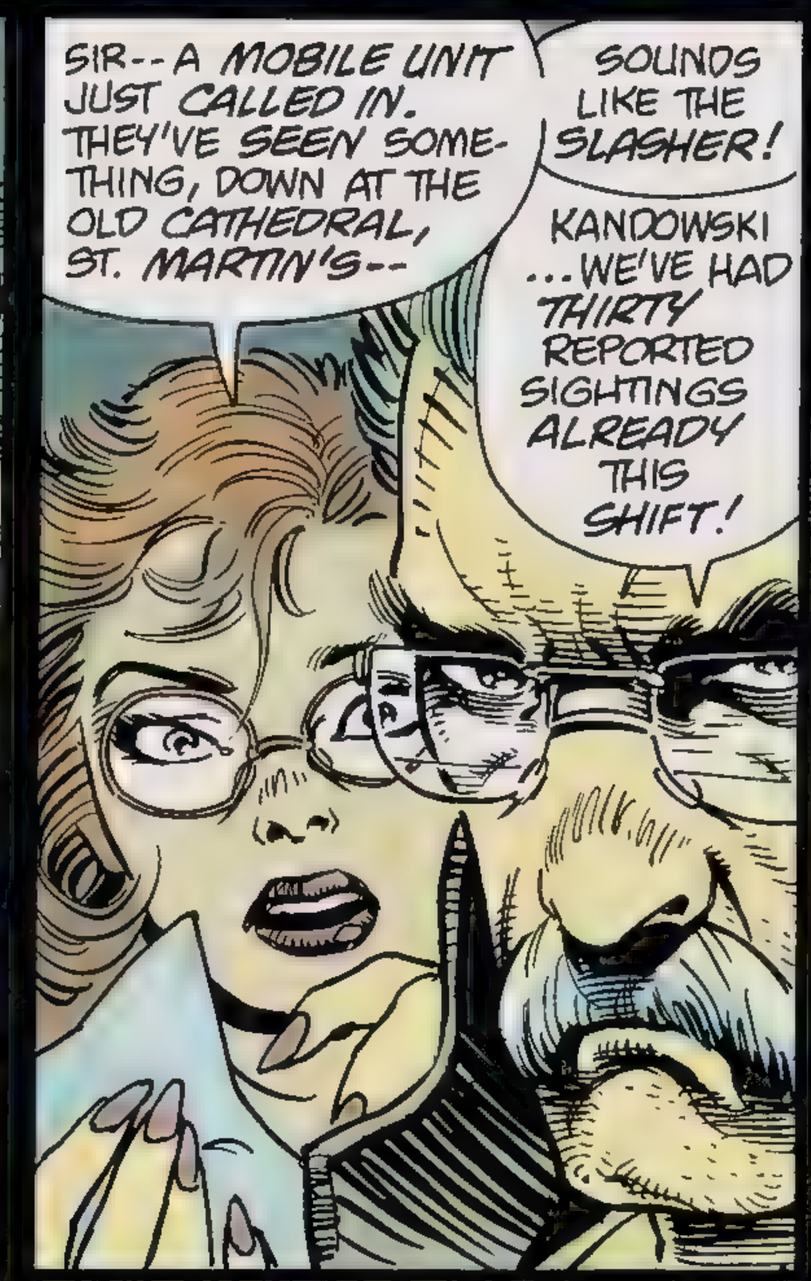
TH-THANK YOU, COMMISSIONER ...ONLY SECONDS LEFT NOW FOR BATMAN TO MAKE CONTACT.
FOUR...THREE... TWO...ONE...
MIDNIGHT.

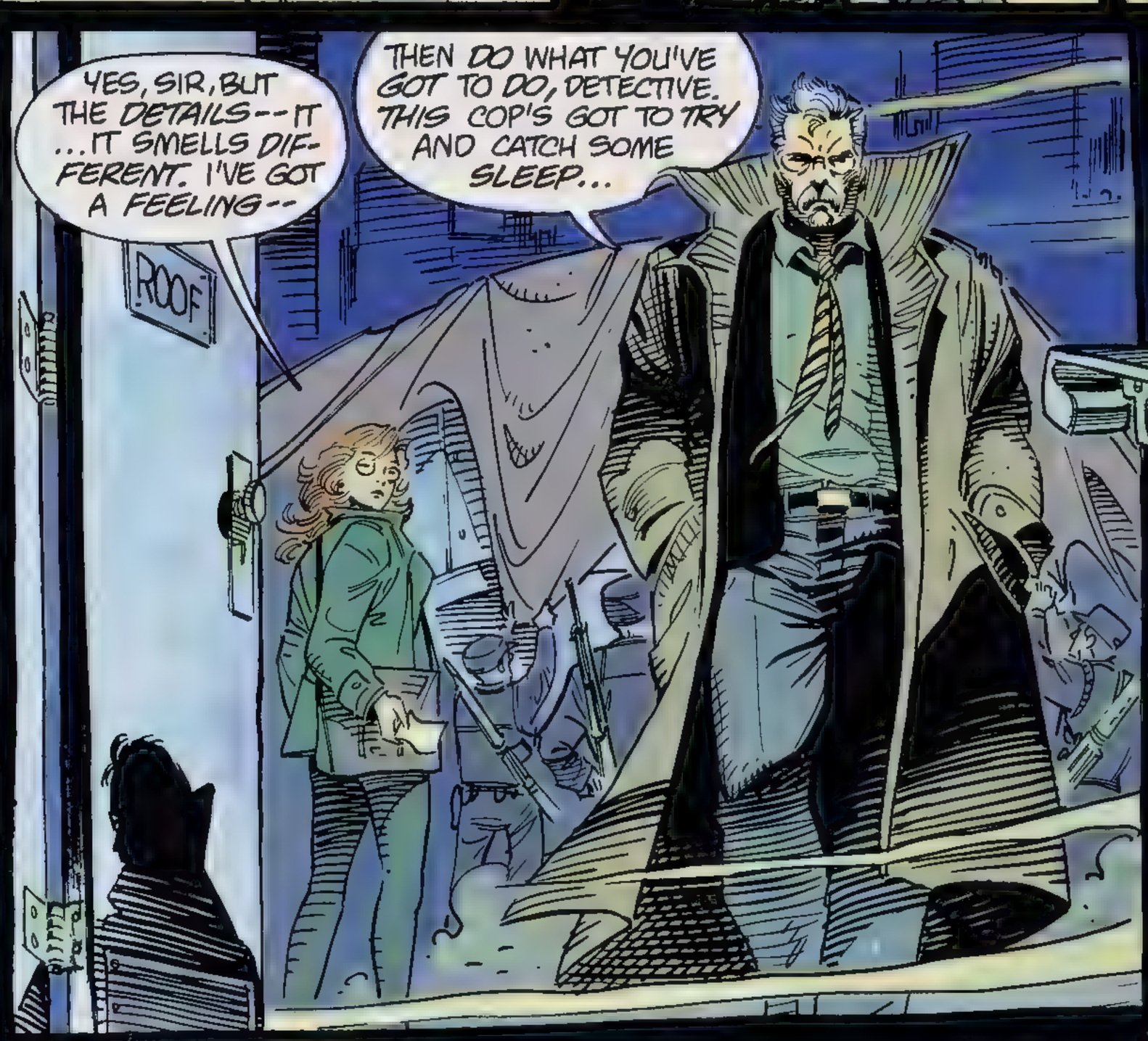
DEAD, INJURED, OR JUST PLAIN AFRAID--
BATMAN HAS DESERTED GOTHAM!

FIVE MINUTES PAST, NOW...
DO YOU THINK WE'LL EVER SEE HIM AGAIN, COMMISSIONER...?
I--I DON'T KNOW.

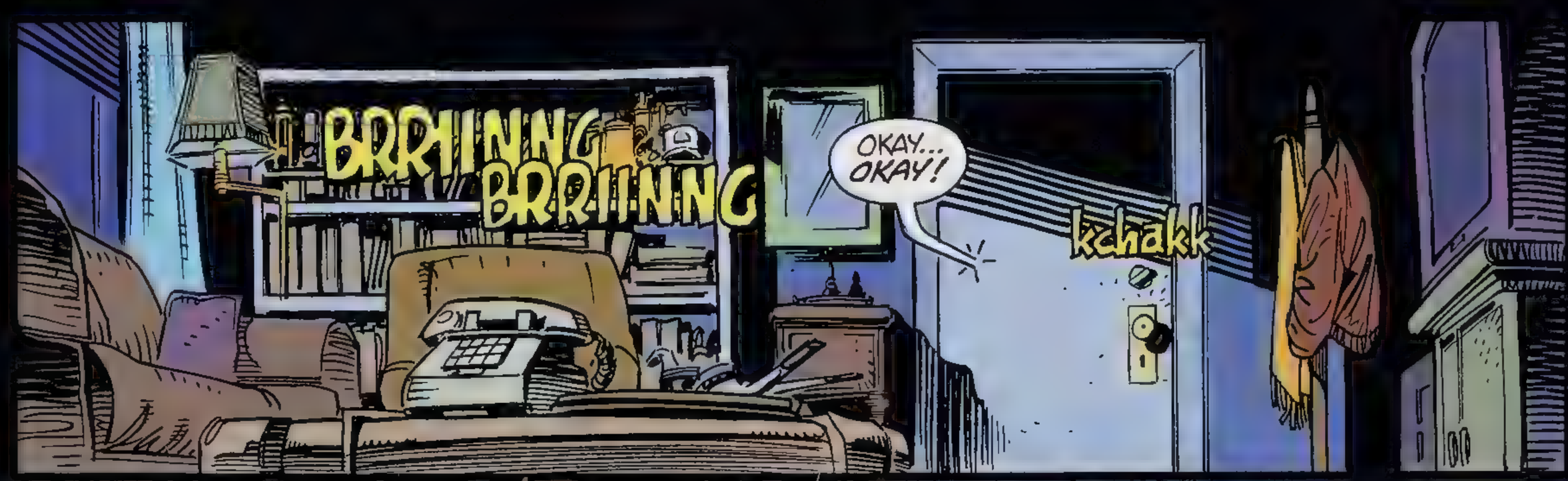

SO--THE SEARCH AND DESTROY OPERATION WILL GO AHEAD, WITH YOU IN CHARGE?
UNTIL A NEW MAYOR IS ELECTED, I GUESS SO, YES...
SIR...THE LIGHT?

KILL IT, SON. IT'S OVER--
COMMIS-SIONER...!
KEEP THAT CAMERA RUNNING.
ON
OFF
POLICE


SIR--A MOBILE UNIT JUST CALLED IN. THEY'VE SEEN SOME-THING, DOWN AT THE OLD CATHEDRAL, ST. MARTIN'S--
SOUNDS LIKE THE SLASHER!
KANDOWSKI ...WE'VE HAD THIRTY REPORTED SIGHTINGS ALREADY THIS SHIFT!


YES, SIR, BUT THE DETAILS--IT ...IT SMELLS DIF-FERENT. I'VE GOT A FEELING--
THEN DO WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO DO, DETECTIVE. THIS COP'S GOT TO TRY AND CATCH SOME SLEEP...
ROOF

I'LL BE AT HOME.

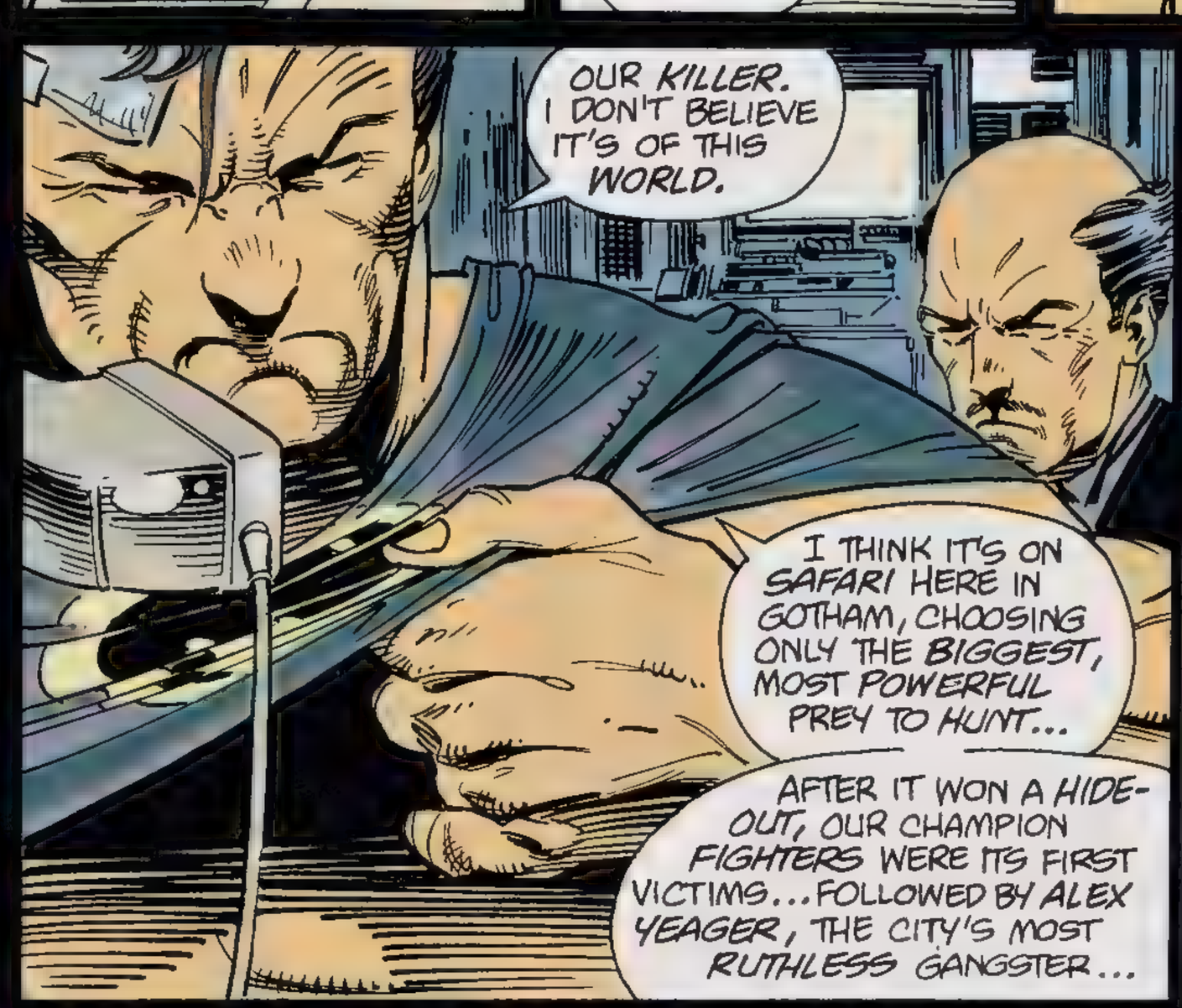

BRRIINNG BRRIINNG
OKAY... OKAY!
kchakk

YOU GUYS GET BACK DOWN TO THE CAR--I'LL BE FINE...
BRRIING BRIINGG

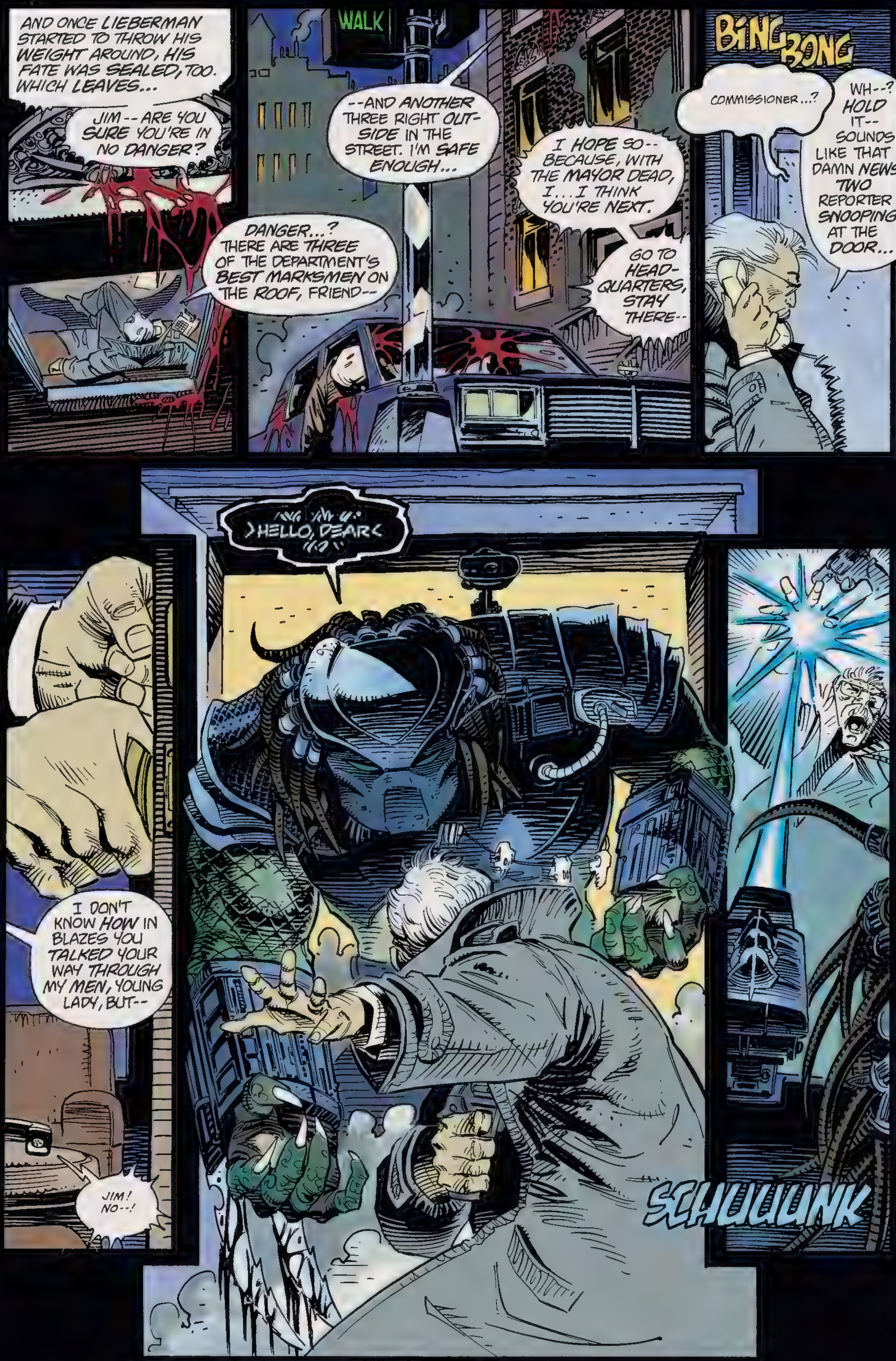
BRII--
GORDON HERE! WHO'S--?

IT'S ME, JIM. I CAUGHT THE END OF YOUR APPEAL...
CAN WE TALK?

TALK? I WAS AFRAID WE'D NEVER TALK AGAIN, FRIEND!
HOW ARE Y--
LATER, JIM. LISTEN...

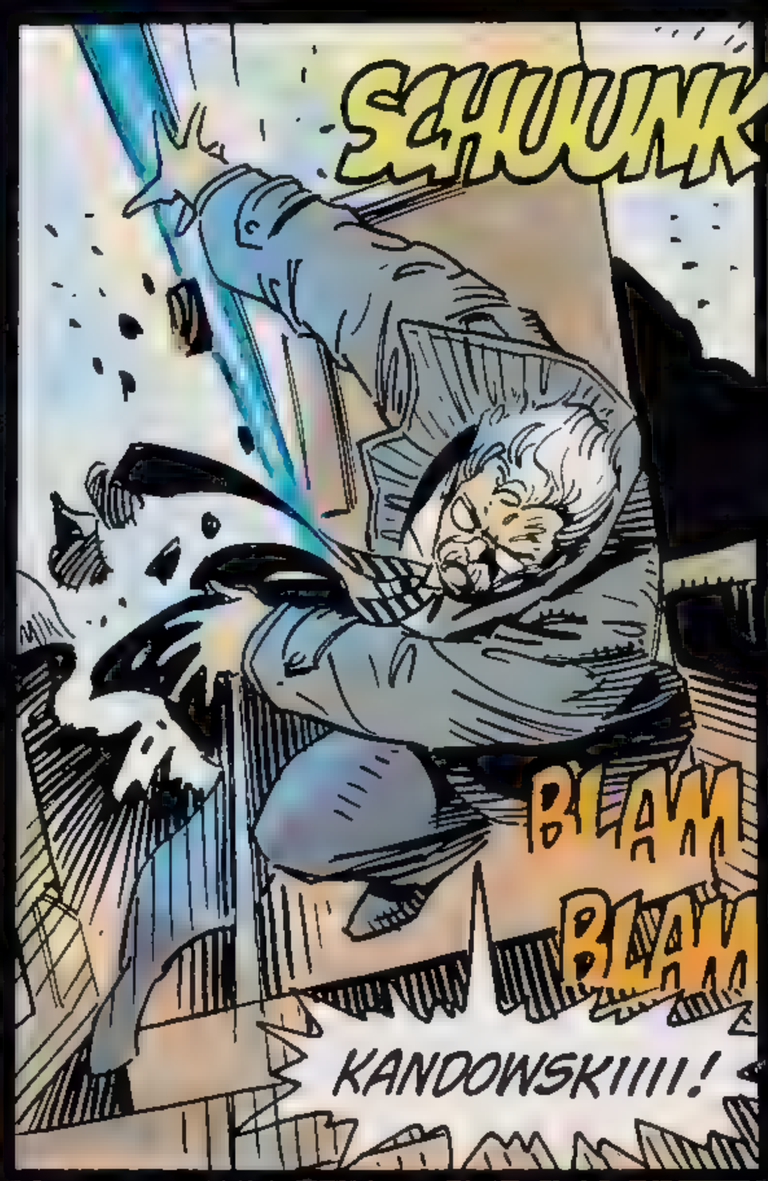

OUR KILLER. I DON'T BELIEVE IT'S OF THIS WORLD.
I THINK IT'S ON SAFARI HERE IN GOTHAM, CHOOSING ONLY THE BIGGEST, MOST POWERFUL PREY TO HUNT...
AFTER IT WON A HIDE-OUT, OUR CHAMPION FIGHTERS WERE ITS FIRST VICTIMS...FOLLOWED BY ALEX YEAGER, THE CITY'S MOST RUTHLESS GANGSTER...

THEN--- WELL--IT ALMOST CAUGHT ME...
SQUIRE, GOTHAM'S BEST-CONNECTED FIXER AND WOULD-BE HERO, WAS NEXT...
BRODIN, WHO BOASTED HE WOULD HUNT THE ALIEN DOWN...

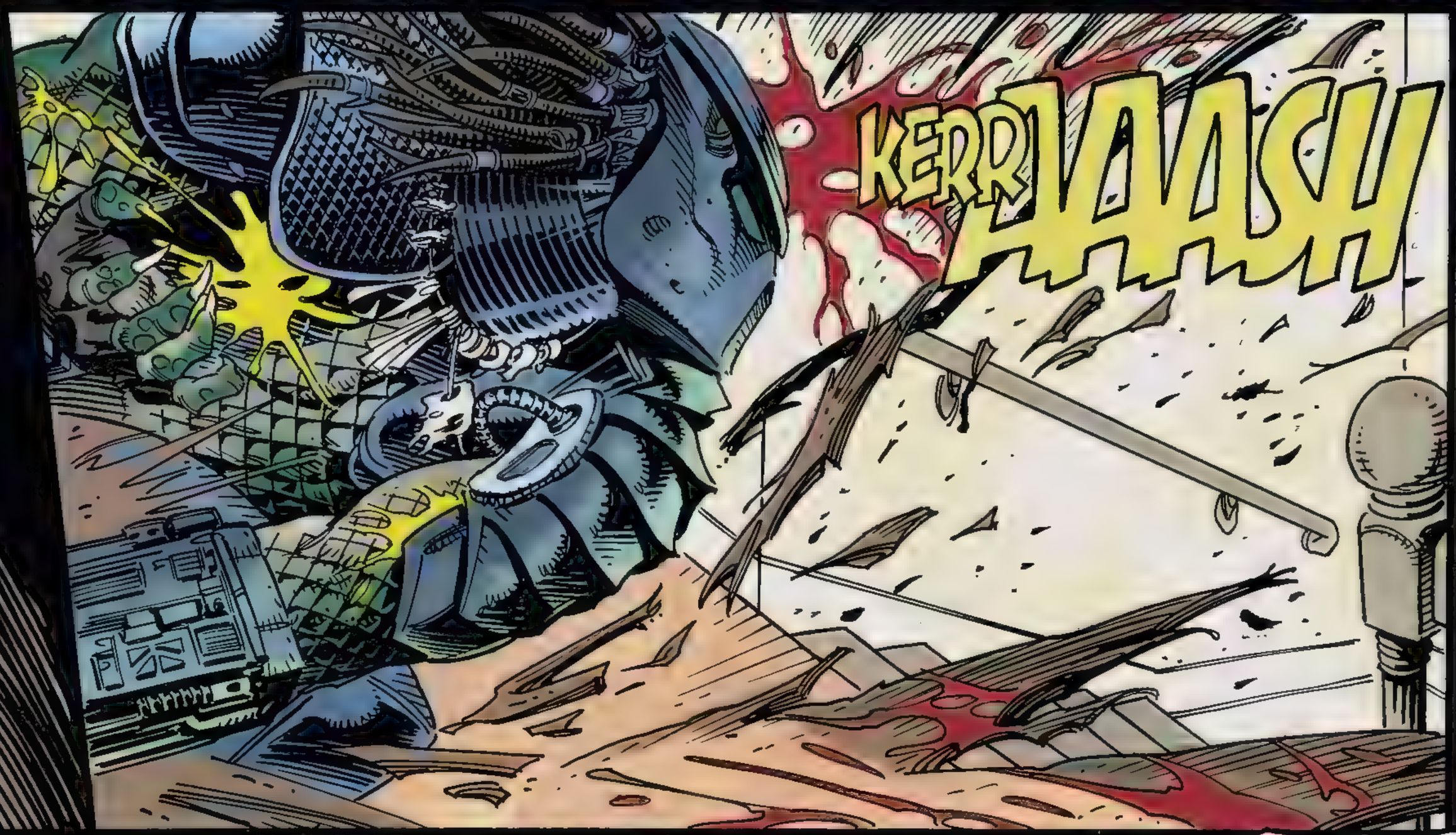

AND ONCE LIEBERMAN STARTED TO THROW HIS WEIGHT AROUND, HIS FATE WAS SEALED, TOO. WHICH LEAVES...
JIM -- ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE IN NO DANGER?
DANGER...? THERE ARE THREE OF THE DEPARTMENT'S BEST MARKSMEN ON THE ROOF, FRIEND--
WALK
--AND ANOTHER THREE RIGHT OUTSIDE IN THE STREET. I'M SAFE ENOUGH...
I HOPE SO-- BECAUSE, WITH THE MAYOR DEAD, I...I THINK YOU'RE NEXT.
GO TO HEADQUARTERS, STAY THERE--
BING BONG
COMMISSIONER...?
WH--? HOLD IT-- SOUNDS LIKE THAT DAMN NEWS TWO REPORTER SNOOPING AT THE DOOR...
HELLO, DEARC
I DON'T KNOW HOW IN BLAZES YOU TALKED YOUR WAY THROUGH MY MEN, YOUNG LADY, BUT--
JIM! NO--!
SCHUUUNK

>POT ROAST SMELLS GREAT<
JIM!
BING BONG
>GIRL?<
YEAH--BUT ON MY PLANET, WOMEN ALSO GOT TEETH!
BLAM
BLAAM
BLAM
BLAM
GET OUT, SIR!
KANDOWSKI... NO...
SORRY, SIR-- GOTHAM NEEDS YOU, TOO!
WHAT'S...?
nnf

5
kchakk
KANDOWSKI...?
WELCOME


SCHUUNK
BLAM
BLAM
KANDOWSKIIII!

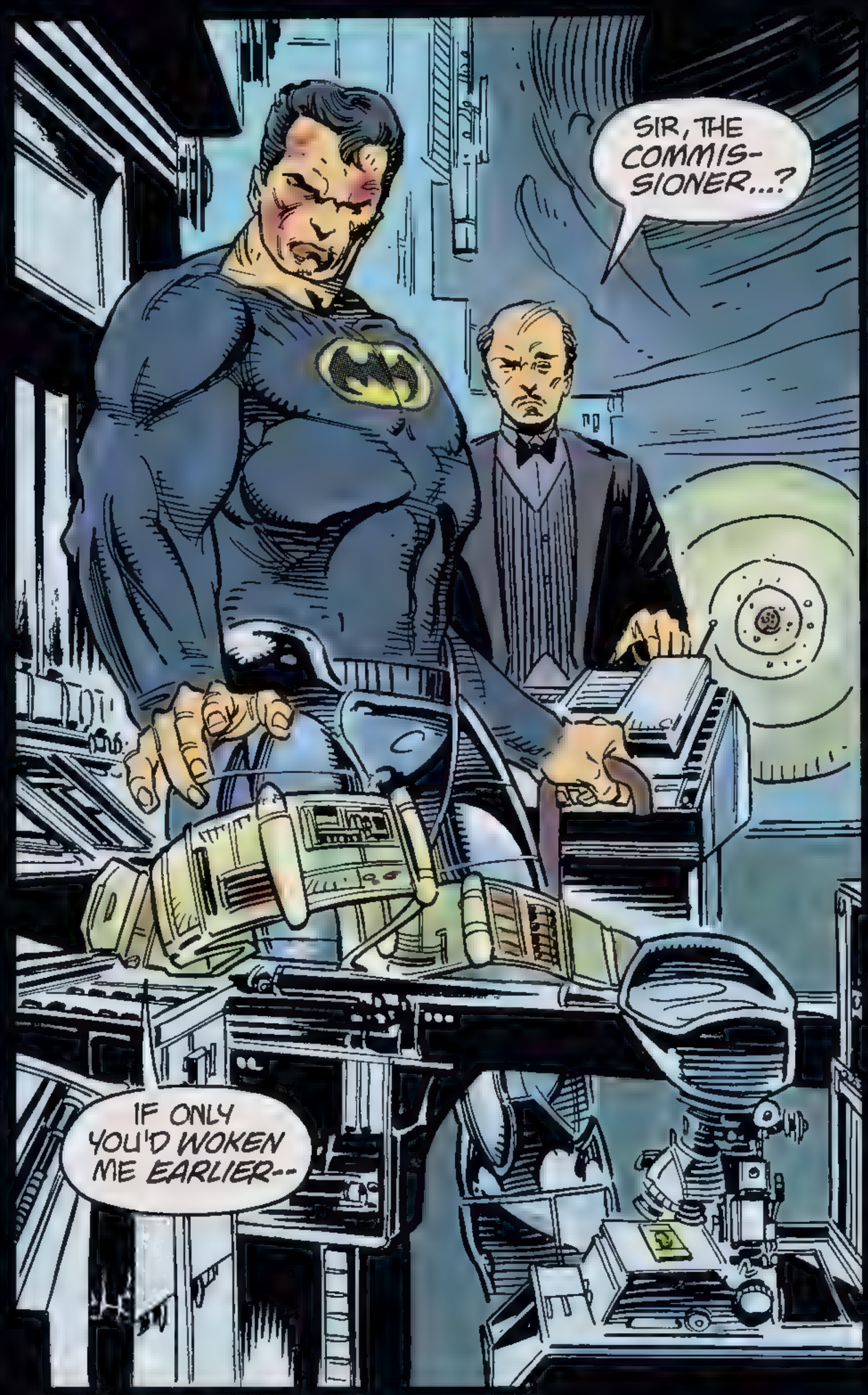
SSCHUUNK
CHONK

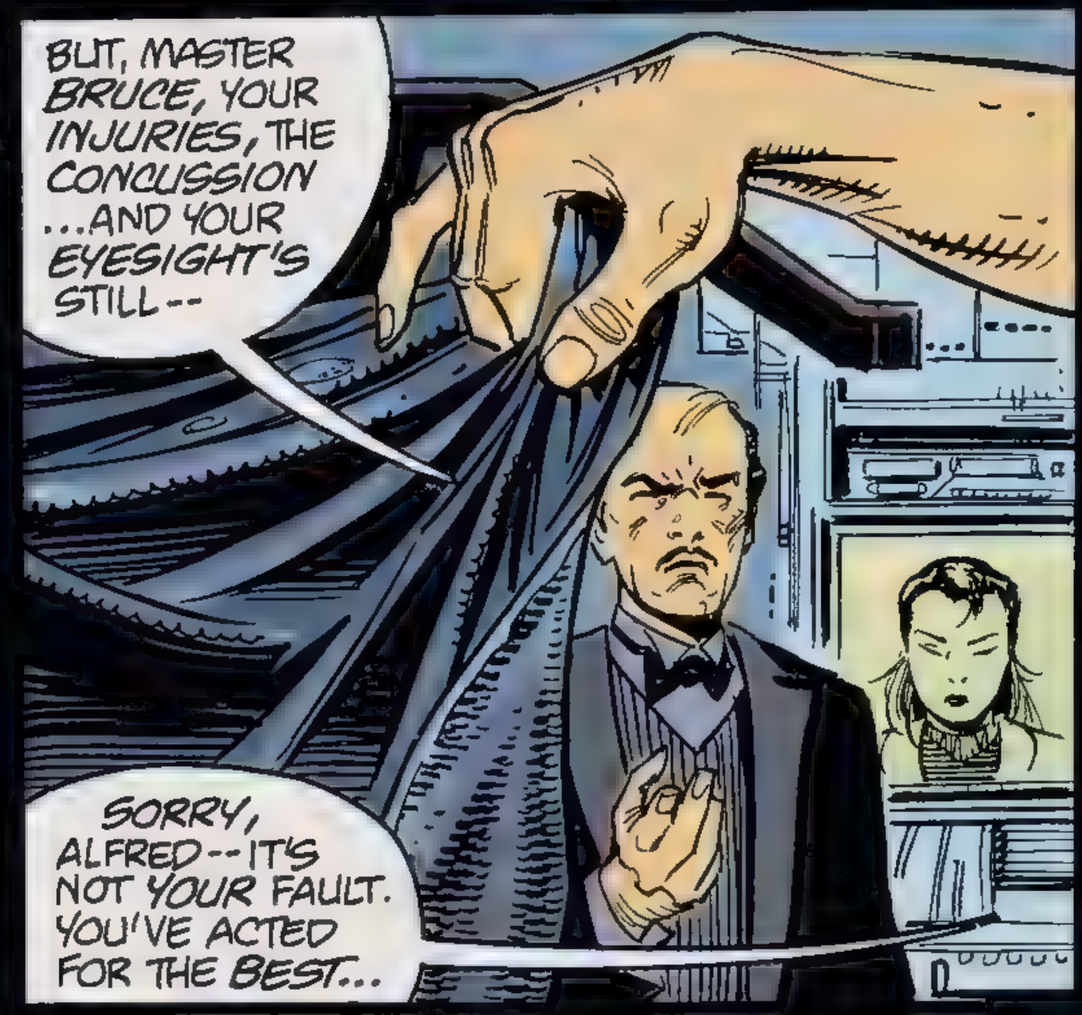

KERRLAASCH

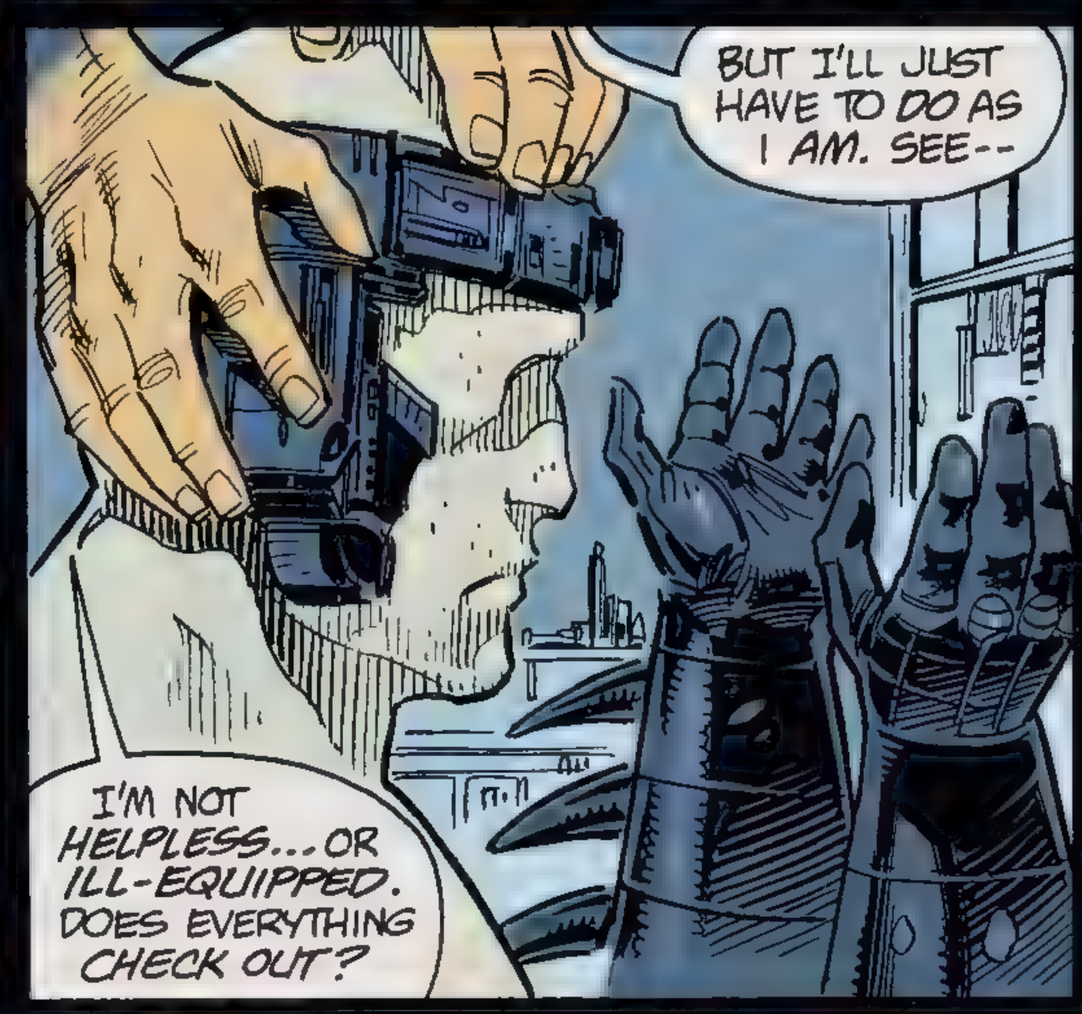
SCREEEEEEEEEEEE
JIM... ARE YOU STILL--?

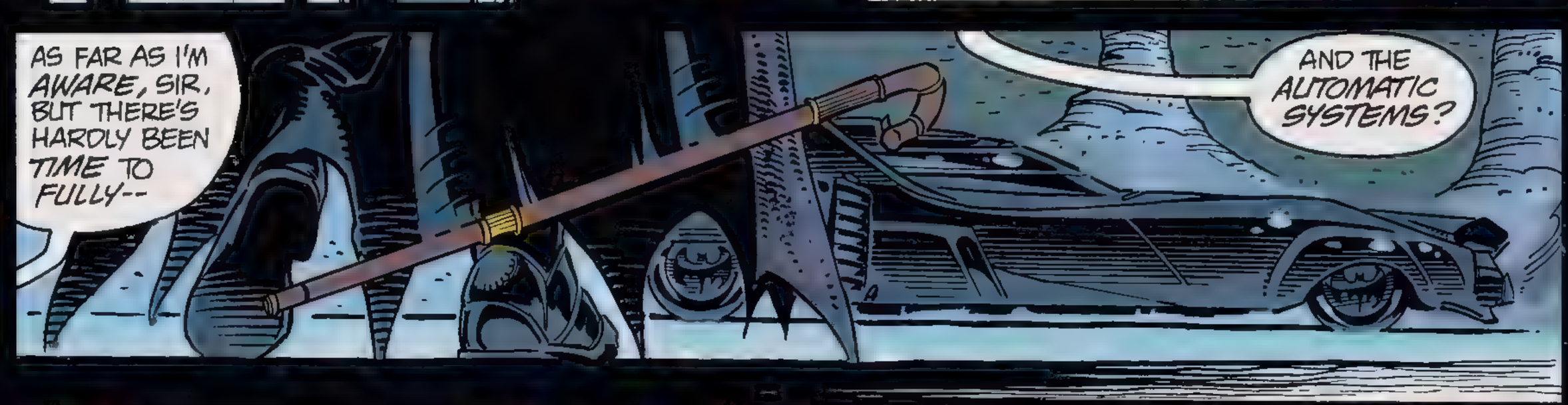
>FIGHT ME<
WHO'S THIS...?

>SON OF A<
KRRUUNCH


SIR, THE COMMIS-SIONER...?
IF ONLY YOU'D WOKEN ME EARLIER--

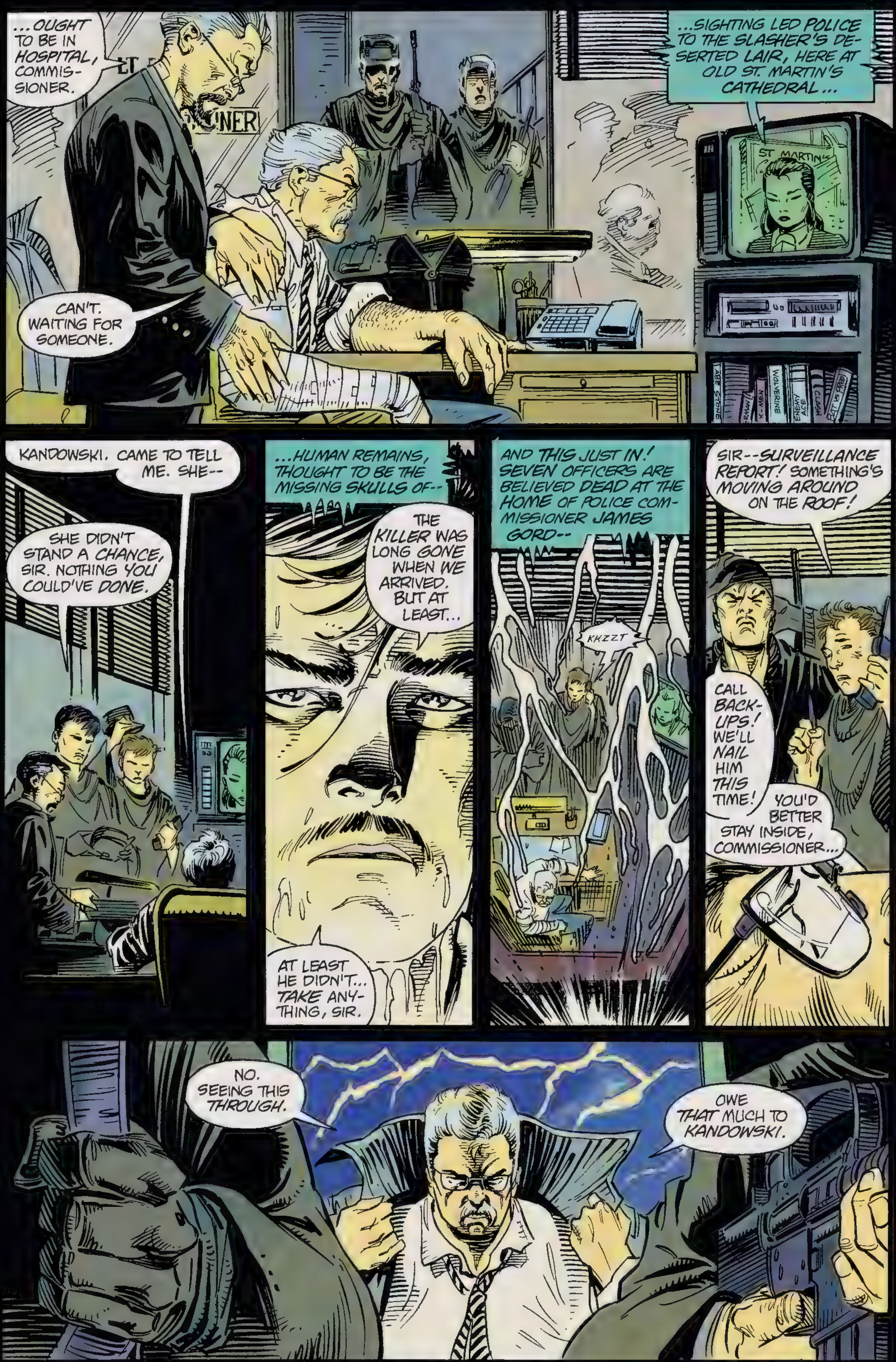

BUT, MASTER BRUCE, YOUR INJURIES, THE CONCUSSION ...AND YOUR EYESIGHT'S STILL--
SORRY, ALFRED--IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. YOU'VE ACTED FOR THE BEST...


BUT I'LL JUST HAVE TO DO AS I AM. SEE--
I'M NOT HELPLESS...OR ILL-EQUIPPED. DOES EVERYTHING CHECK OUT?

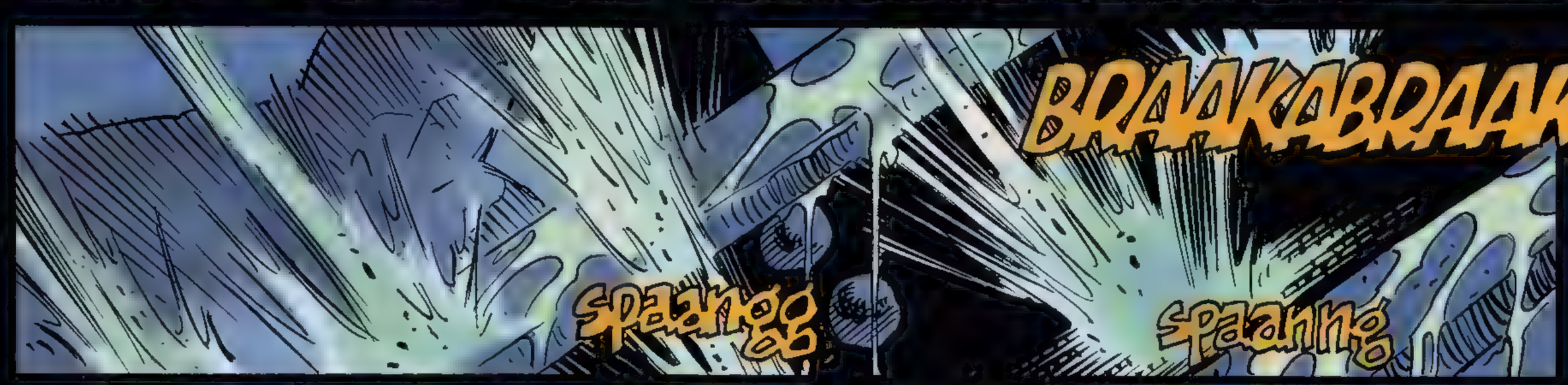

AS FAR AS I'M AWARE, SIR, BUT THERE'S HARDLY BEEN TIME TO FULLY--
AND THE AUTOMATIC SYSTEMS?

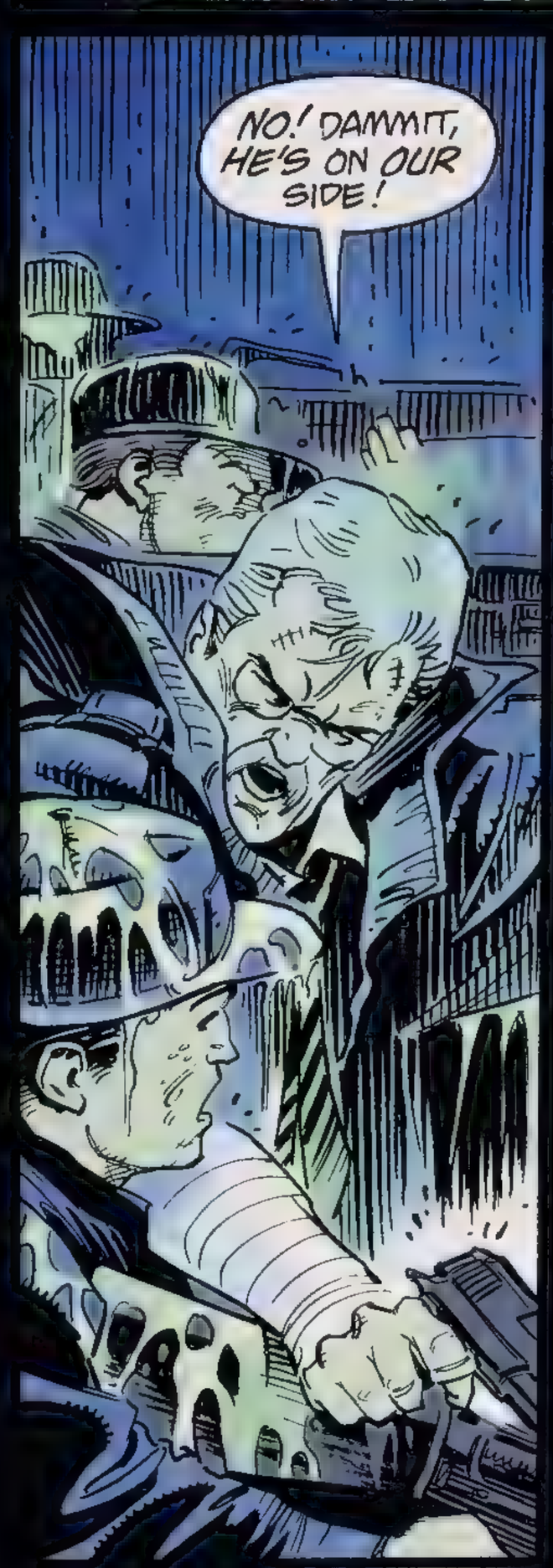
EVERYTHING IS PRIMED AND READY, SIR, BUT I MUST IMPLORE YOU NOT TO--
YOUR CONCERN'S APPRECI-ATED, ALFRED.
BUT FOR NOW, PLEASE... JUST GET CLEAR.

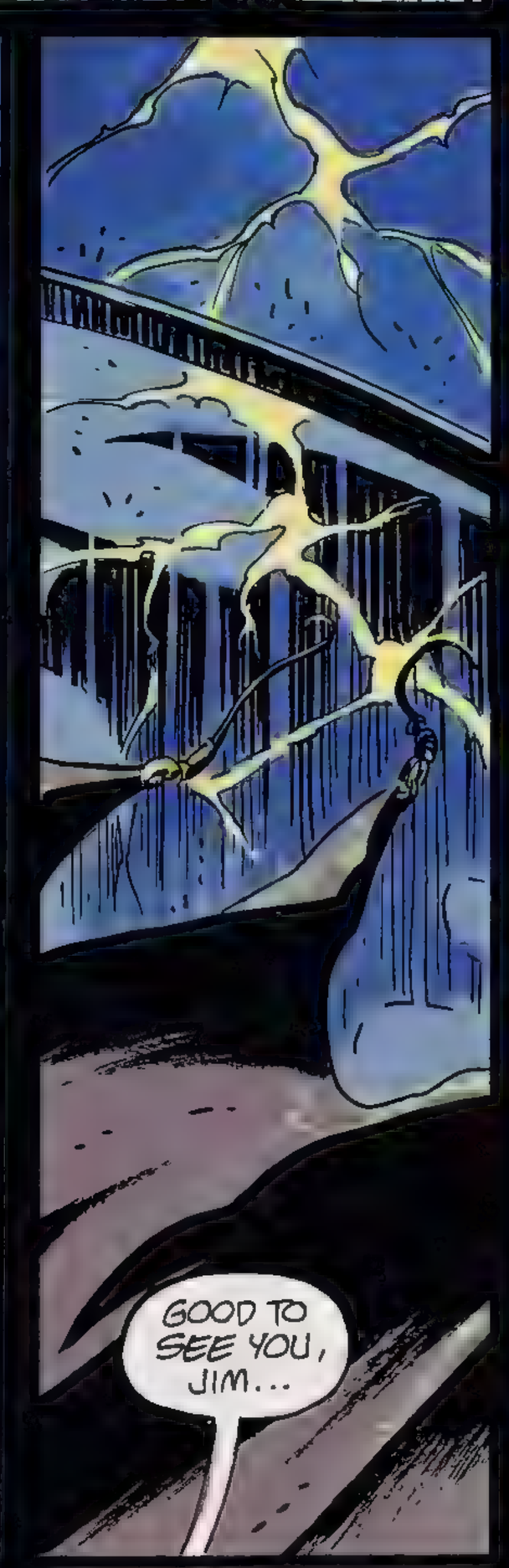
YES, MASTER BRUCE.


...OUGHT TO BE IN HOSPITAL, COMMISSIONER.
CAN'T. WAITING FOR SOMEONE.
...SIGHTING LED POLICE TO THE SLASHER'S DESERTED LAIR, HERE AT OLD ST. MARTIN'S CATHEDRAL...
ST. MARTIN'S
KANDOWSKI. CAME TO TELL ME. SHE--
SHE DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE, SIR. NOTHING YOU COULD'VE DONE.
...HUMAN REMAINS, THOUGHT TO BE THE MISSING SKULLS OF--
THE KILLER WAS LONG GONE WHEN WE ARRIVED. BUT AT LEAST...
AT LEAST HE DIDN'T... TAKE ANYTHING, SIR.
AND THIS JUST IN! SEVEN OFFICERS ARE BELIEVED DEAD AT THE HOME OF POLICE COMMISSIONER JAMES GORD--
KKZZT
SIR--SURVEILLANCE REPORT! SOMETHING'S MOVING AROUND ON THE ROOF!
CALL BACK-UPS! WE'LL NAIL HIM THIS TIME!
YOU'D BETTER STAY INSIDE, COMMISSIONER...
NO. SEEING THIS THROUGH.
OWE THAT MUCH TO KANDOWSKI.

COULD'VE JUST BEEN THE STORM...
MAYBE.
LOOK--IT'S THE KILLER!

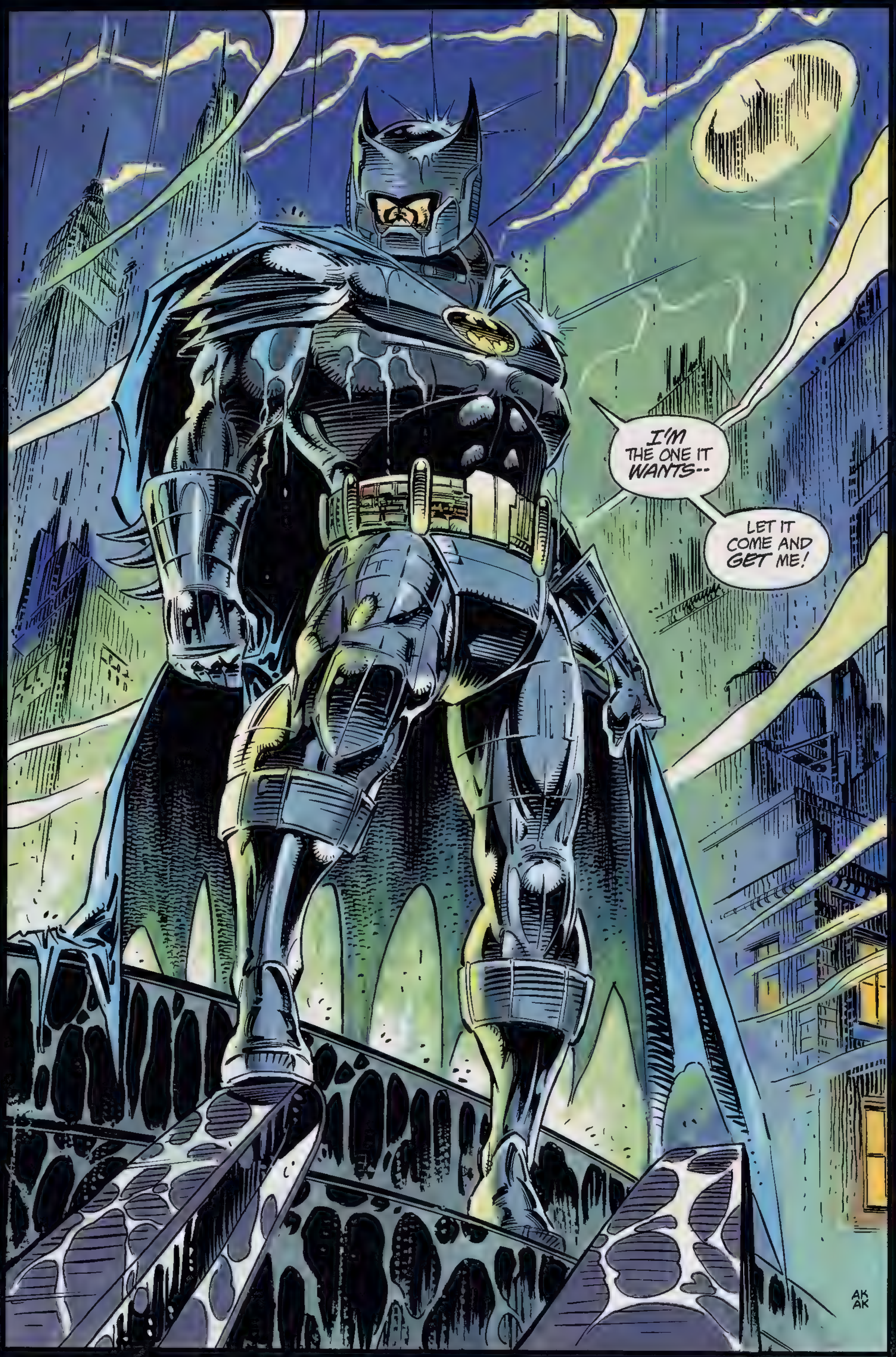

BRAAKABRAAKA
spaang
spaang

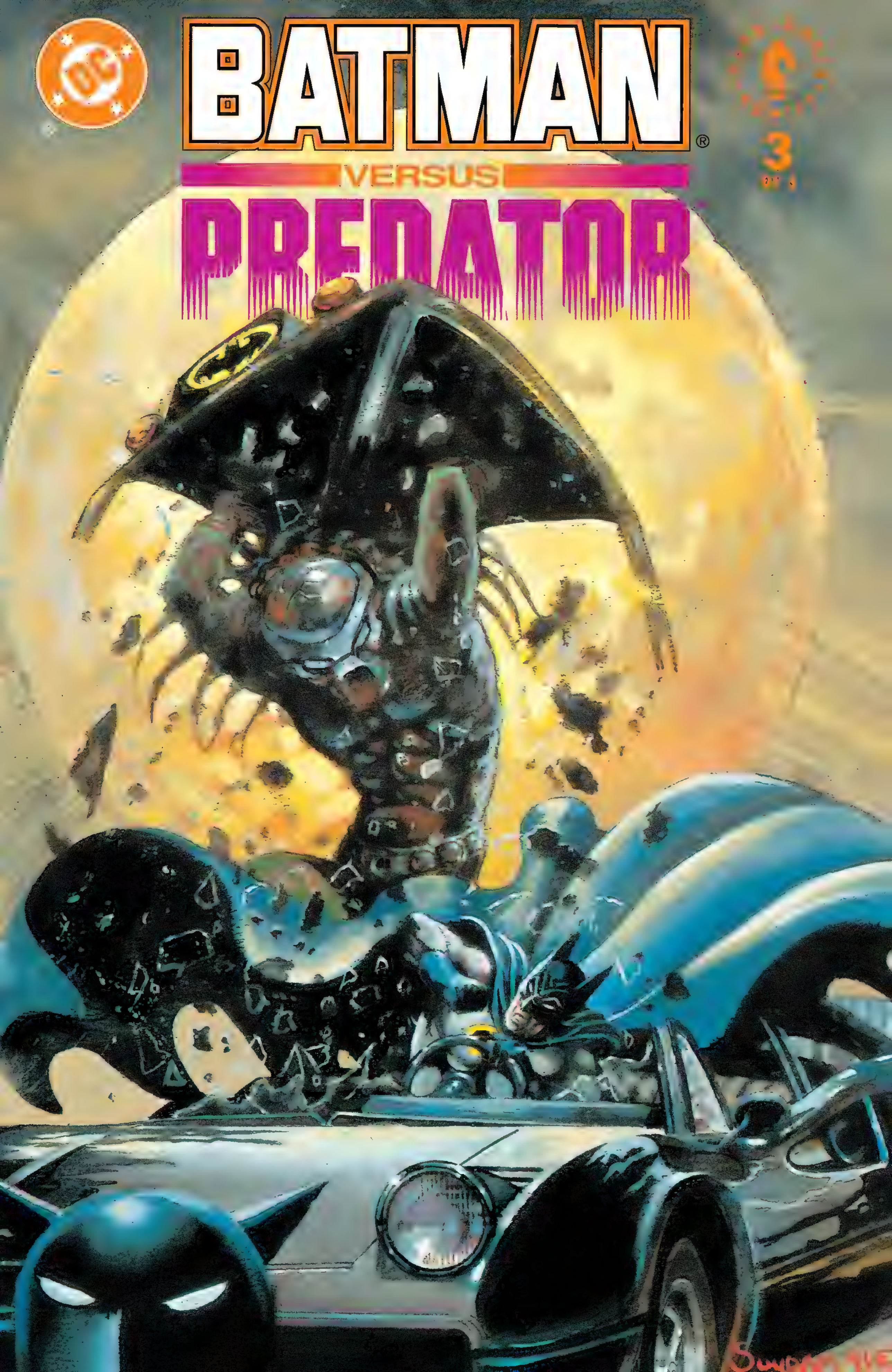

NO! DAMMIT, HE'S ON OUR SIDE!

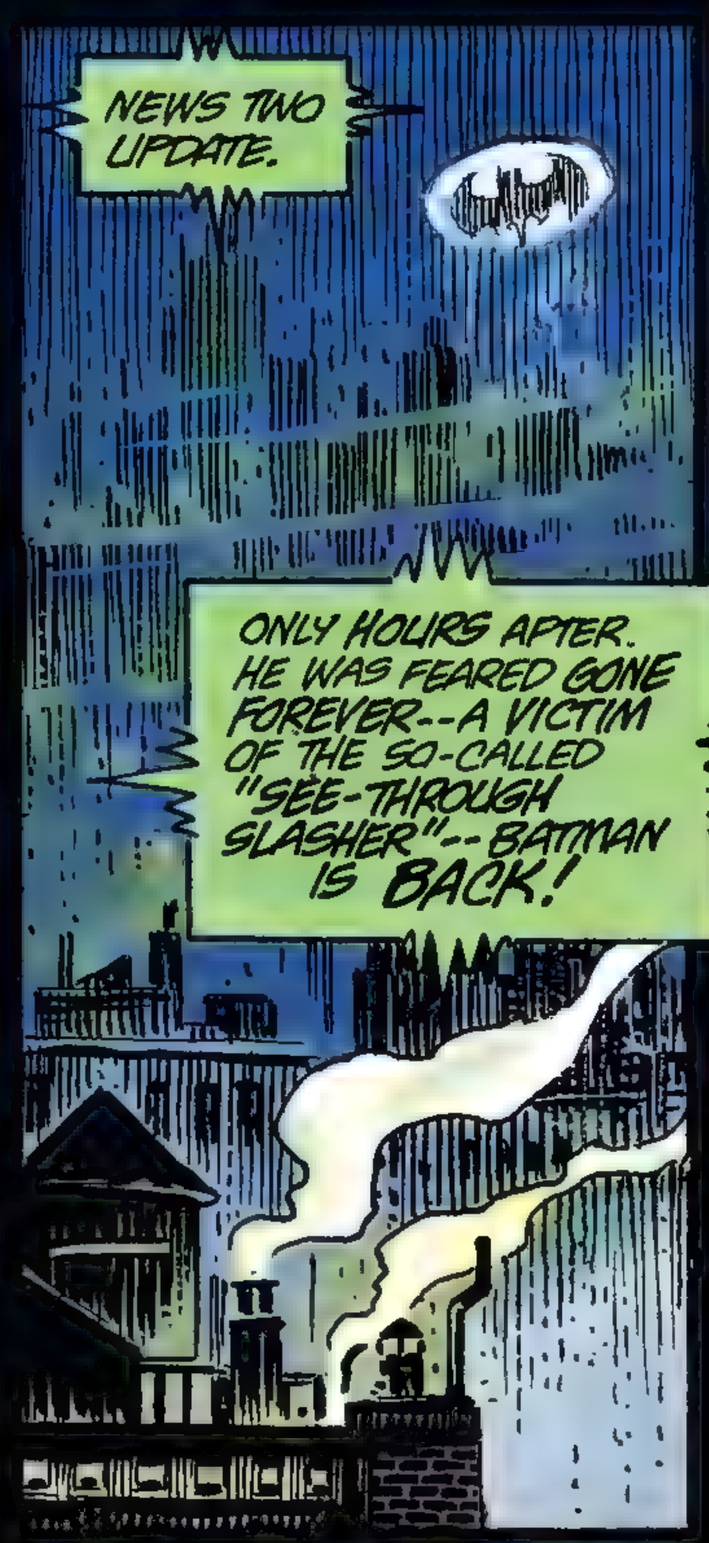

GOOD TO SEE YOU, JIM...

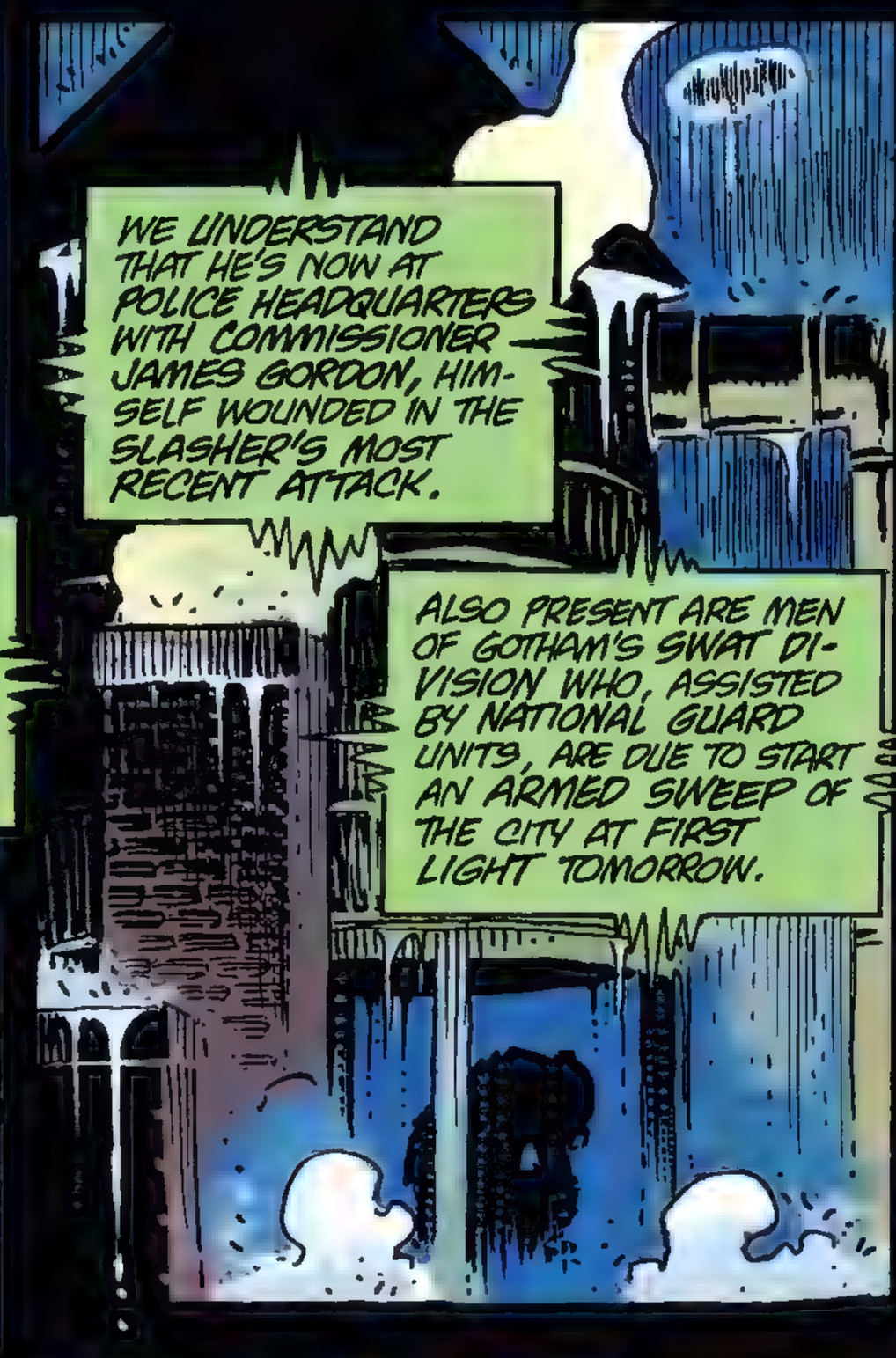
OFF
ON
YOU HAD ME WORRIED.

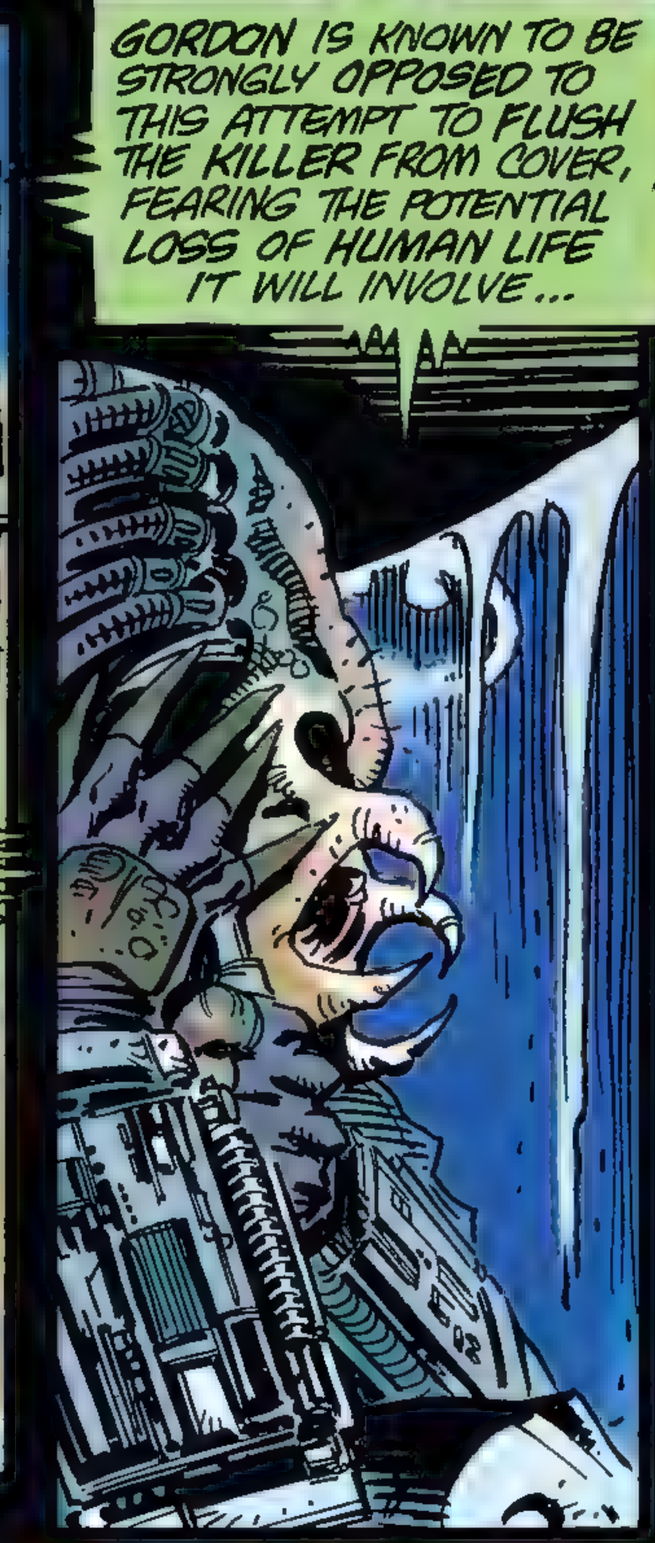
IS THAT--?
DAMN RIGHT, SON!
POLICE
POLICE
SO WHAT HAPPENS NOW, FRIEND?

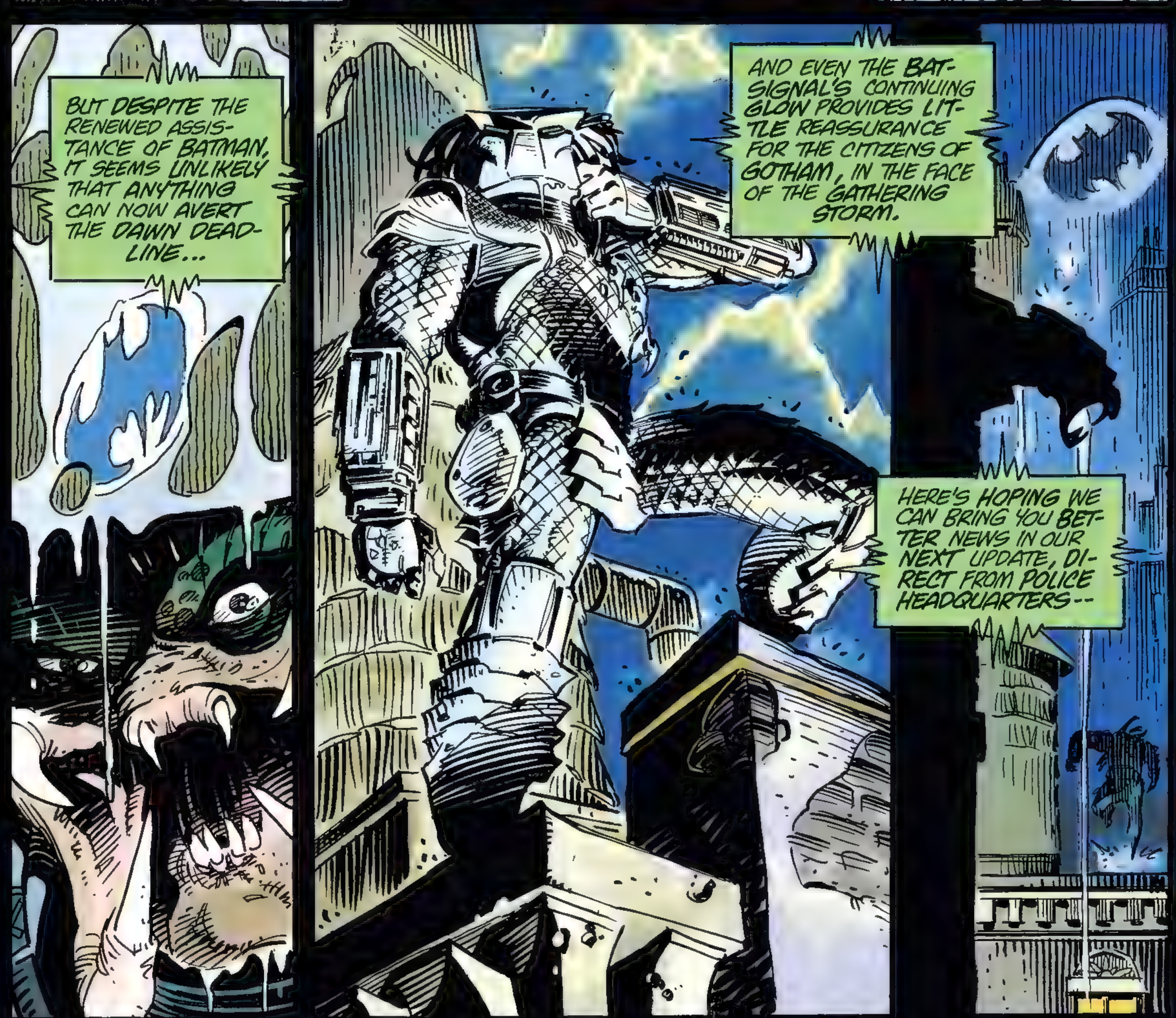

I'M THE ONE IT WANTS--
LET IT COME AND GET ME!
AK AK

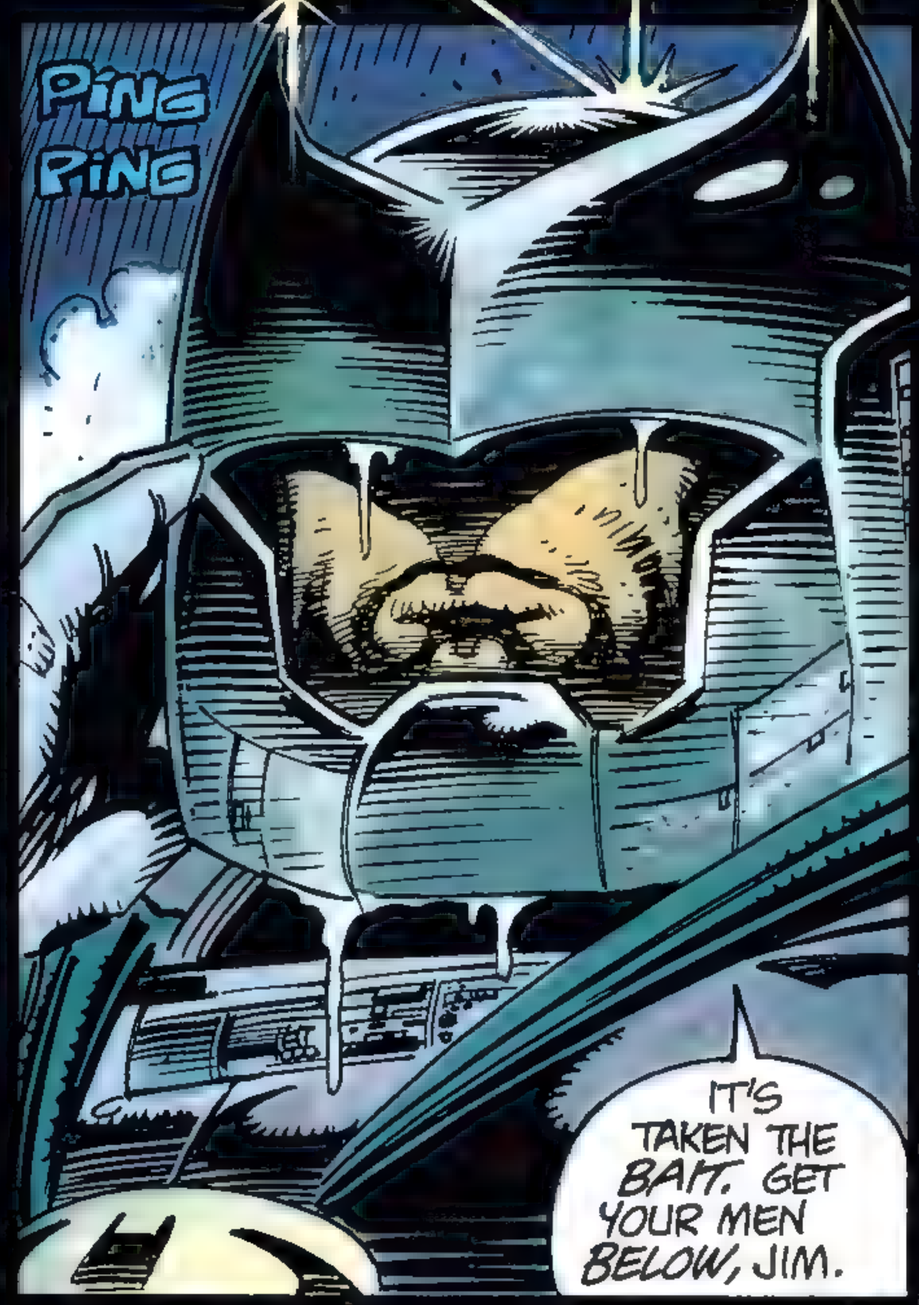

DC
BATMAN®
VERSUS
PREDATOR
3

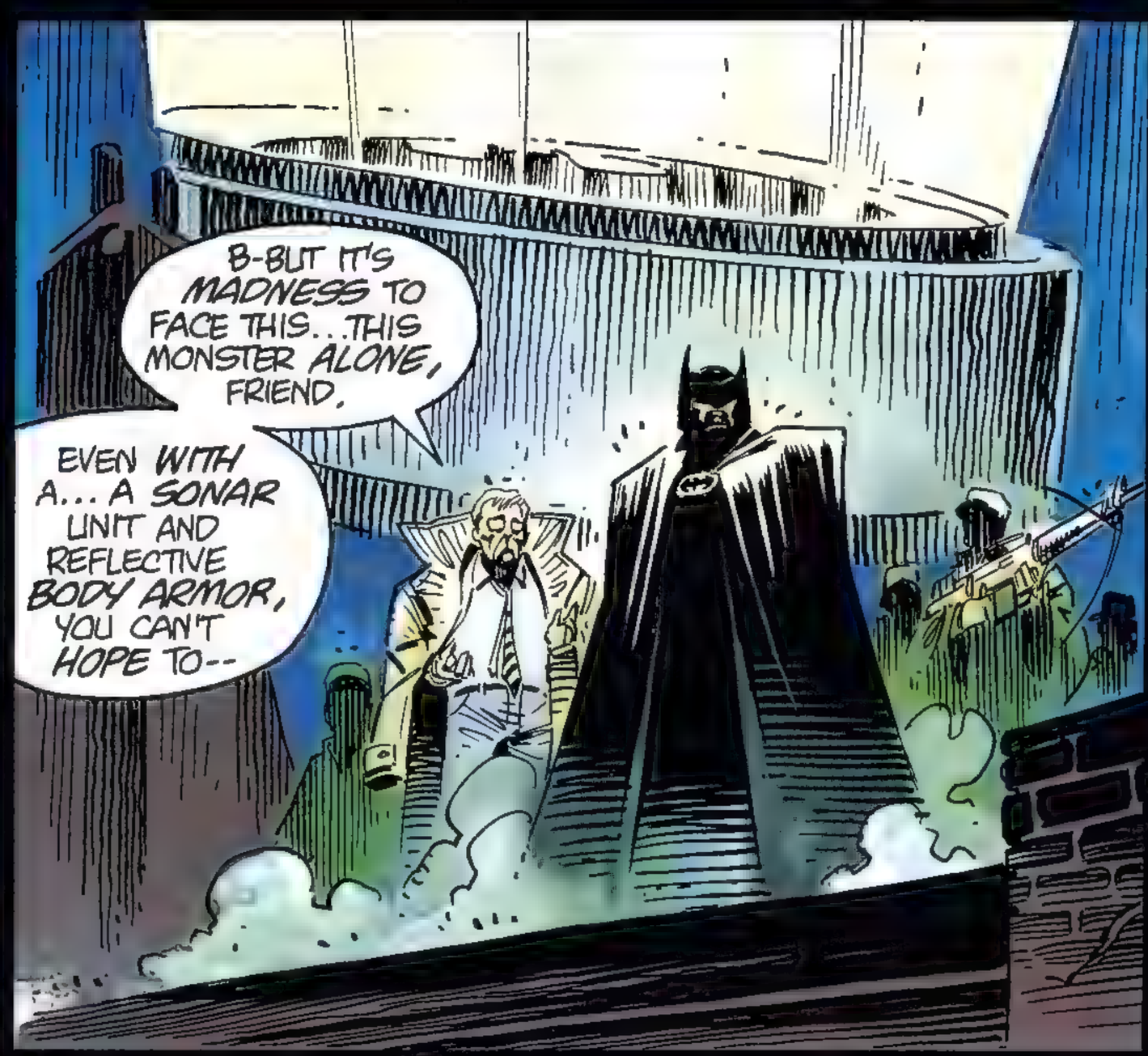

NEWS TWO UPDATE.
ONLY HOURS APTER. HE WAS FEARED GONE FOREVER--A VICTIM OF THE SO-CALLED "SEE-THROUGH SLASHER"--BATMAN IS BACK!


WE UNDERSTAND THAT HE'S NOW AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS WITH COMMISSIONER JAMES GORDON, HIMSELF WOUNDED IN THE SLASHER'S MOST RECENT ATTACK.
ALSO PRESENT ARE MEN OF GOTHAM'S SWAT DIVISION WHO, ASSISTED BY NATIONAL GUARD UNITS, ARE DUE TO START AN ARMED SWEEP OF THE CITY AT FIRST LIGHT TOMORROW.


GORDON IS KNOWN TO BE STRONGLY OPPOSED TO THIS ATTEMPT TO FLUSH THE KILLER FROM COVER, FEARING THE POTENTIAL LOSS OF HUMAN LIFE IT WILL INVOLVE...


BUT DESPITE THE RENEWED ASSISTANCE OF BATMAN, IT SEEMS UNLIKELY THAT ANYTHING CAN NOW AVERT THE DAWN DEADLINE...
AND EVEN THE BAT-SIGNAL'S CONTINUING GLOW PROVIDES LITTLE REASSURANCE FOR THE CITIZENS OF GOTHAM, IN THE FACE OF THE GATHERING STORM.
HERE'S HOPING WE CAN BRING YOU BETTER NEWS IN OUR NEXT UPDATE, DIRECT FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS--


PING
PING
IT'S TAKEN THE BAIT. GET YOUR MEN BELOW, JIM.

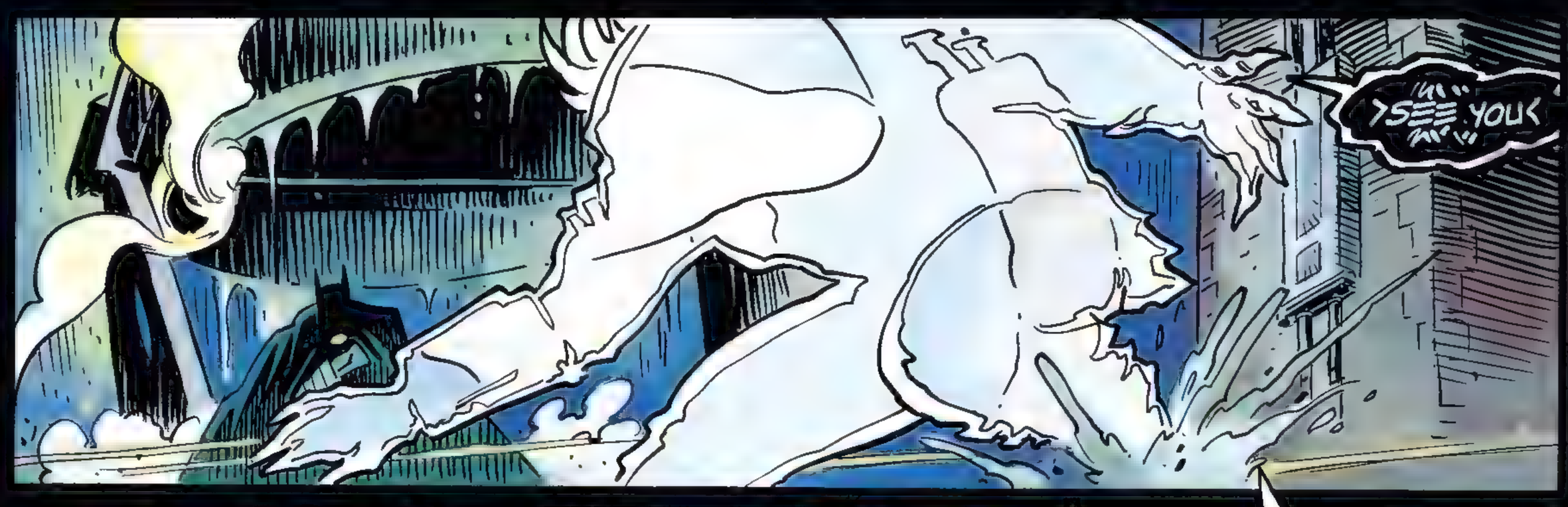

B-BUT IT'S MADNESS TO FACE THIS...THIS MONSTER ALONE, FRIEND.
EVEN WITH A... A SONAR UNIT AND REFLECTIVE BODY ARMOR, YOU CAN'T HOPE TO--

SSSSCHUUUNK
KERADADASH

NUMBERS MAKE NO DIFFERENCE TO IT, JIM--
AND TOO MANY HAVE DIED ALREADY.

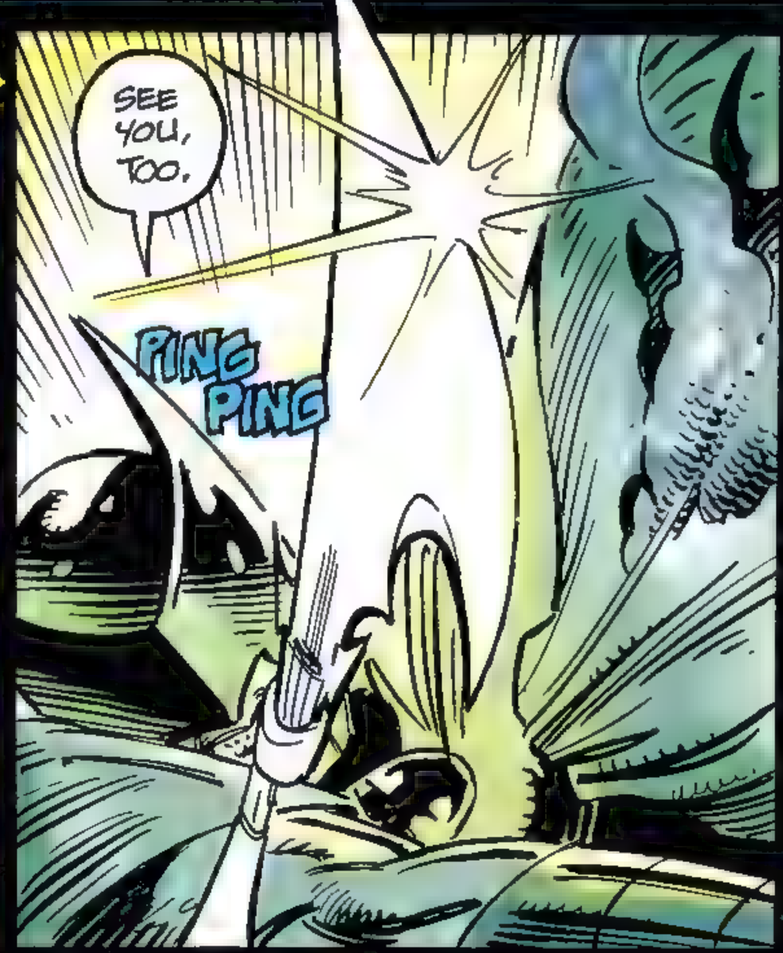
HE'S RIGHT, GORDON! WE CAN'T SHOOT WHAT WE CAN'T SEE...!
O-OKAY. BUT I-- I...
G-GOOD LUCK, FRIEND. GOOD LUCK.

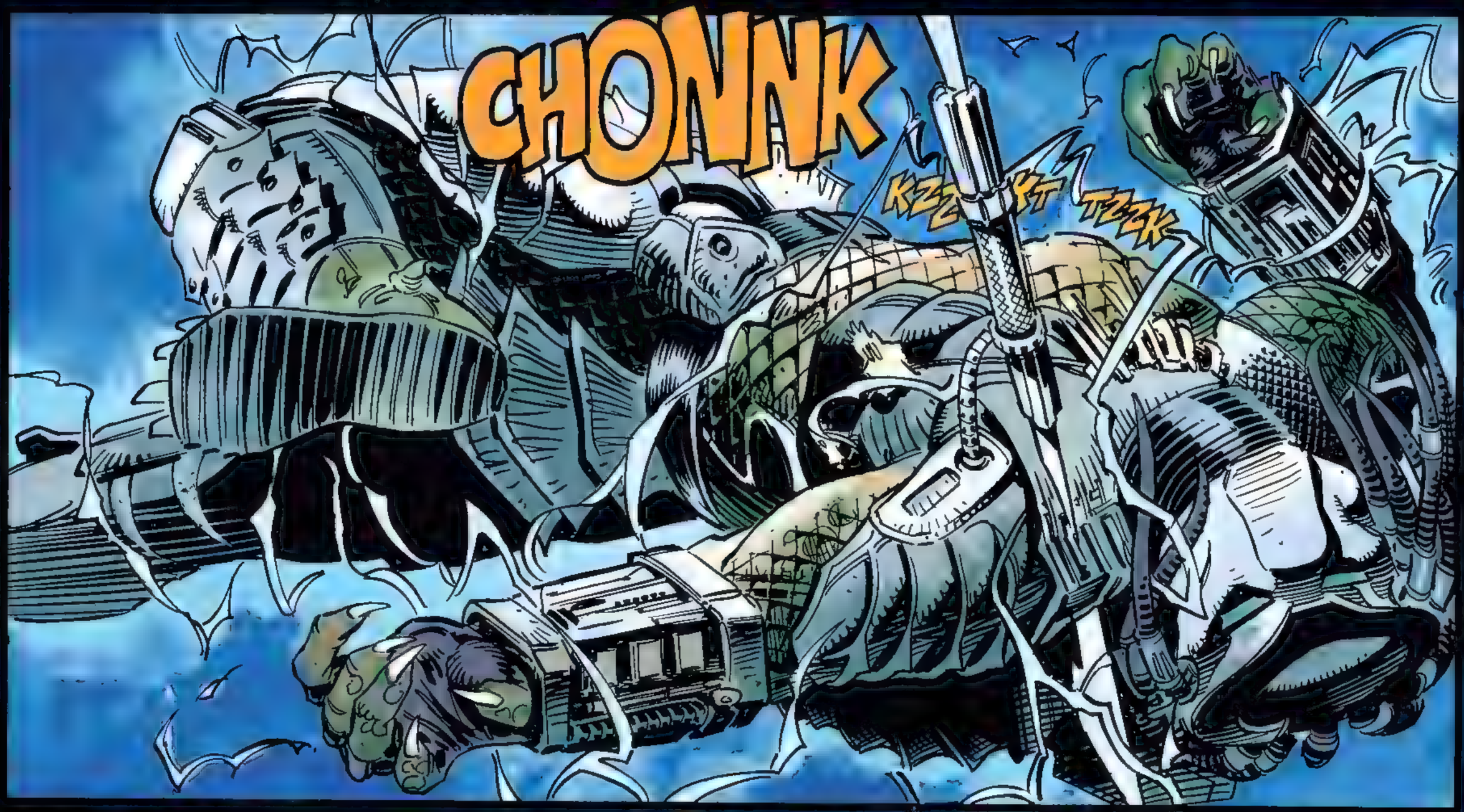
ROOF
GET DOWN TO THE STREET AND SECURE THE AREA, MEN--
LORD KNOW'S WHAT'S GONNA BE COMING DOWN FROM UP THERE!
POLICE!

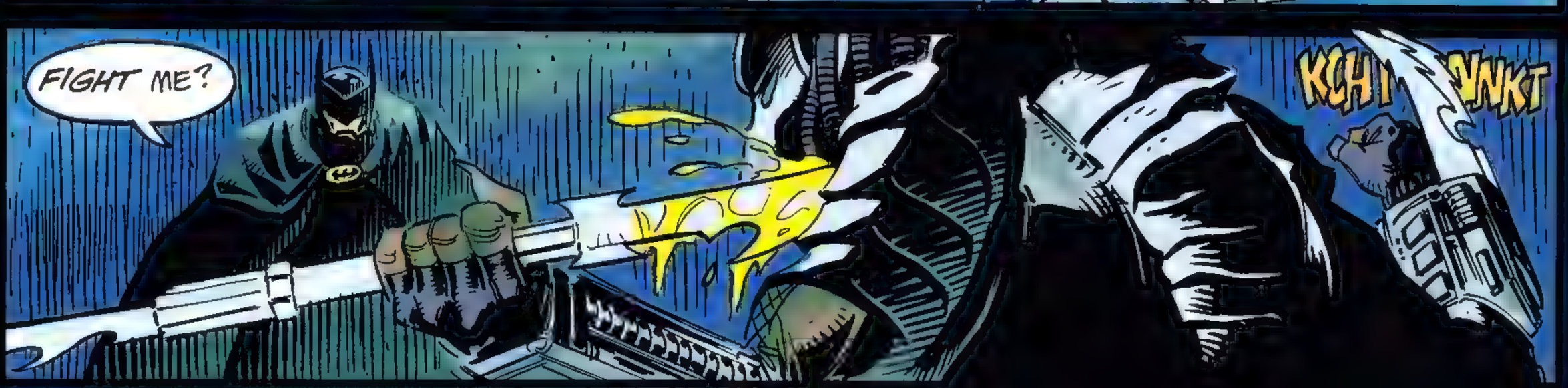

SEE YOU!

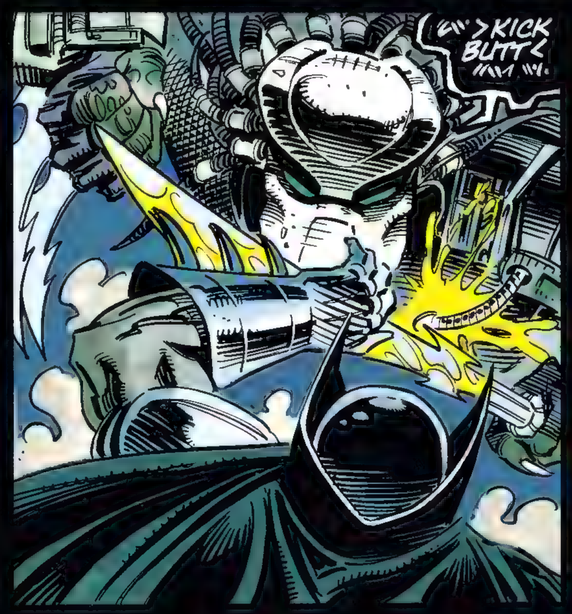
PING PING
KKCHNNKT

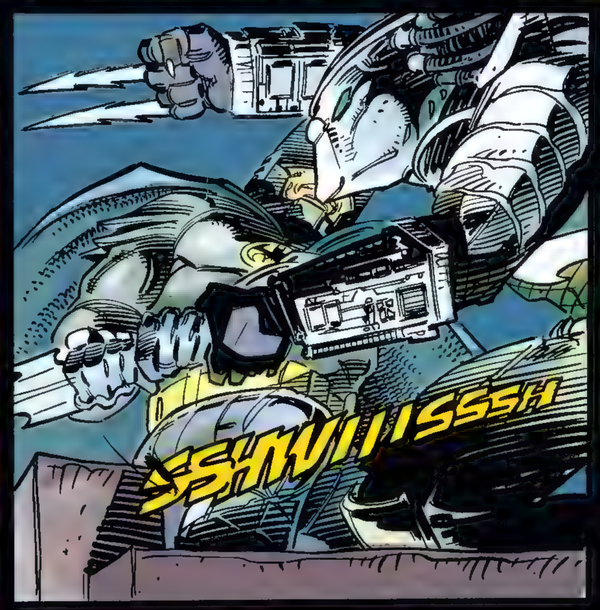
SSSCHLUNK


SEE YOU, TOO.
PING PING


CHONNK
KZZ
KT
TZZK


FIGHT ME?
KCH
NNKT


>KICK BUTT<


>SHWIIISSSH

>SON<

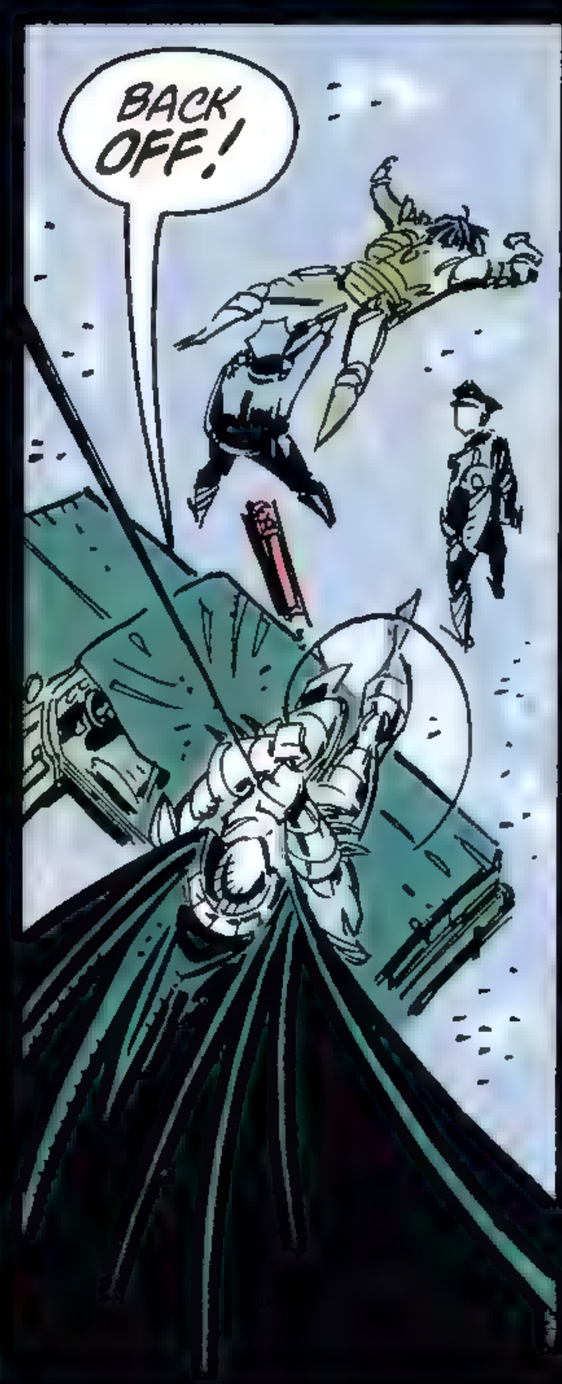
>OF<

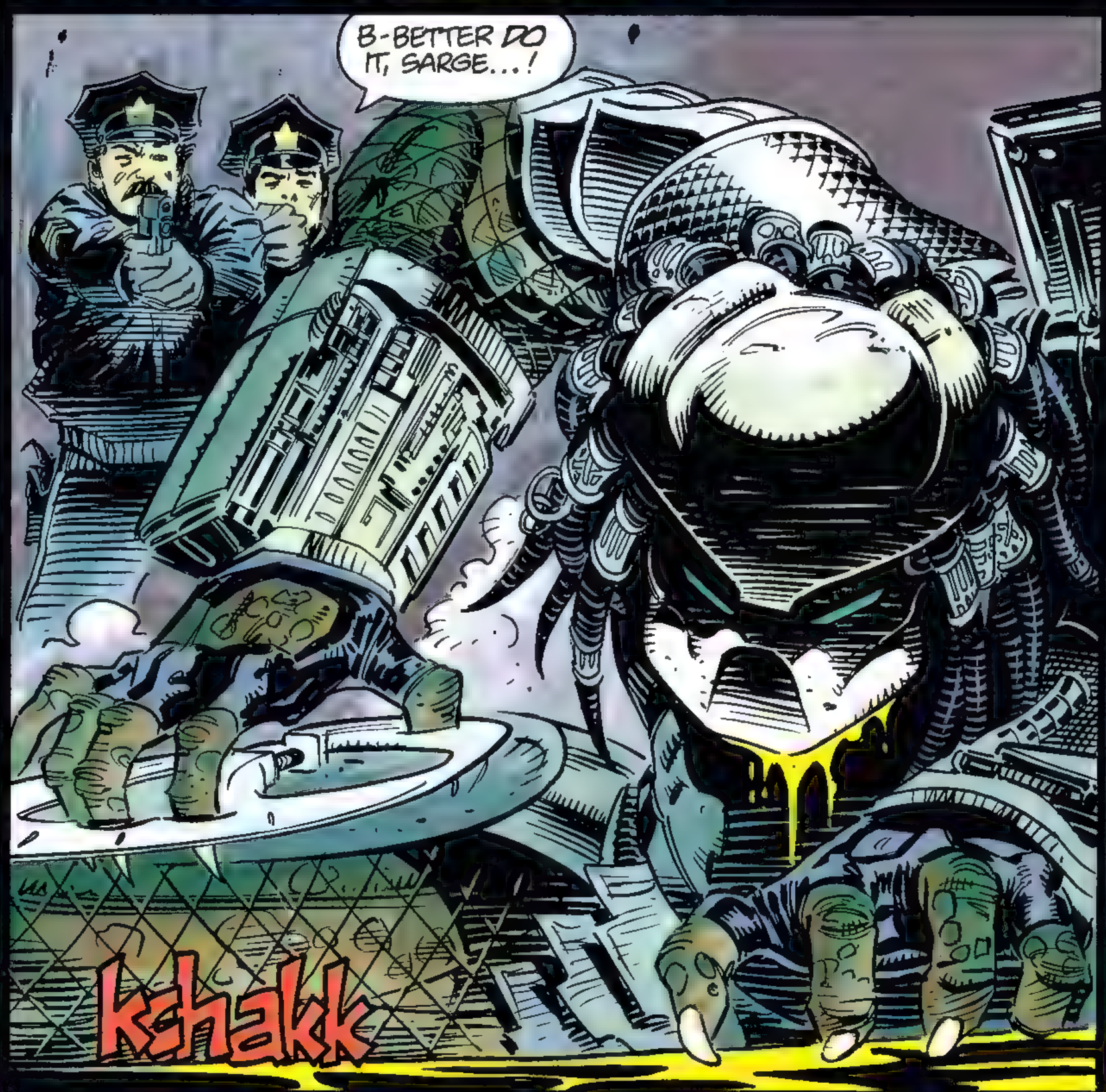
>AK<
NNF!
KCHHAANKT

SSCHWIIIISSH

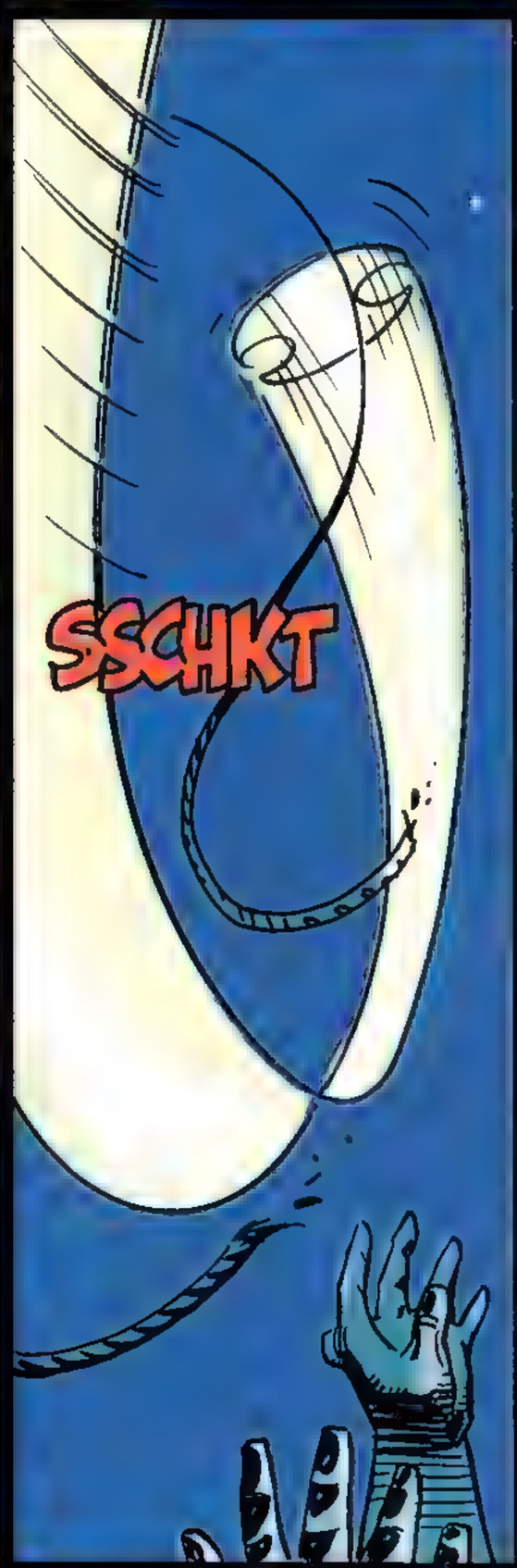
KRREEEEEE

KRAASH
WHAT IN--?

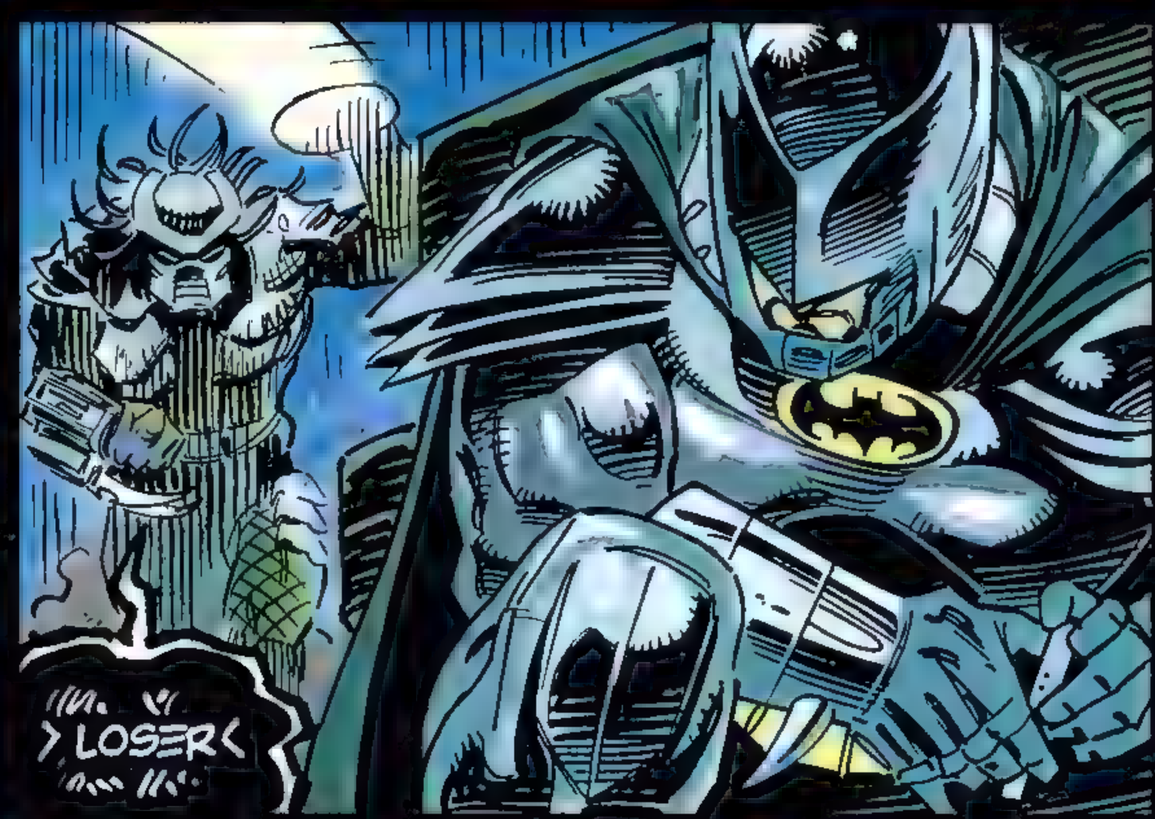

BACK OFF!

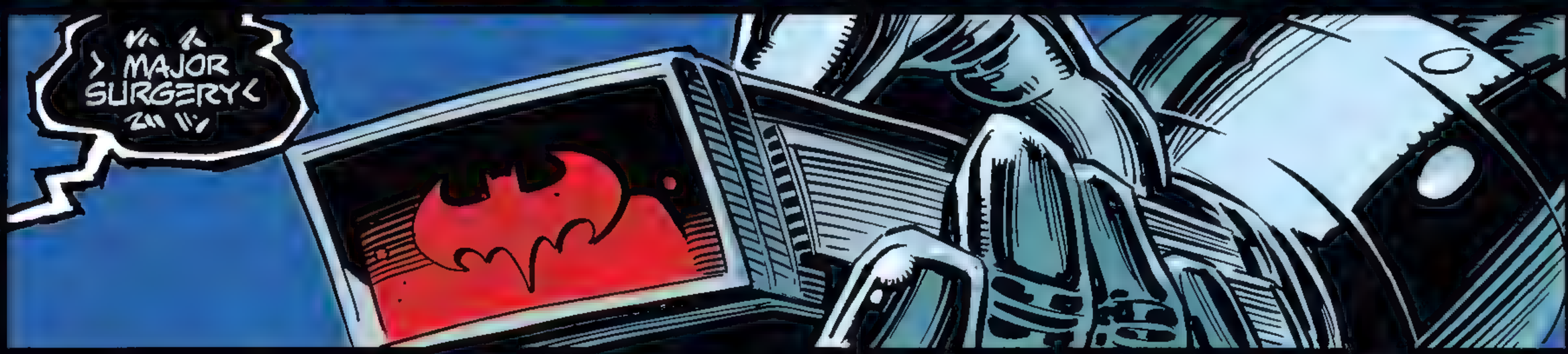

B-BETTER DO IT, SARGE...!
kshakk

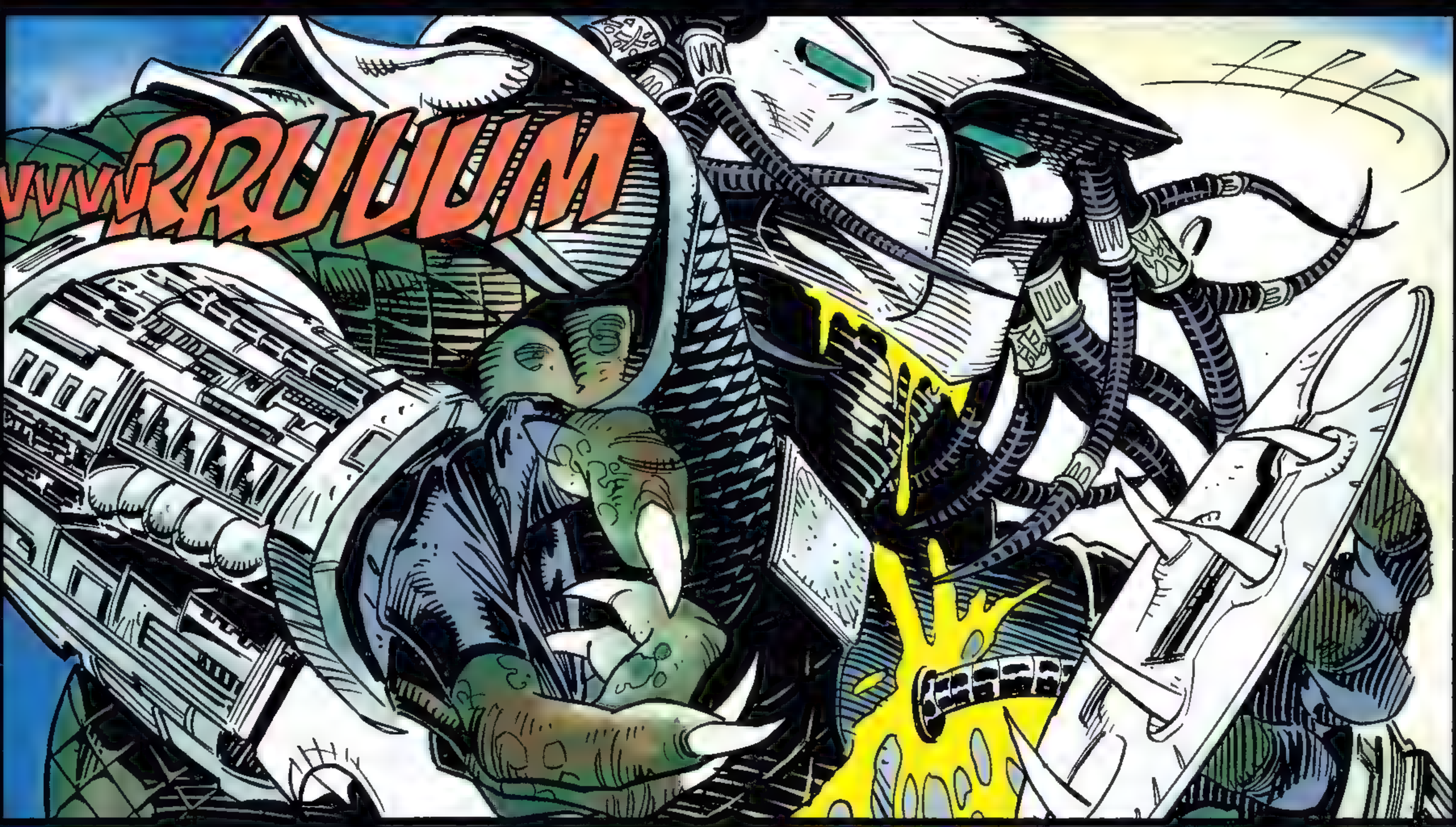
SSSSSH

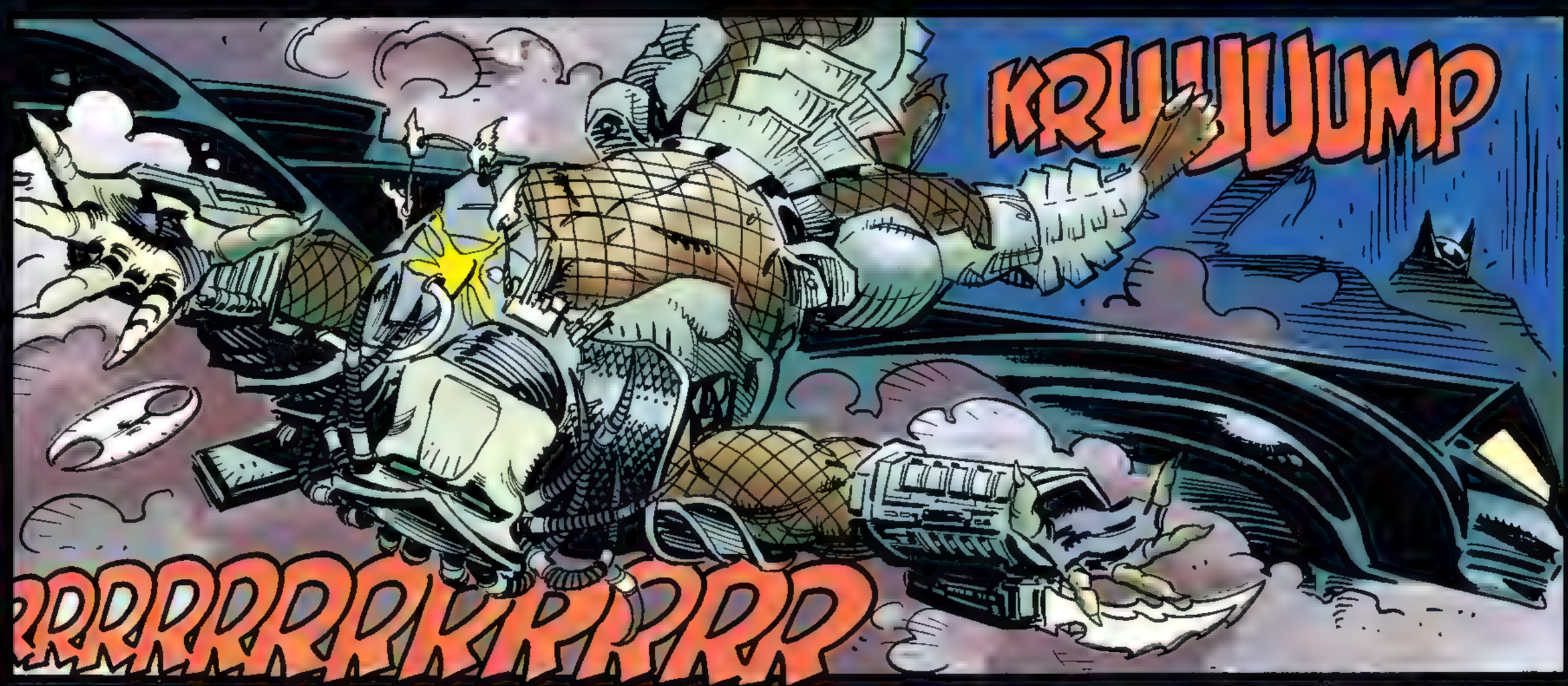

SSCHKT

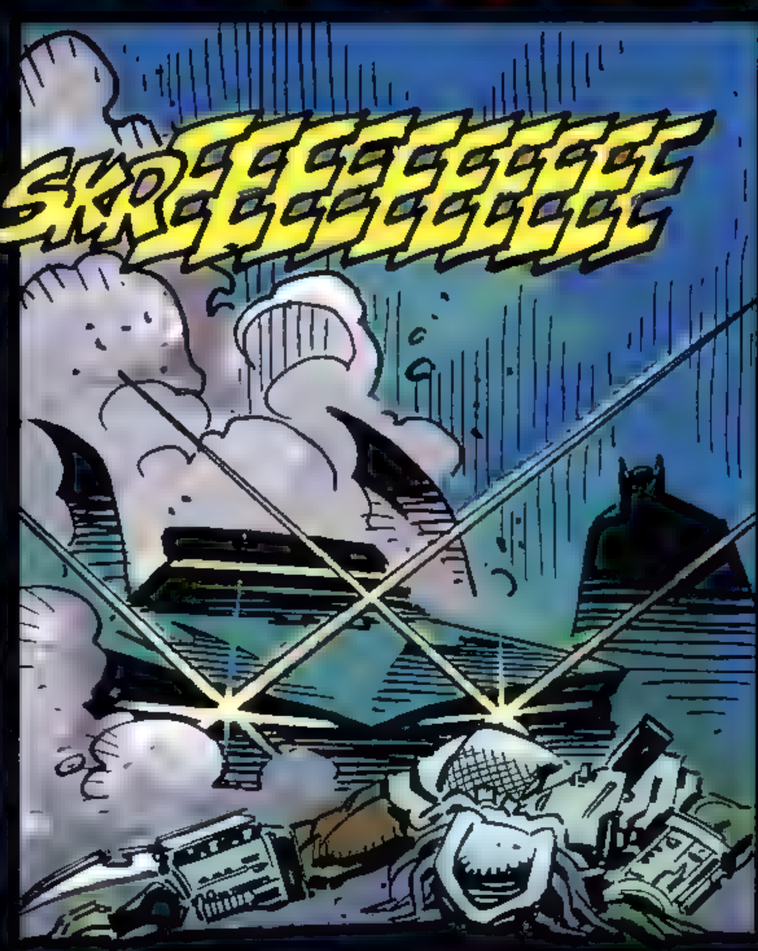
hnf


> LOSER <


> MAJOR SURGERY <


VVVVVVRRUUUM


KRUJUUMP
RRRRRRRRKKRRRRR


SKREEEEEEEEEEEE

>NOT<

>AGAIN!<
>>>VOICE CONTROL

KCHUNK
GO.

VRROOOOOM

CLEAR THE--!

NEWS

SOV 6 92

THINK YOU MISSED THE BOAT, SON...

COMMIS-SIONER! WAS THAT THE KILLER--?

RRRRRR

MMMMMMMM

WHERE IS BATMAN TAKING HIM--?

HE DIDN'T SAY, LADY... BUT SOME-HOW I DON'T THINK IT'S TO THE DRIVE-IN--

POLICE

BRRRUM

EDDIEEE! THE LIGHT!

UMM

SCREEEEEECH

MAINTAIN.

GOTHAM CENTRAL TRAFFIC CONTROL COMPUTER ACCESSED OVERRIDE OPERATING

SMESSSH

GET YOU

rrrrRRRRRUUUMMM

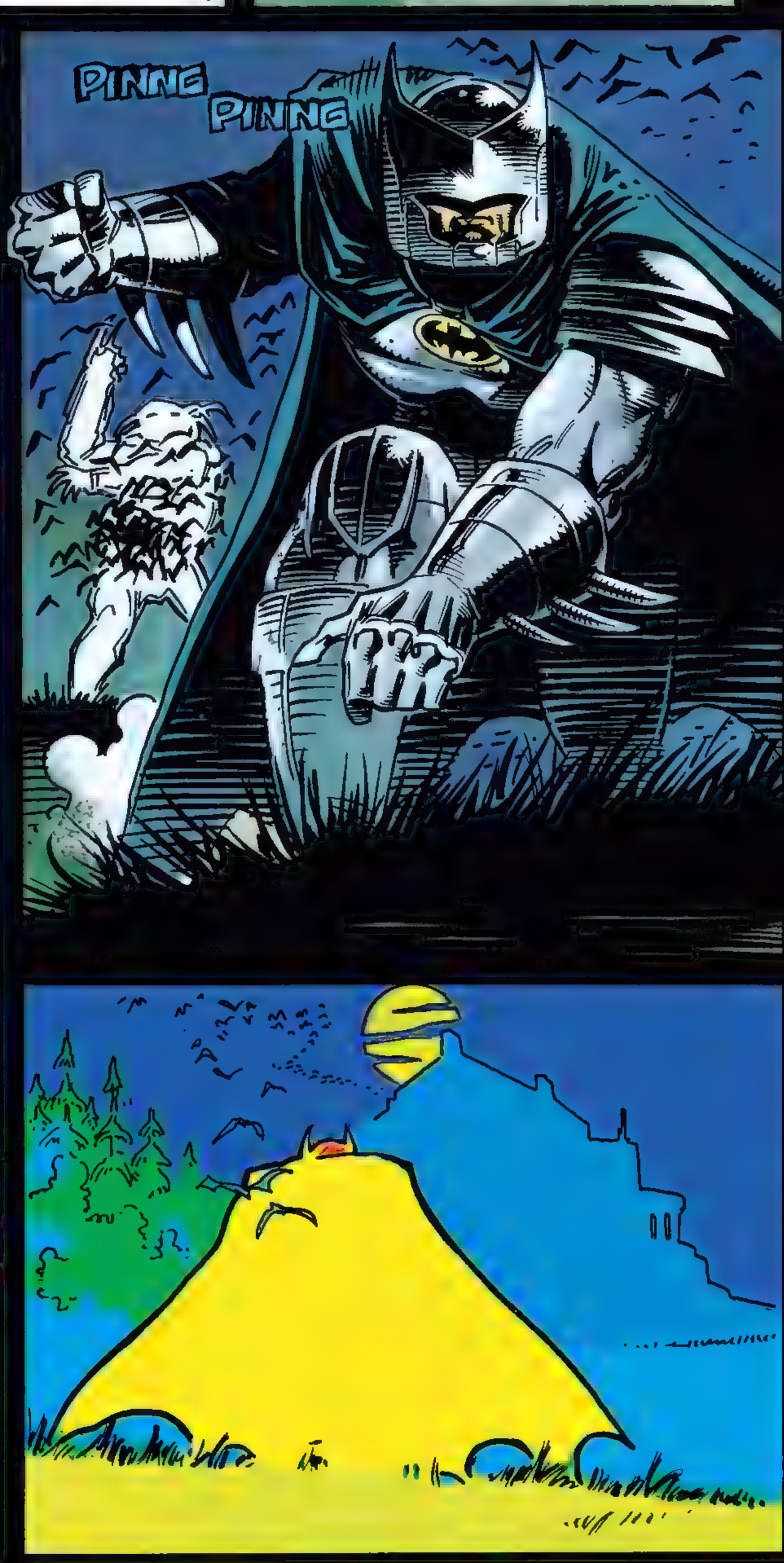
EEEEEEEEEECH
> SEARCH <
SQUEE SQUEEE SQUEEEE
> DESTROY <

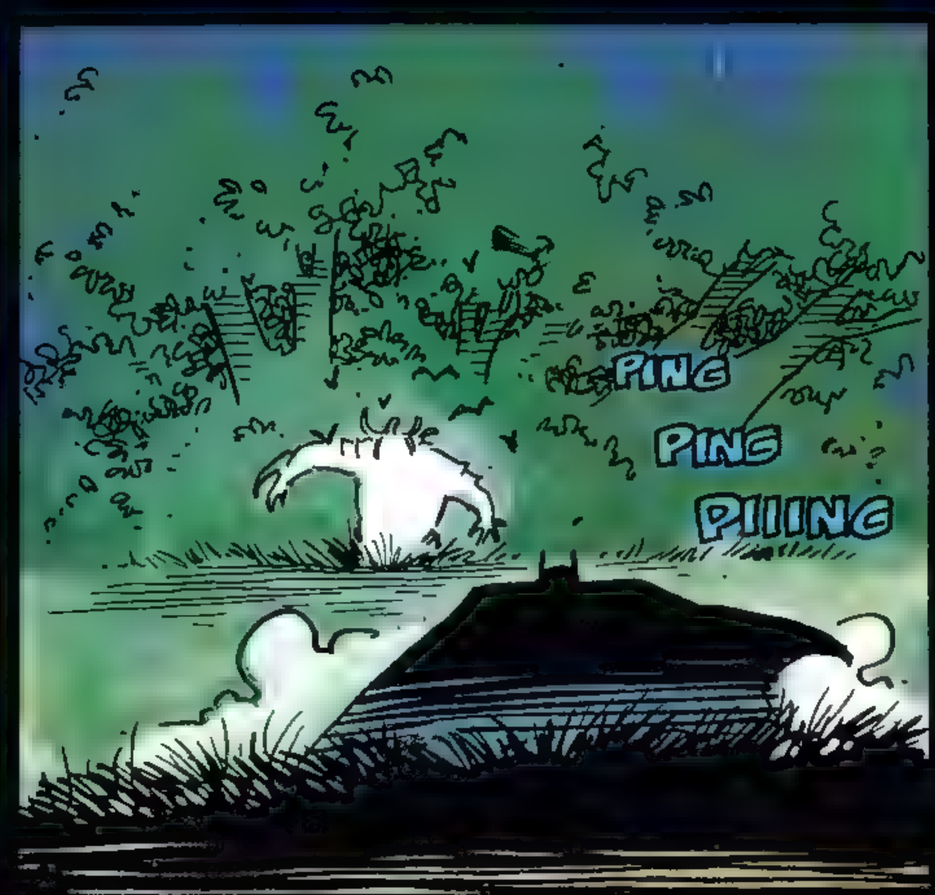
CHUNNKT

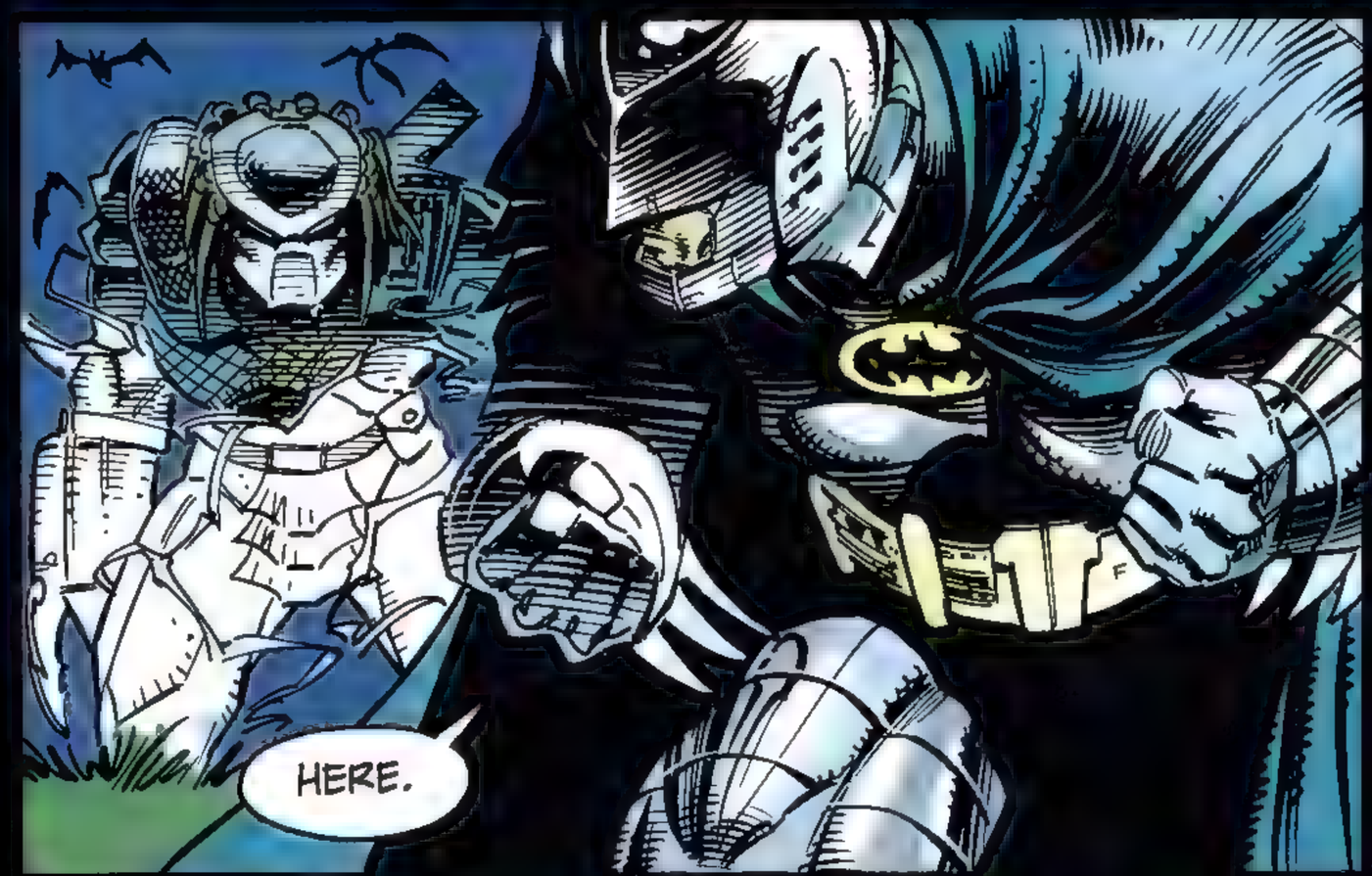
skee
SQUEE
SKEEE

SQUEEK
SKREEE
SQUEEE
SKEEK

SQUEEE
JEEE
FLAPPA
SKRITCH
SKEE
SKITC
SQUEE
FLAPPA
SKRITCH
SQUEEE


PINNG
PINNG


PING
PING
PIIING


HERE.

SNAP

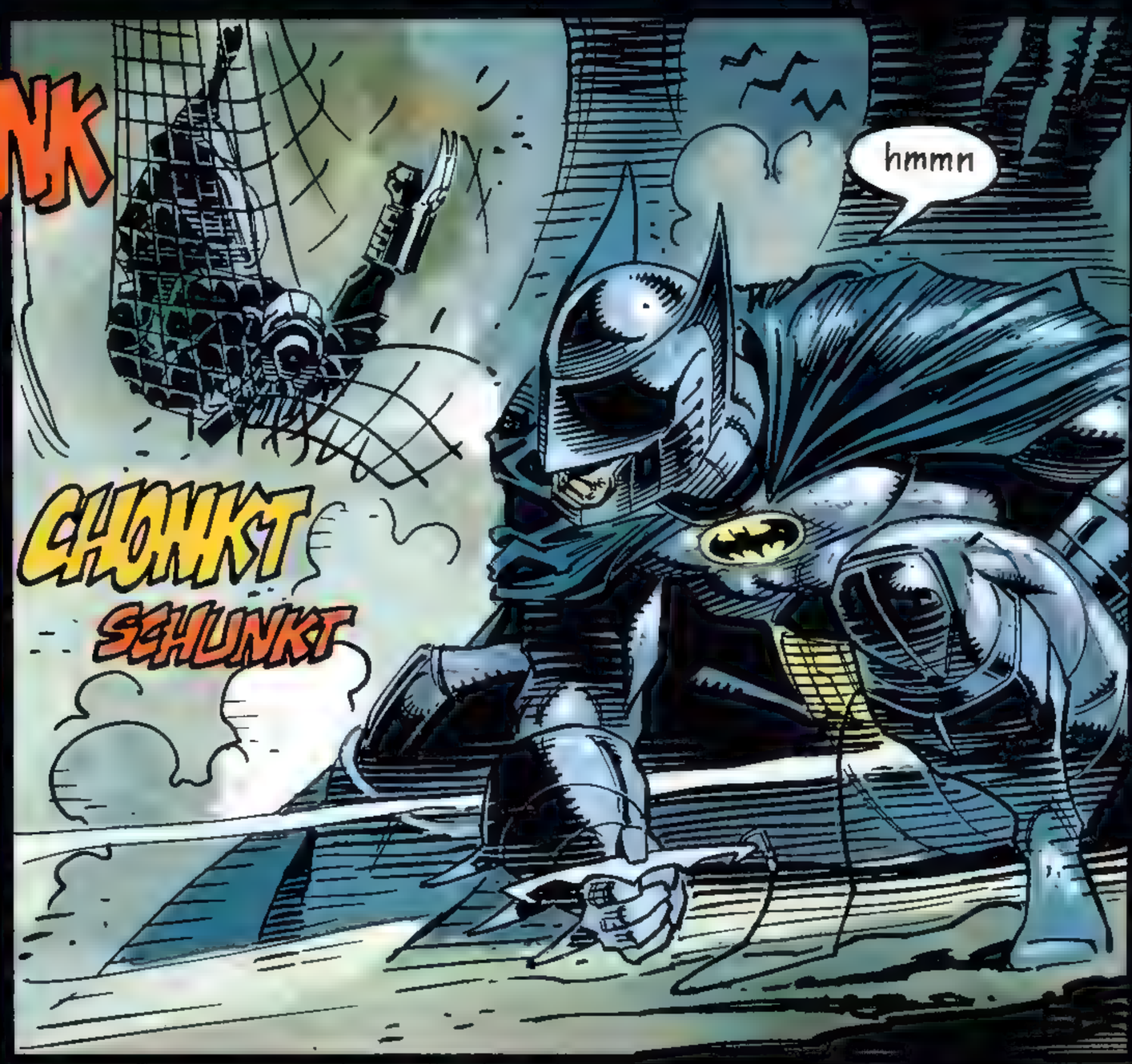
>SON<
KRAAAK

>OF<
>A<

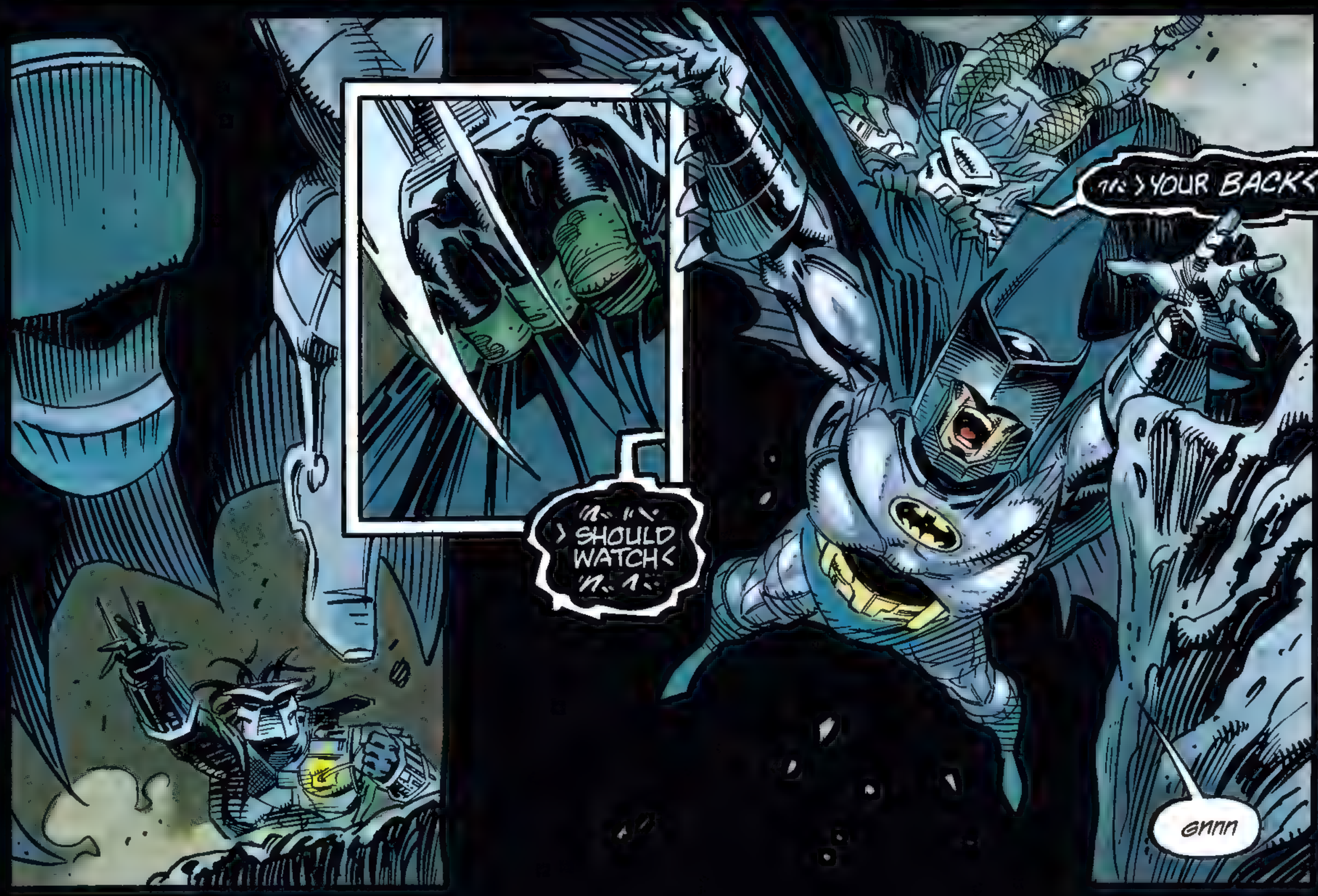
KLAAANNG

"AUTOMATIC SYSTEMS, ALFRED?"
"PRIMED AND READY, SIR..."

SCHONK


hmmn
CHONKT
SCHUNKT

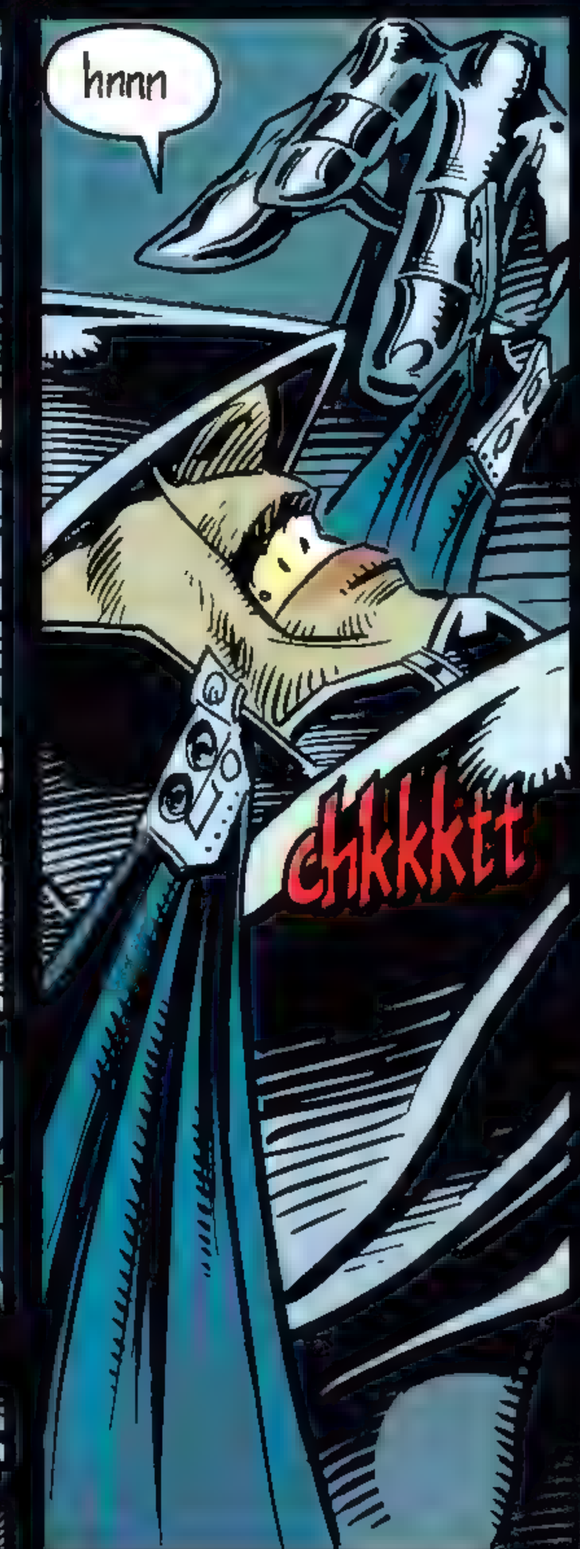
SNAAPT
TWAANG

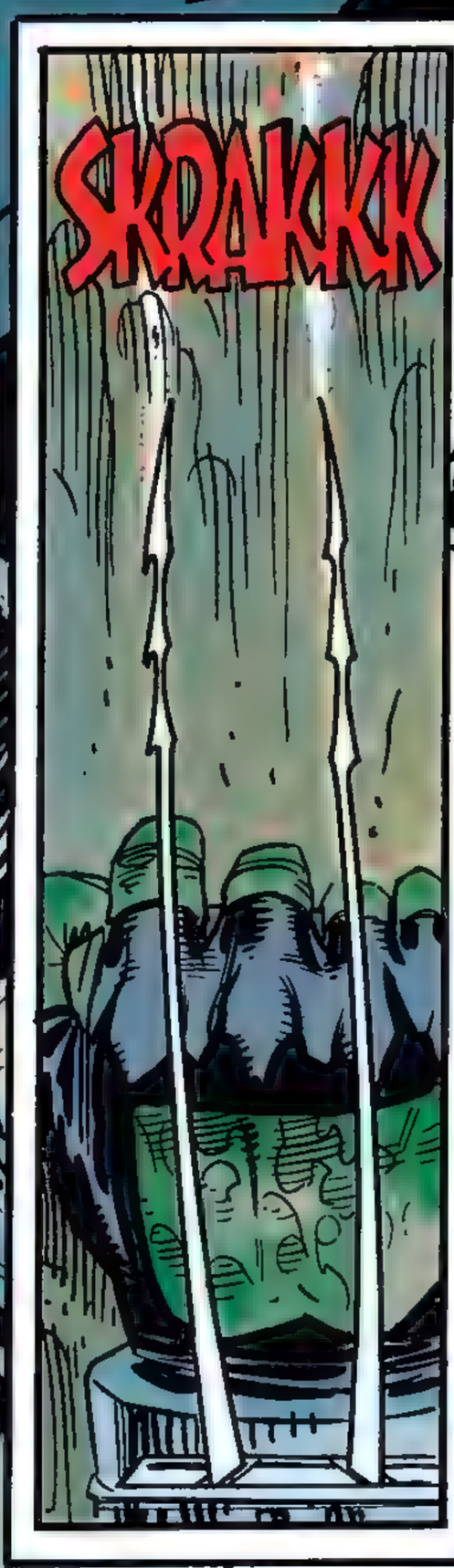

> SHOULD WATCH <
> YOUR BACK <
ennn

SKRAAKT

NNNFF!
SLAAMM

>CAUGHT UP<


hnnn
chkkktt

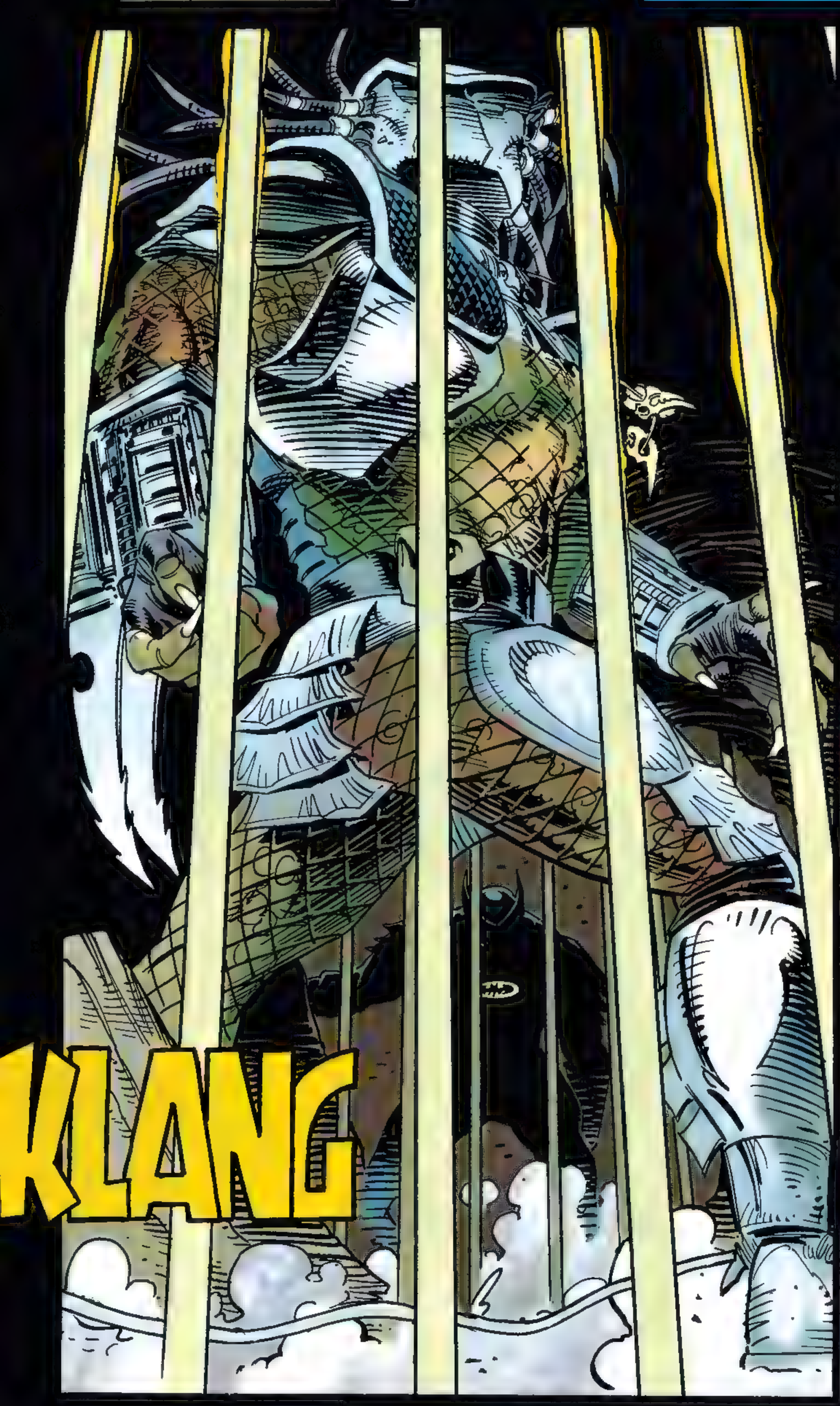

SKRAKKK

>GONNA<
>GET<
>YOU<

>BUDDY<

>KICK<

>BUTT<


KLANG

KCHANGKT
A
SHUT
B
shut
TITANIUM STEEL...
YOU'LL NEVER CUT THROUGH IN TIME.
>TIME?<
THNNK
WIDE-SPECTRUM TRANQUILIZER...
ENOUGH TO STOP A HERD OF RHINOS.

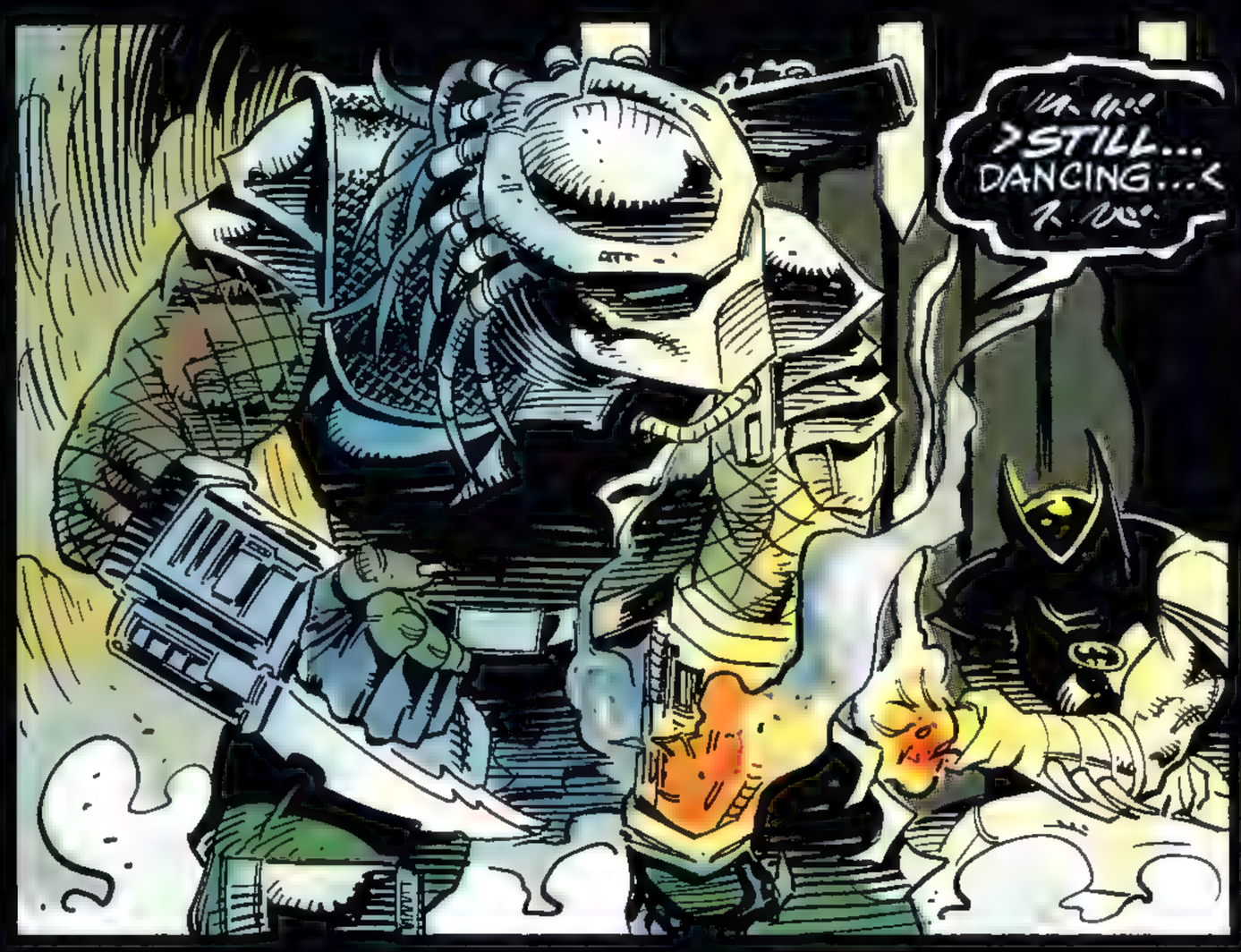
IT'LL STOP YOU, TOO--
TESTED SOME OF YOUR BLOOD...ALIEN BIOCHEMISTRY, OF COURSE, BUT STILL CARBON-BASED.
>AHA HA HA HA<
>AHA HA HA HA HAAA<
>STOP YOU<

>AHAAA HA<
>UNDERSTAND THE RULES<
deeep
deeep
>EIGHT... NINE<
deeep
deeep
COUNTING...?
DEEP
DEEP

>TEN! IT'S OVER!<
DEEP
DEEP
EEP
EEP

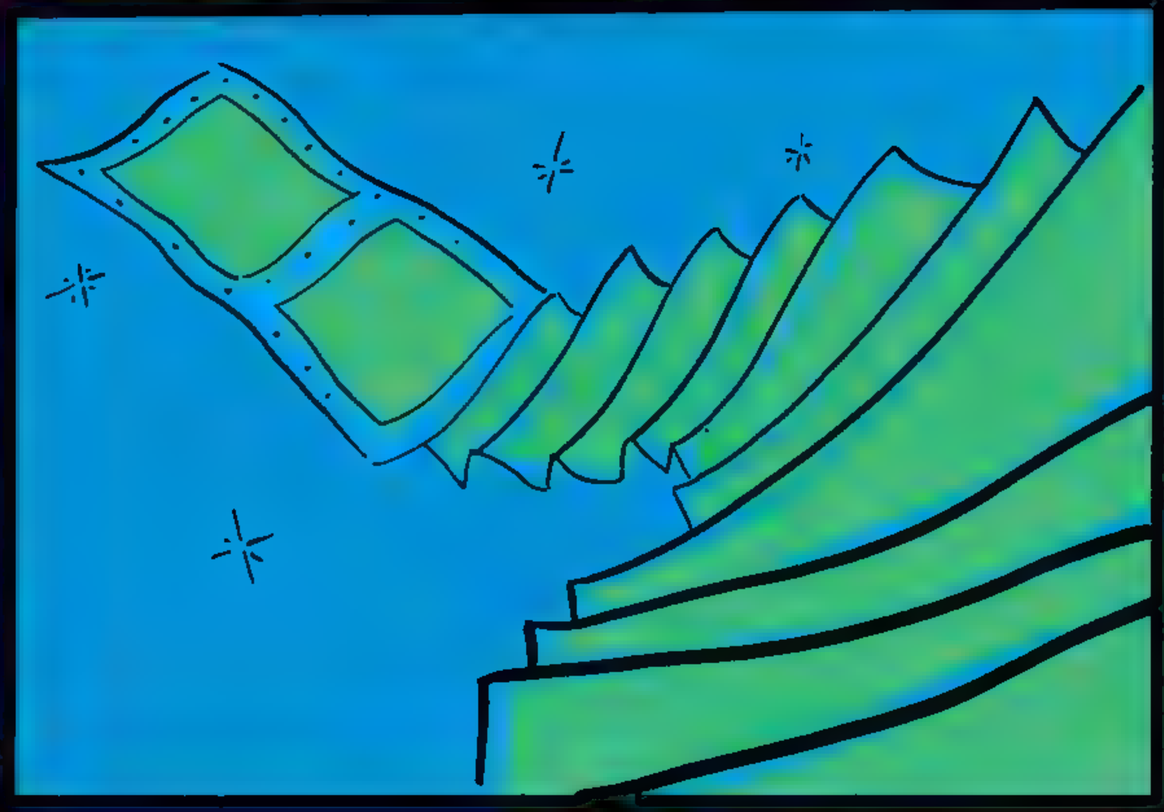
>POT ROAST! AHA HA HA HA HAAAA!<
OR... COUNTING DOWN?
EEP EEP EEP EEP EEP EEP EEP

EEP EEP EEP EEPEEPEEPEEE
KRAAWNCH
KILL US BOTH--
KZZTZ
KZZTTZ
KZZT
KZZTTT
KZTT
KZZT
ZTT
ZZKT
KRZZAAAANGT

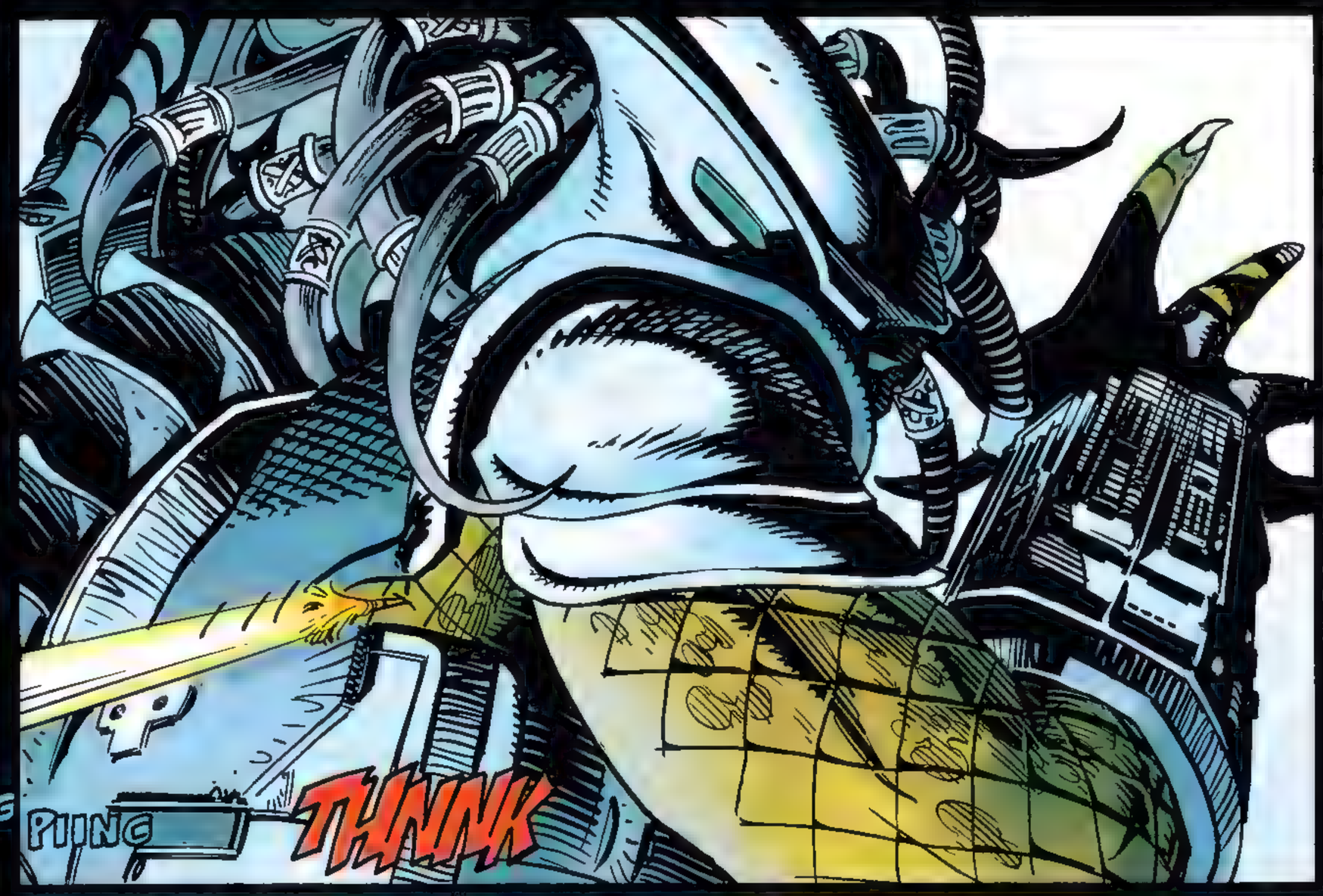

>STILL...
DANCING...<

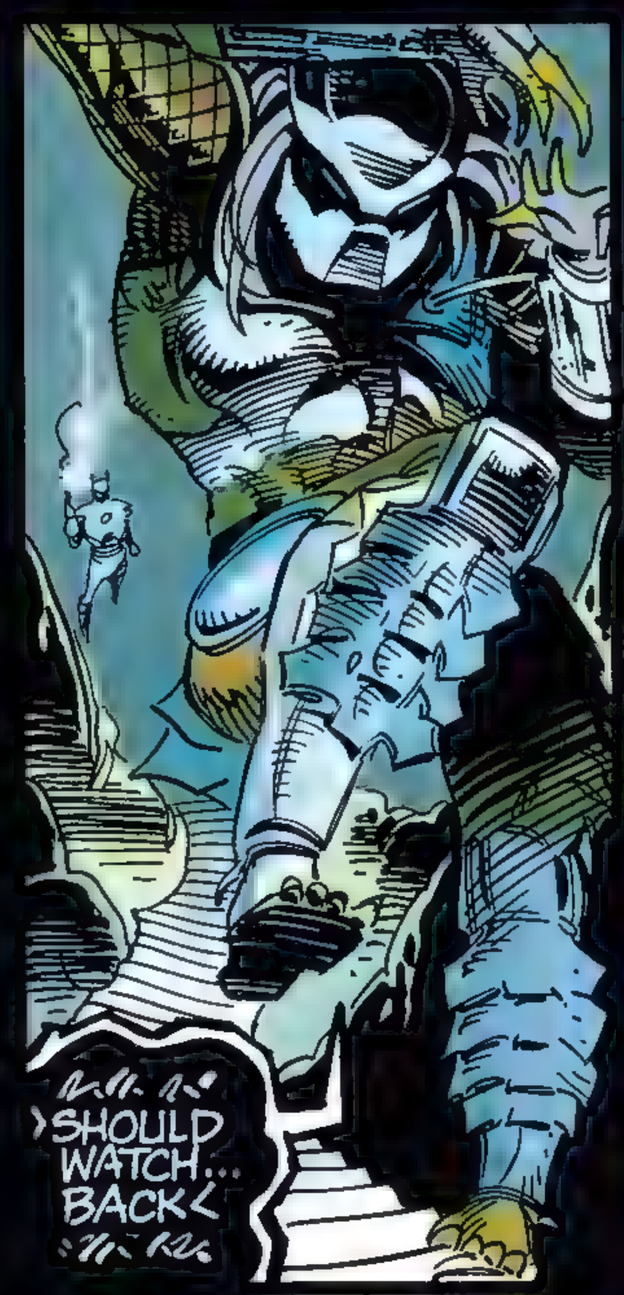
PTWUUUIII
PFIIIIT

PIIING
PIIING

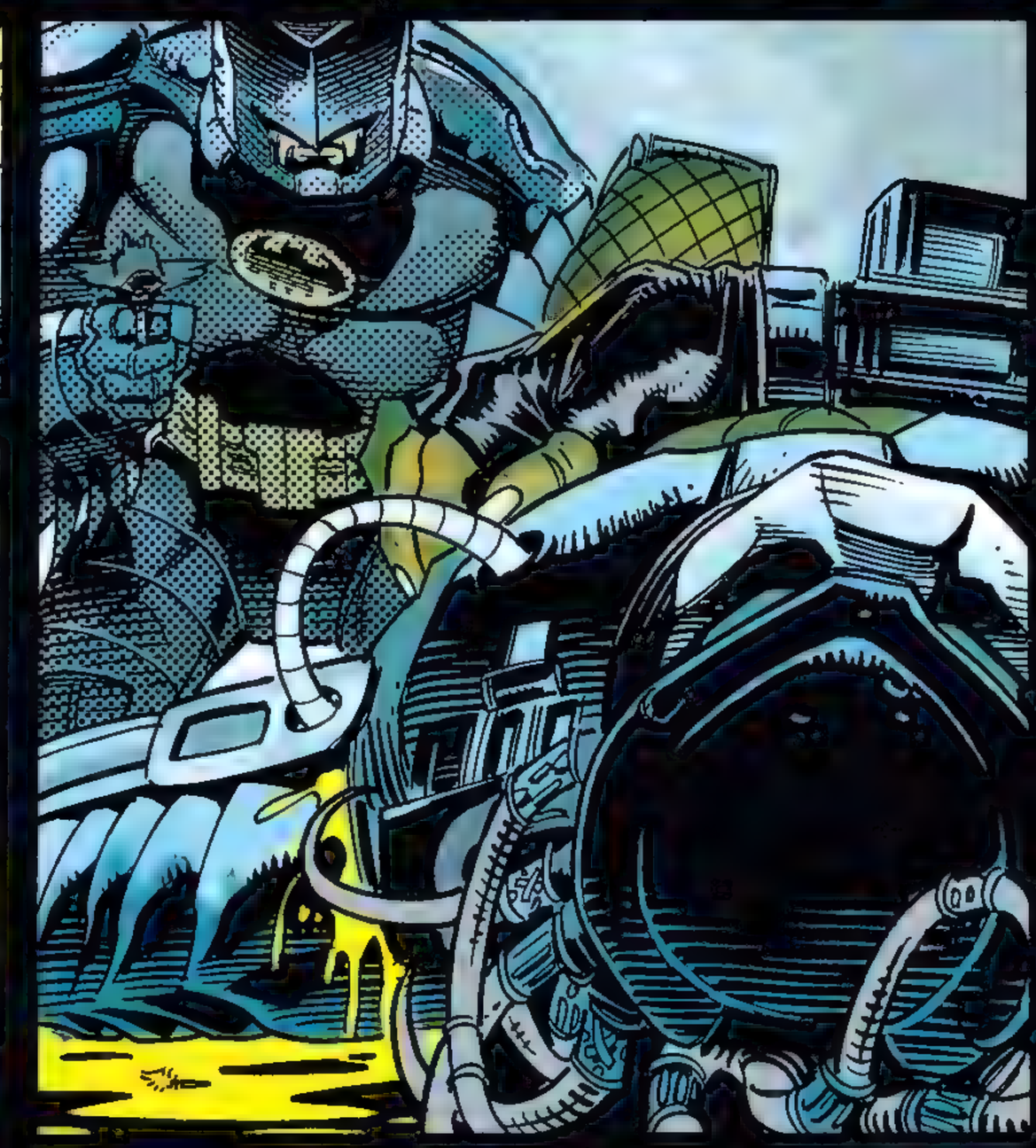


PIIING
PIING

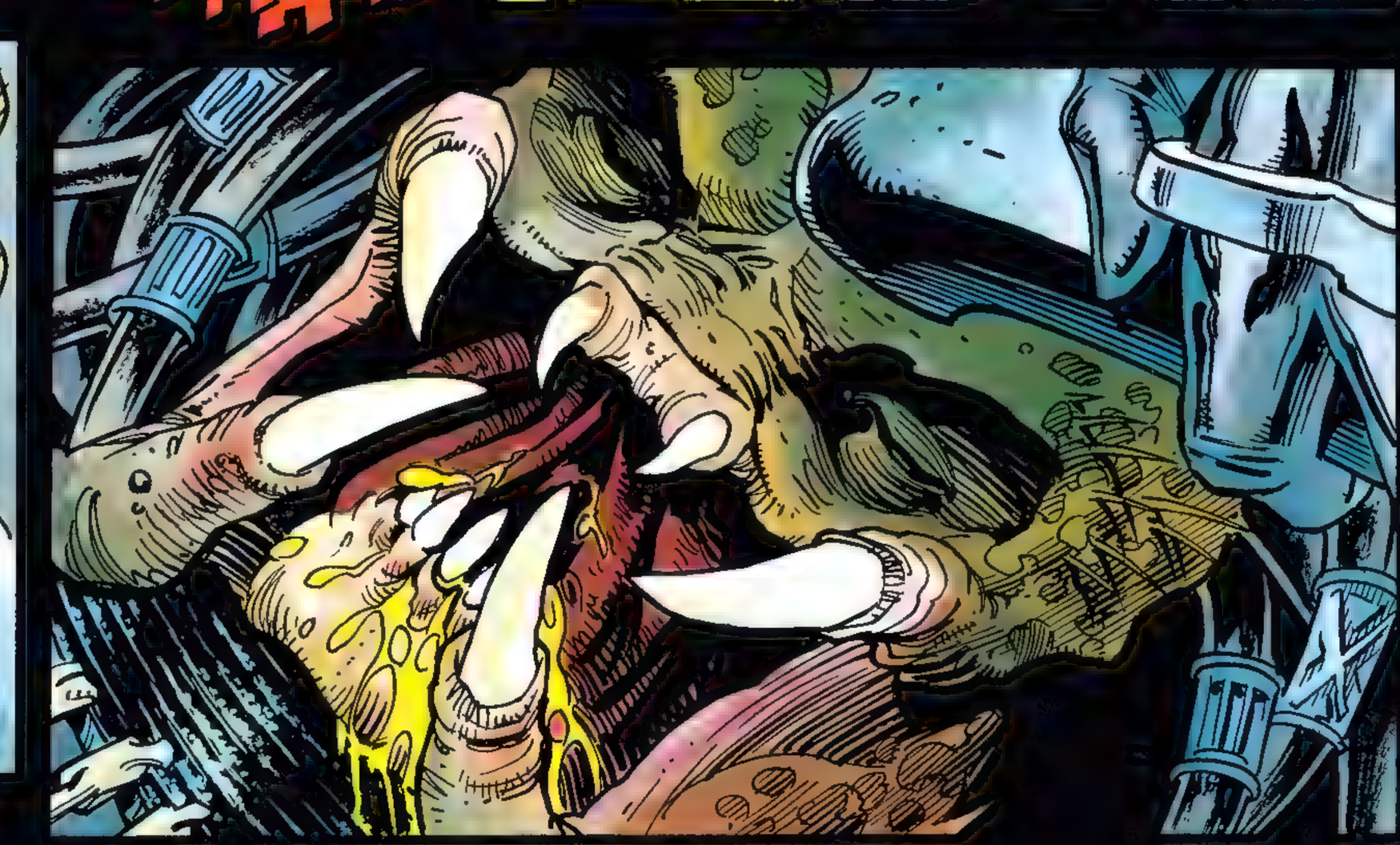

PIING
THUNK

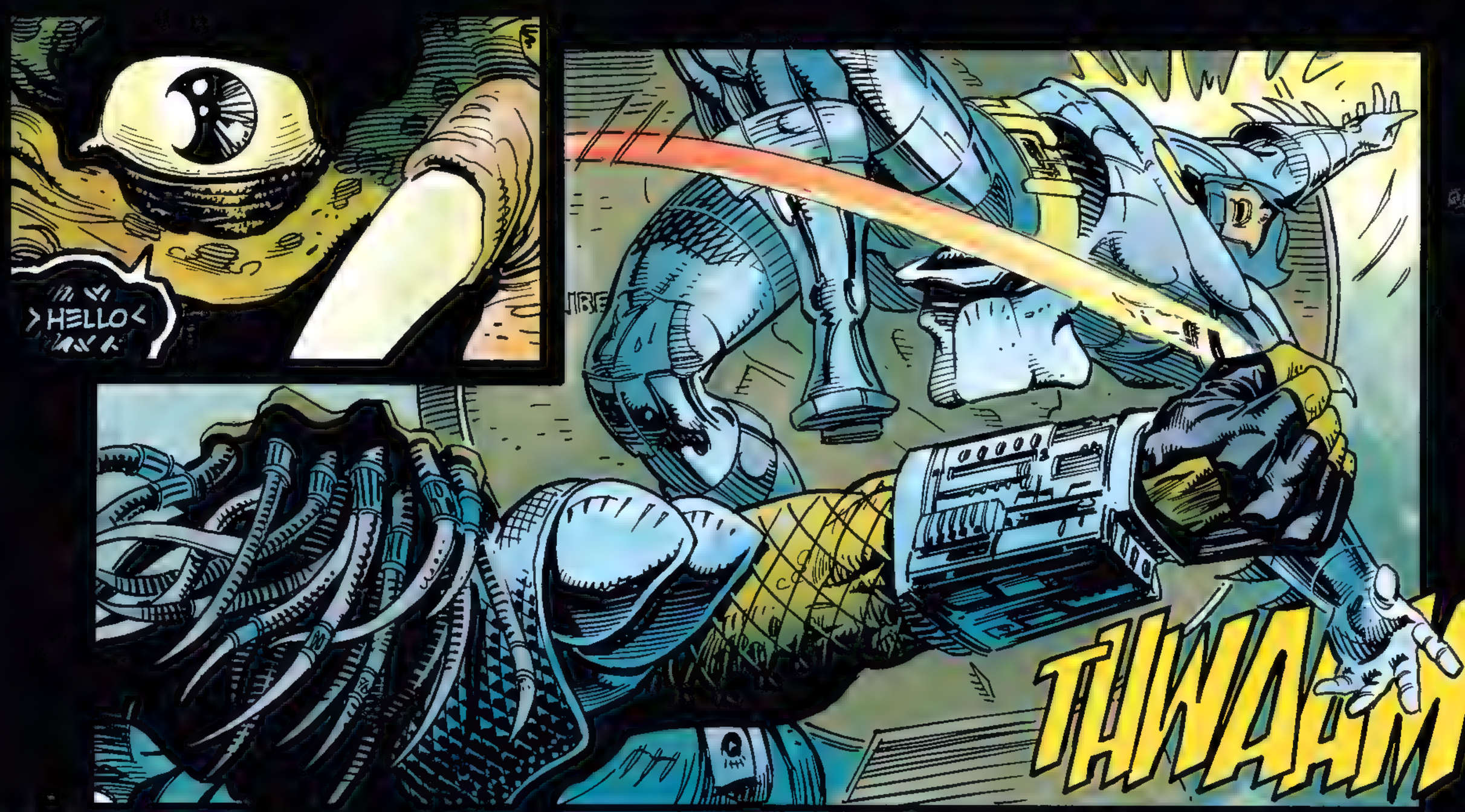

SHOULD WATCH... BACK

KRAAASH



CHKKT
PFFFFFFT

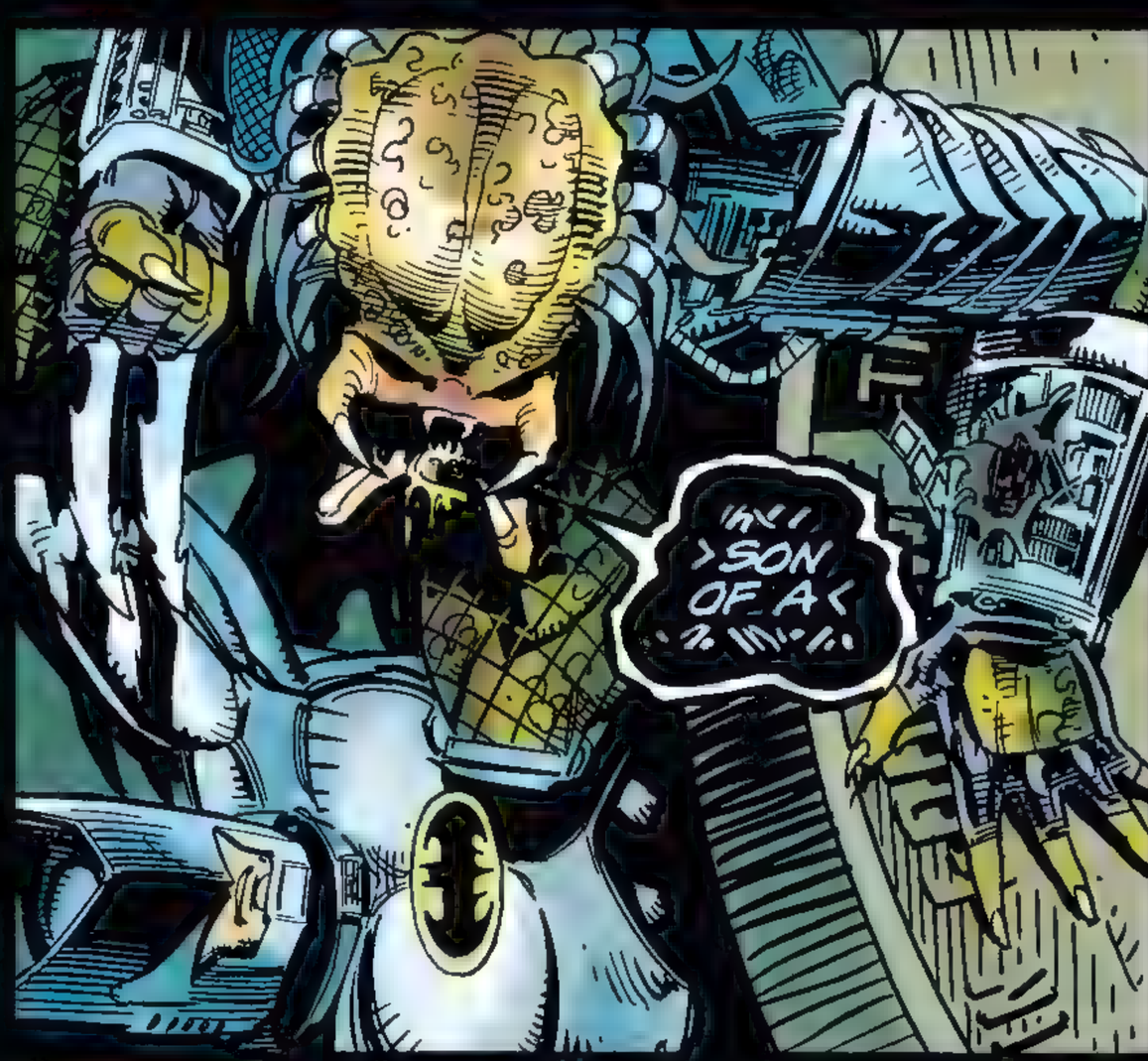



>HELLO<
THWAHM

THUUUME

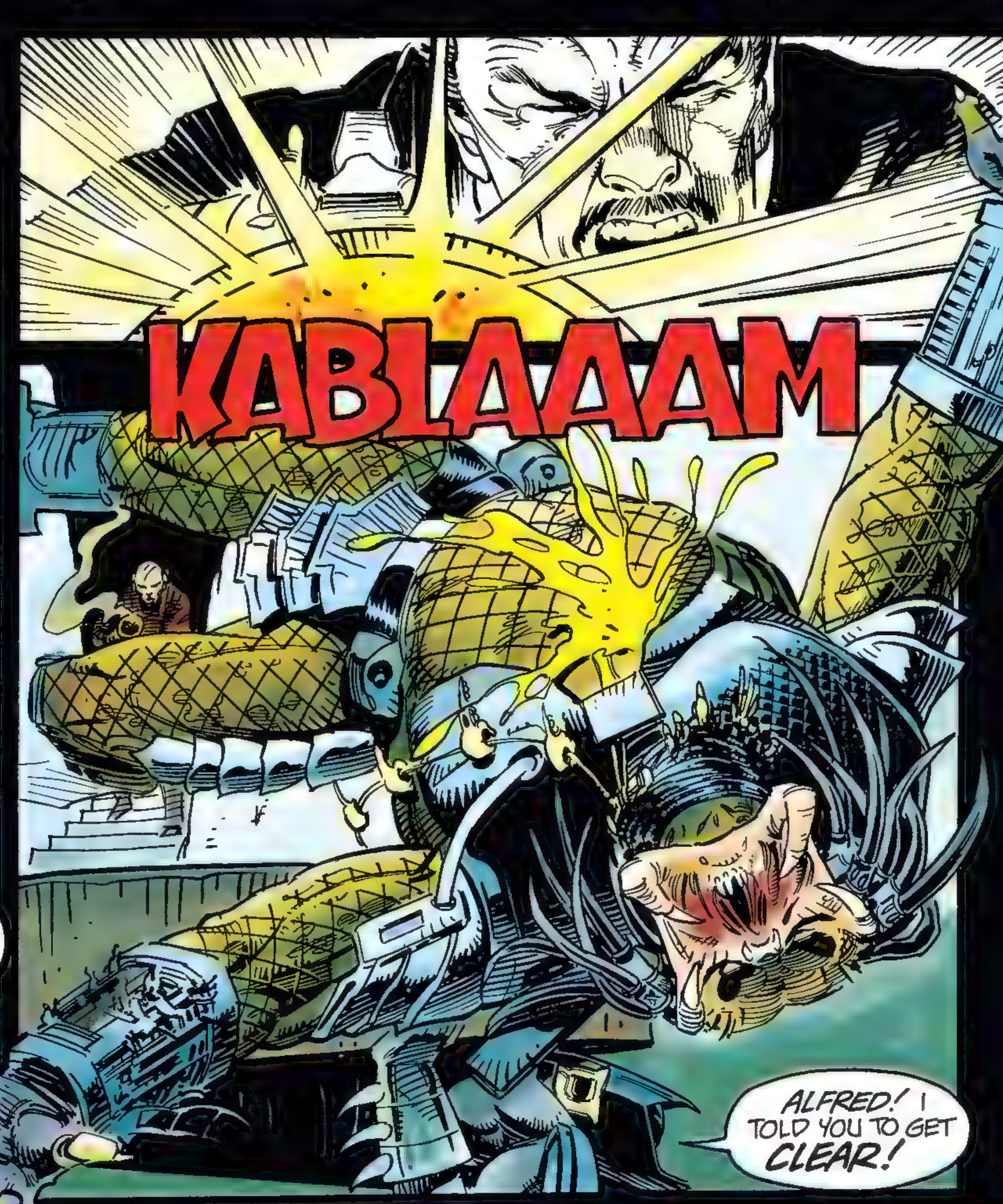
KREEEEE
EEK
nnnn

KRAANG

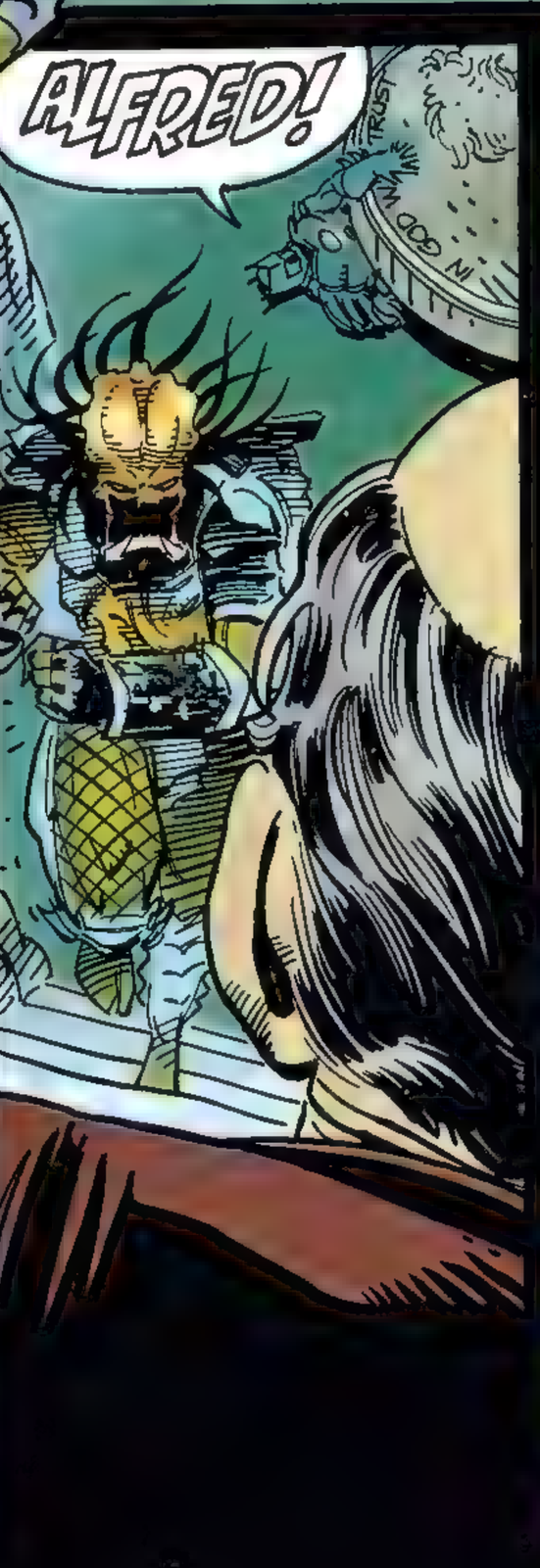

>SON OF A<

ahem

THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH, THANK YOU.
ALFRED?


KABLAAAAM
ALFRED! I TOLD YOU TO GET CLEAR!

I'M SORRY, MASTER BRUCE...
BUT I COULDN'T JUST STAND BY AND--


ALFRED!

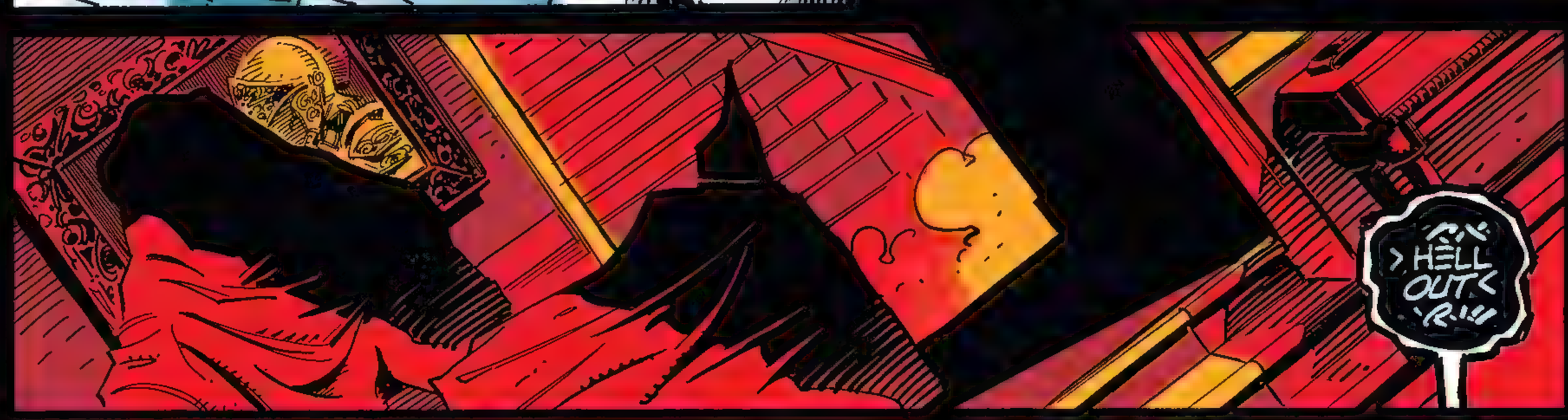
IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR.
HE D-DOESN'T SCARE ME, THE--

--THE BIG BULLY!

>CRAZY<

>...TRANQUILIZER... HELL OUT...<
MMF!
ALFRED!

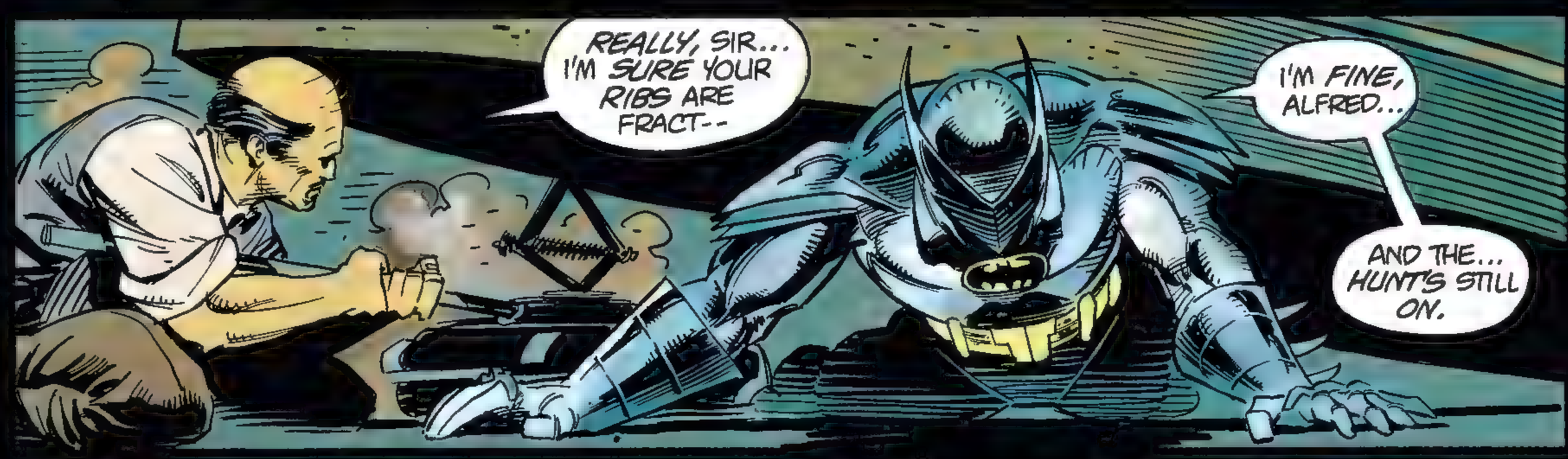
ALFRED-- ARE YOU OKAY...?
N-NOTHING... BROKEN, THANK YOU, MASTER BRUCE.
I ONLY PRAY THE SAME IS TRUE OF YOU.


>HELL OUT<

>TRANQU--<
BRUUUMP

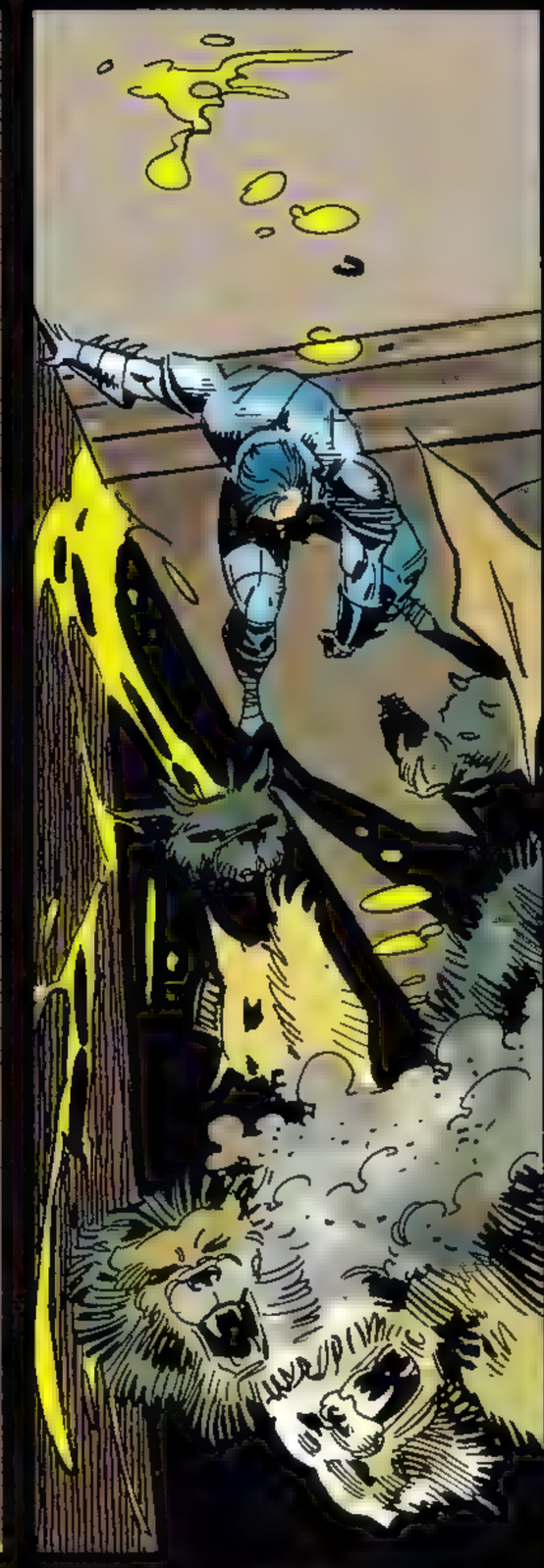
>TR--<
>TROPHIES<

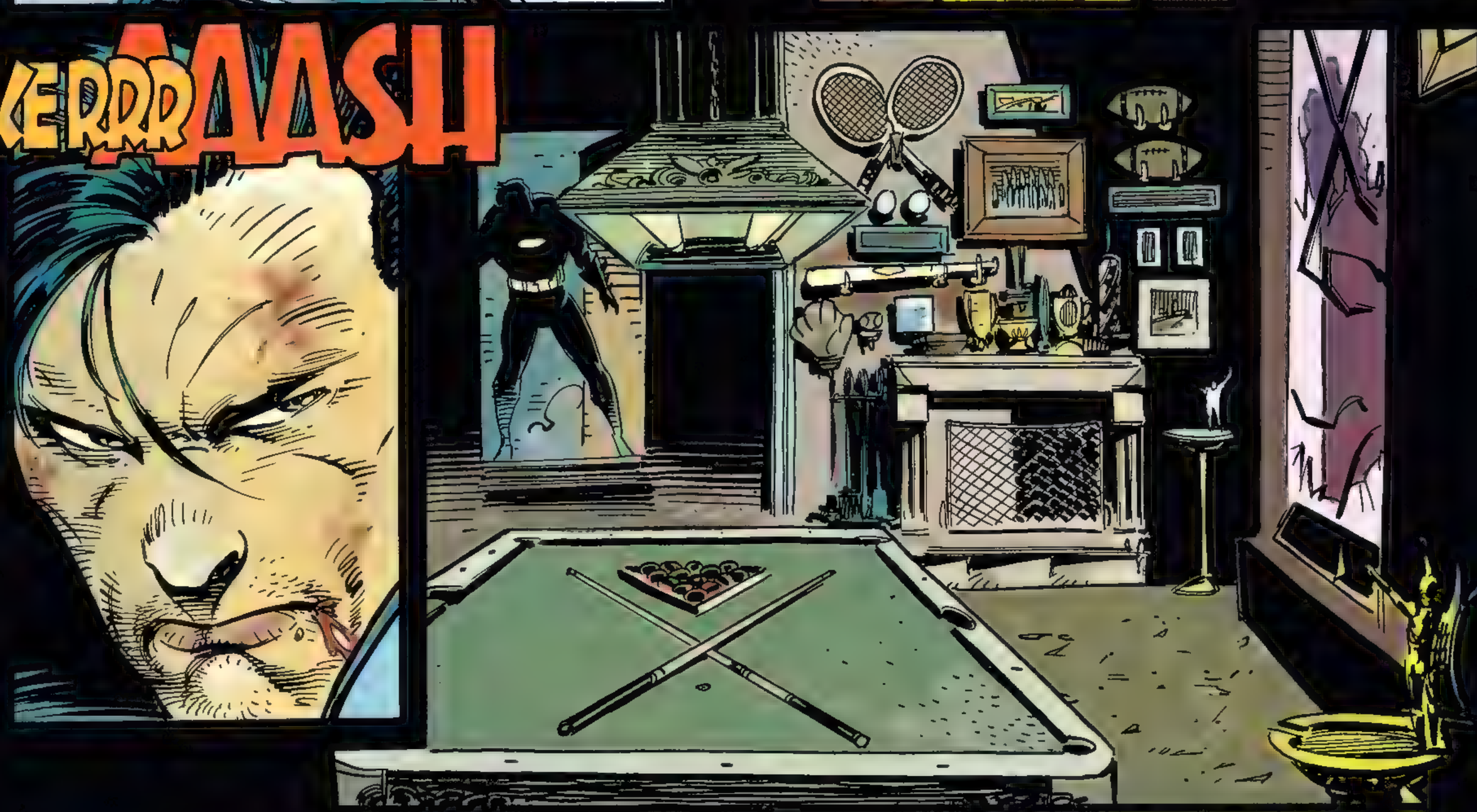
>H-HELL... OUT...<
BUUMMP


REALLY, SIR... I'M SURE YOUR RIBS ARE FRACT--
I'M FINE, ALFRED...
AND THE... HUNT'S STILL ON.

HERE...THIS IS JUST DEAD WEIGHT NOW...
MASTER BRUCE, PLEASE. LET ME COME WITH--

NO. SECONDS OUT, ALFRED--
FINAL ROUND.




KERRRAAASH

HI.

IT'S ME--
WHAK
KRAKASH
--BATMAN.
>BAT<
>AHA HA<
>HA HA HA HA HA<

>HA<
>LITTLE PARTY<
NNNRRRRRRRRRR
>HA HA HA HA HA HA<
>UNDER-STAND... RULES<

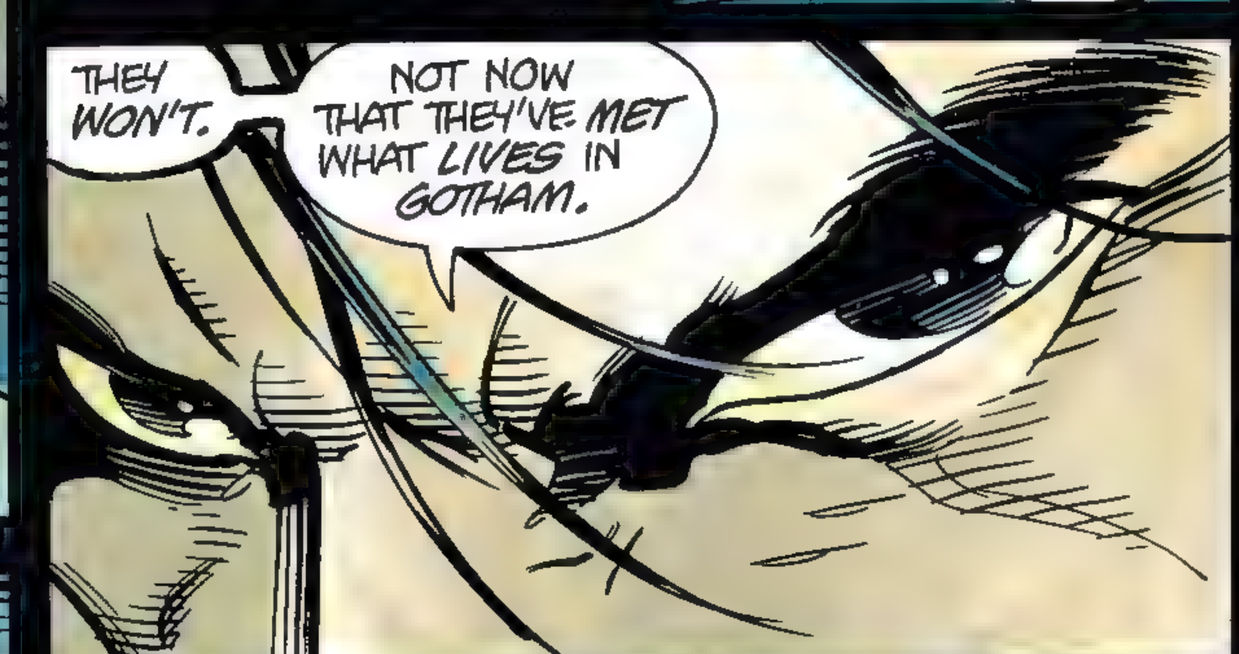
>LOSER<
SCHLIIKT
SCHTHLUPT
thlipt

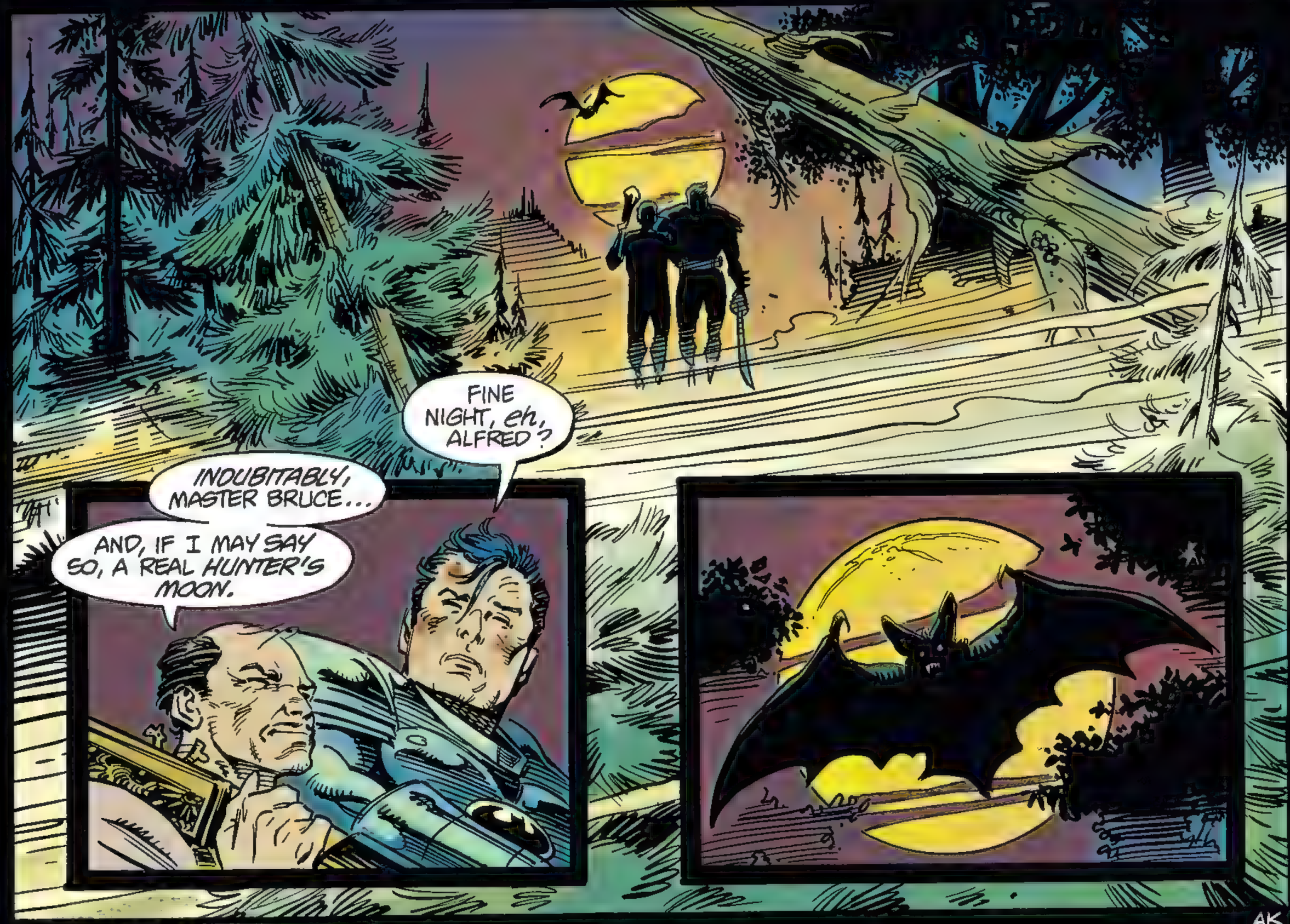
RRRRRN
M-MASTER BRUCE...?

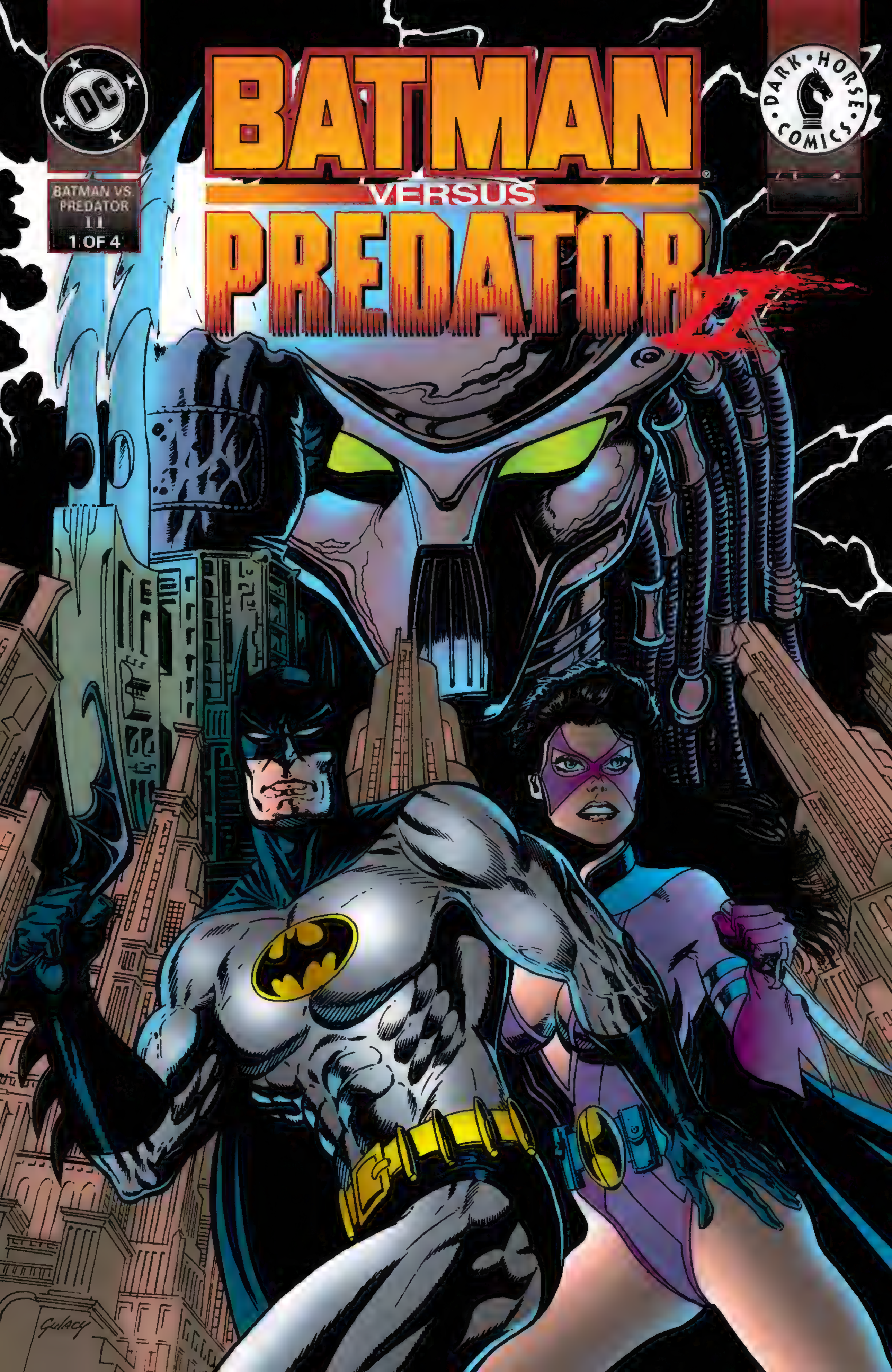
F-FORGIVE ME, SIR... BUT...
THAT LIGHT...! THOUGHT I SAW...
DON'T WORRY, ALFRED. THE CREATURE'S DEAD. TAKEN BY ITS KIN, BACK TO THE STARS...

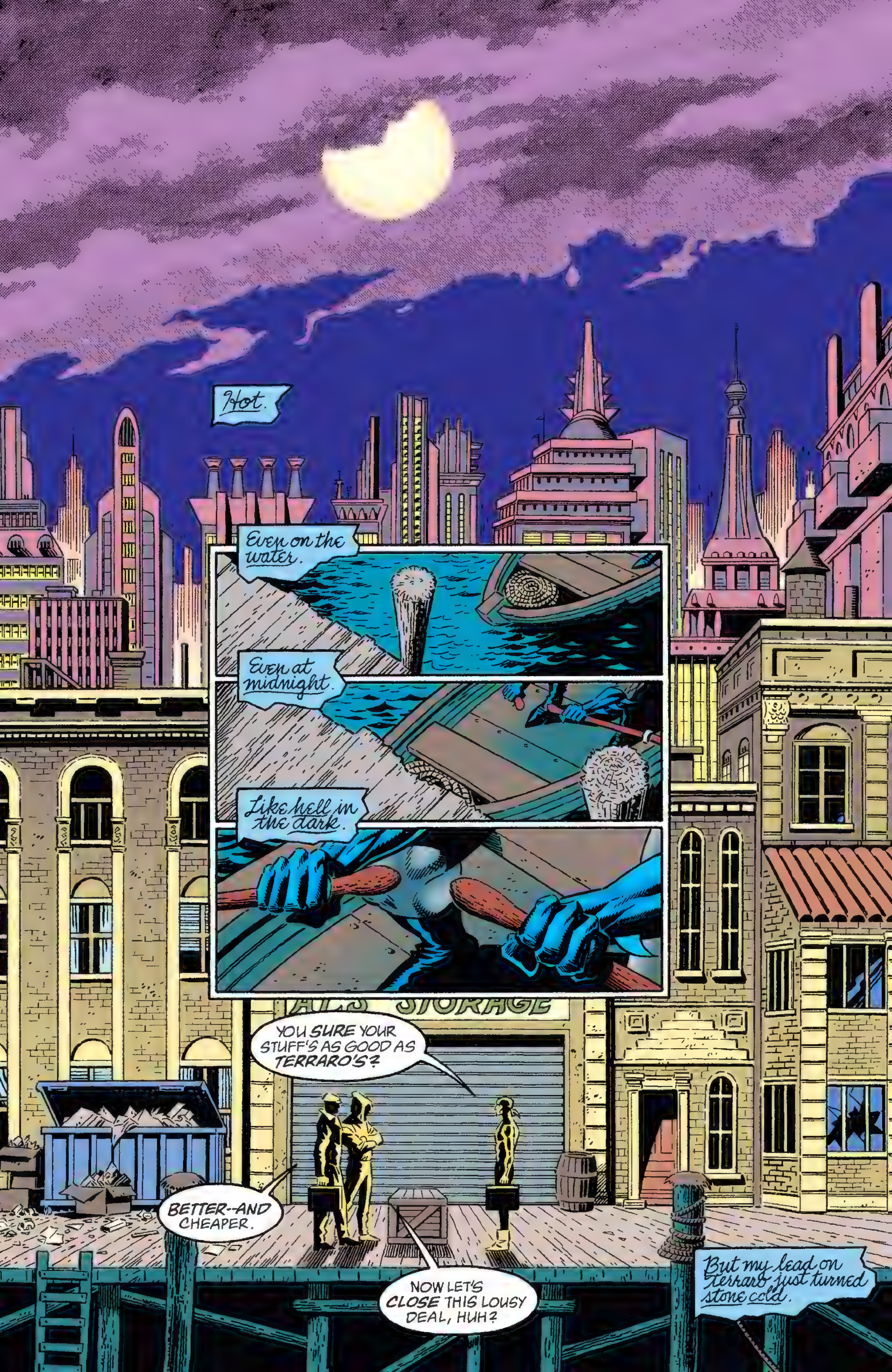
IT-ITS KIN, SIR? YOU MEAN S-SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, THERE'S A WHOLE PLANETFUL OF--
YES--WITH A CRUEL ALIEN CODE OF COMBAT, IN WHICH DEFEAT EQUALS DEATH. I BEAT THEIR CHAMPION...

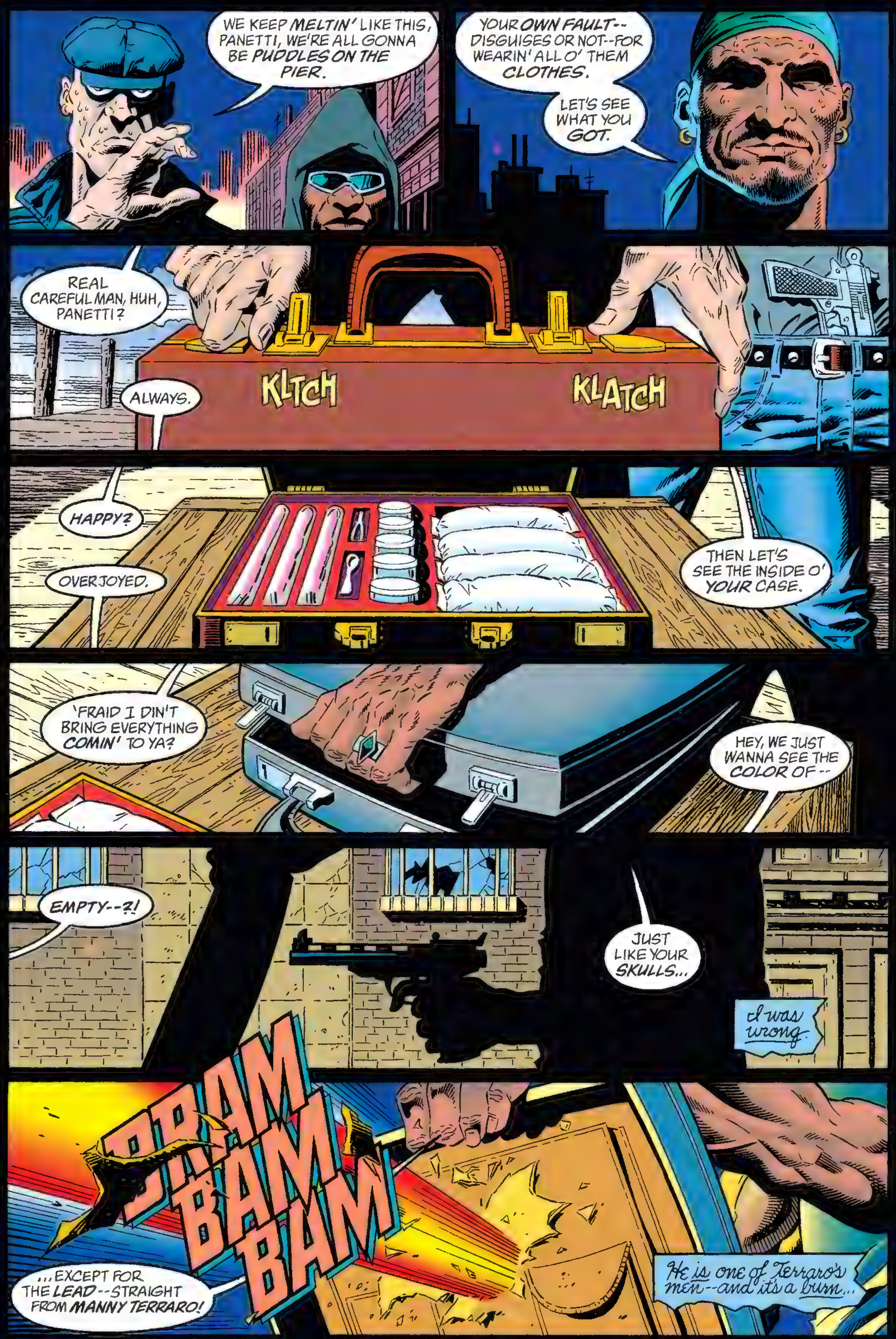
SO IT HAD TO KILL ITSELF. THEY MADE ME A PRESENT OF THE WEAPON IT USED.
ANOTHER TROPHY, I GUESS...
B-BUT WHAT IF THEY... RETURN, SIR?


THEY WON'T.
NOT NOW THAT THEY'VE MET WHAT LIVES IN GOTHAM.


FINE NIGHT, eh, ALFRED?
INDUBITABLY, MASTER BRUCE...
AND, IF I MAY SAY SO, A REAL HUNTER'S MOON.
AK
AK


DC
BATMAN VS. PREDATOR II
1 OF 4
BATMAN
VERSUS
PREDATOR
DARK HORSE COMICS
Gulacy


Hot.
Even on the water.
Even at midnight.
Like hell in the dark.
YOU SURE YOUR STUFF'S AS GOOD AS TERRARO'S?
BETTER--AND CHEAPER.
NOW LET'S CLOSE THIS LOUSY DEAL, HUH?
But my lead on Terraro just turned stone cold.


WE KEEP MELTIN' LIKE THIS, PANETTI, WE'RE ALL GONNA BE PUDDLES ON THE PIER.
YOUR OWN FAULT-- DISGUISES OR NOT--FOR WEARIN' ALL O' THEM CLOTHES.
LET'S SEE WHAT YOU GOT.
REAL CAREFUL MAN, HUH, PANETTI?
ALWAYS.
KLTCH
KLATCH
HAPPY?
OVERJOYED.
THEN LET'S SEE THE INSIDE O' YOUR CASE.
'FRAID I DIN'T BRING EVERYTHING COMIN' TO YA?
HEY, WE JUST WANNA SEE THE COLOR OF--
EMPTY--?!
JUST LIKE YOUR SKULLS...
I was wrong.
BAM BAM BAM
...EXCEPT FOR THE LEAD--STRAIGHT FROM MANNY TERRARO!
He is one of Terraro's men--and it's a bum...

Caught me by surprise.
BRAKATCH
Time to return the favor.

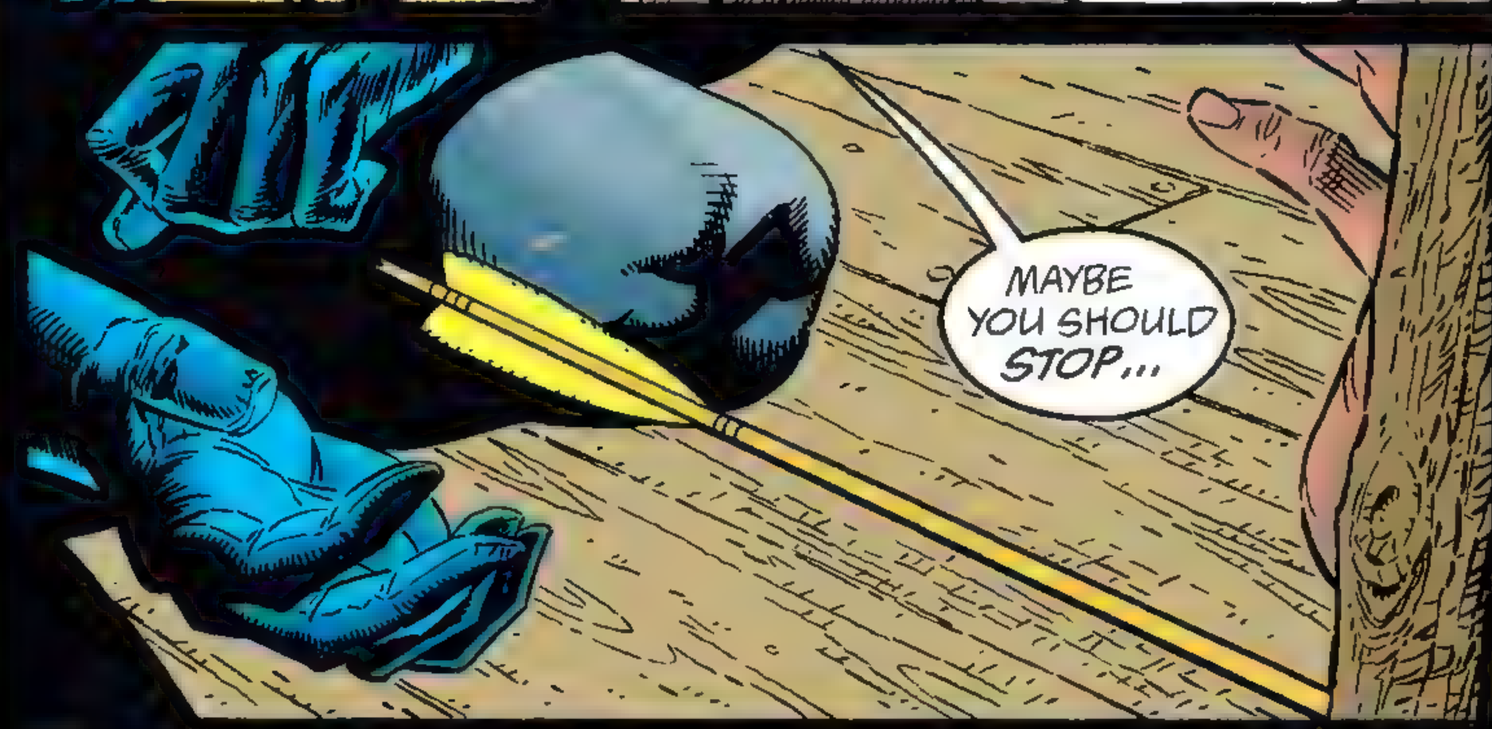
Too late to save Terraro's competitors.
WHAT THE--?!
But I need the shooter alive and conscious.
WHERE--?!
To make him talk.
Tell me where to find his boss.
YOU!
YES...
STAP
...AND I HATE GUNS.

BOOTS ARE BETTER.
CHUNT
THE BATMAN--HE LEARNED ABOUT THE DRUG DEAL TOO...
THUMP
OOOPH
FWAK
CHUFT
UNPH
...GOT HERE BEFORE ME.

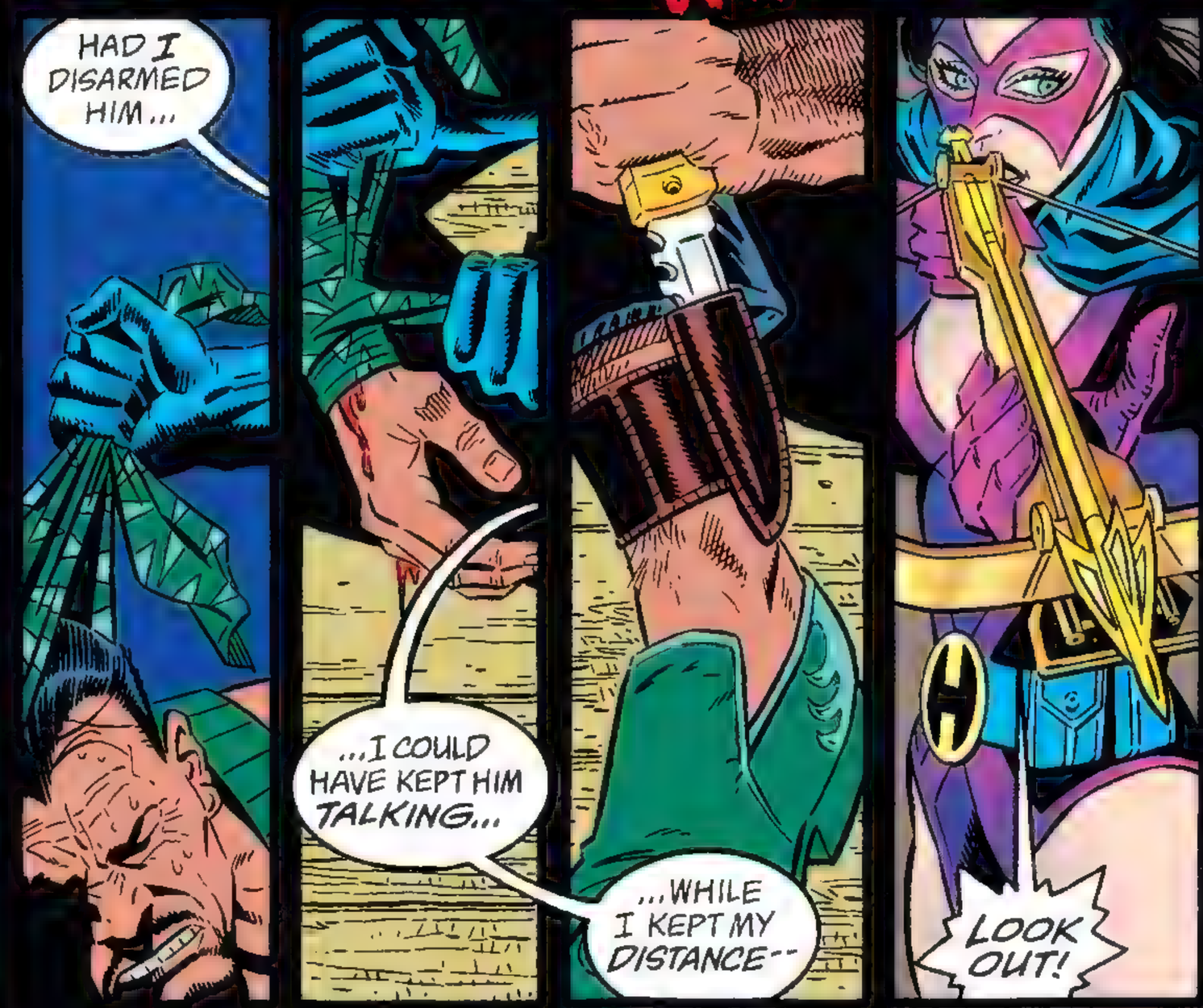
WHERE'S TERRARO?
M-MAYBE YOU BEAT ME... BUT YOU'RE D-DEAD, MAN...
YOU'RE M-MARKED.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
TCHOK
CHUT-
TUNKT
ARAWEEEE
Green Arrow?

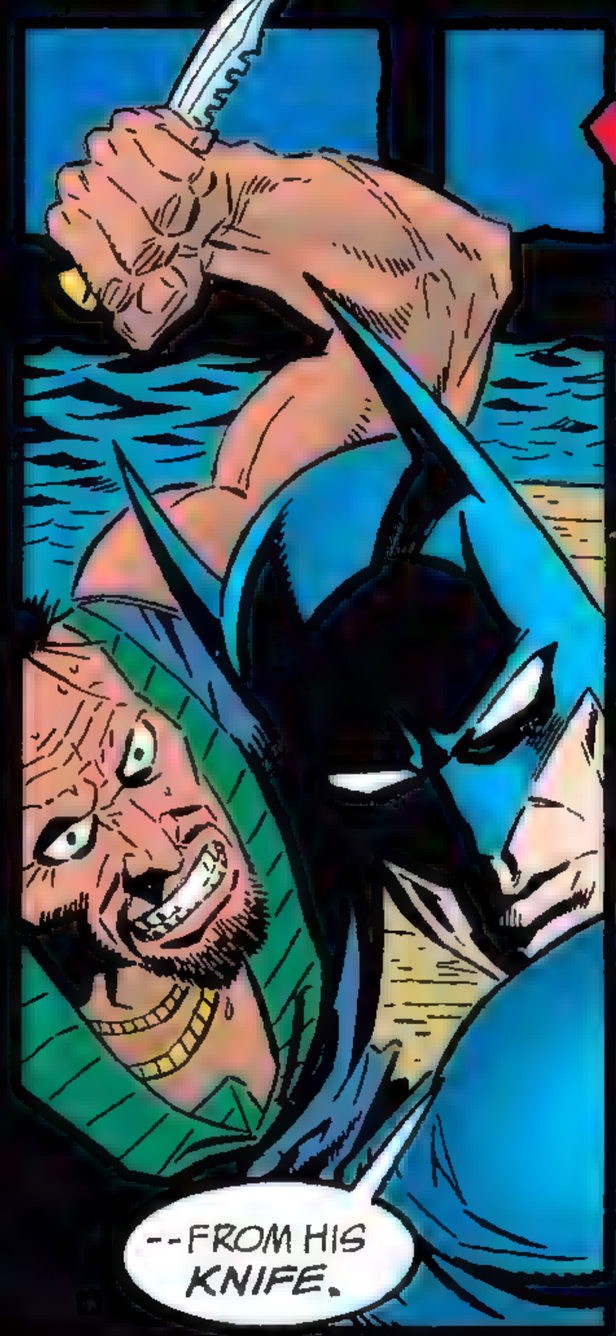
No.
MY HAAAND!!
N-NAILED MY FREAKIN' HAND... TO THE FREAKIN' POST...
The Huntress.
I HAD HIM.
LIKE HELL.
HE WAS ABOUT TO NAIL YOU.
I SAW THE OTHER GUN.

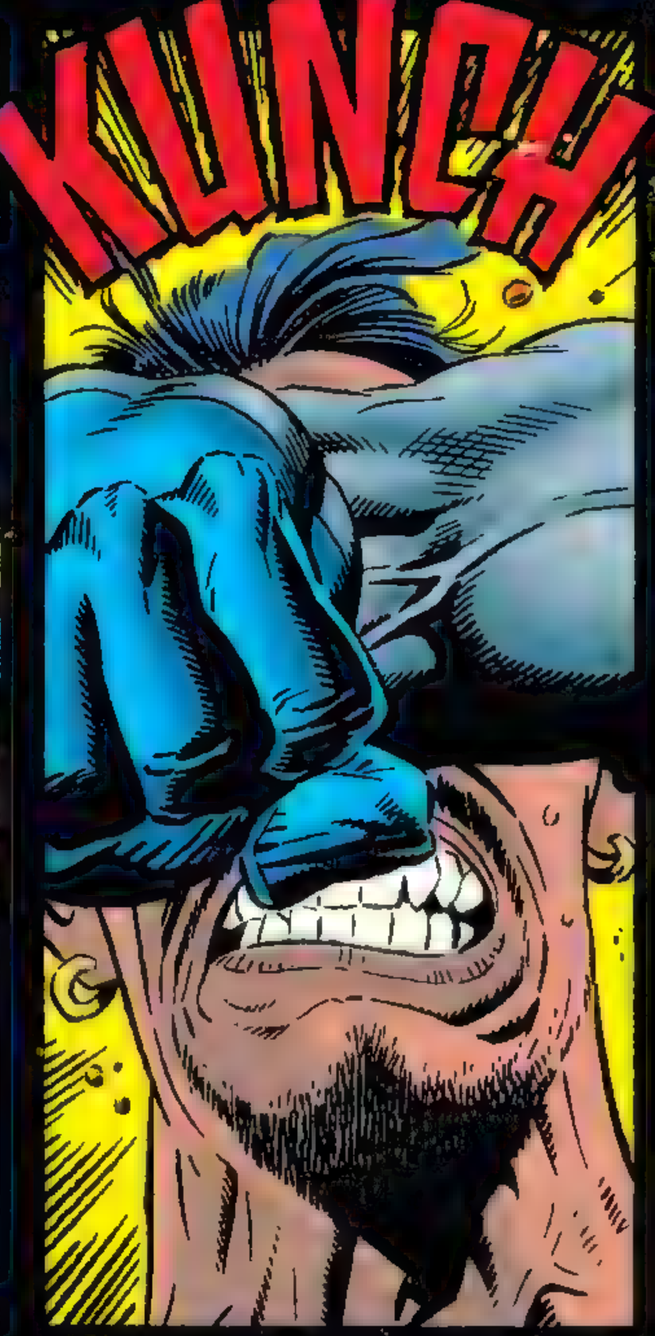
YOU'LL NEVER APPROVE OF MY METHODS, WILL YOU?
NOT WHEN THEY SPILL UNNECESSARY BLOOD.
IN CERTAIN WAYS, I MODEL MYSELF ON YOU.

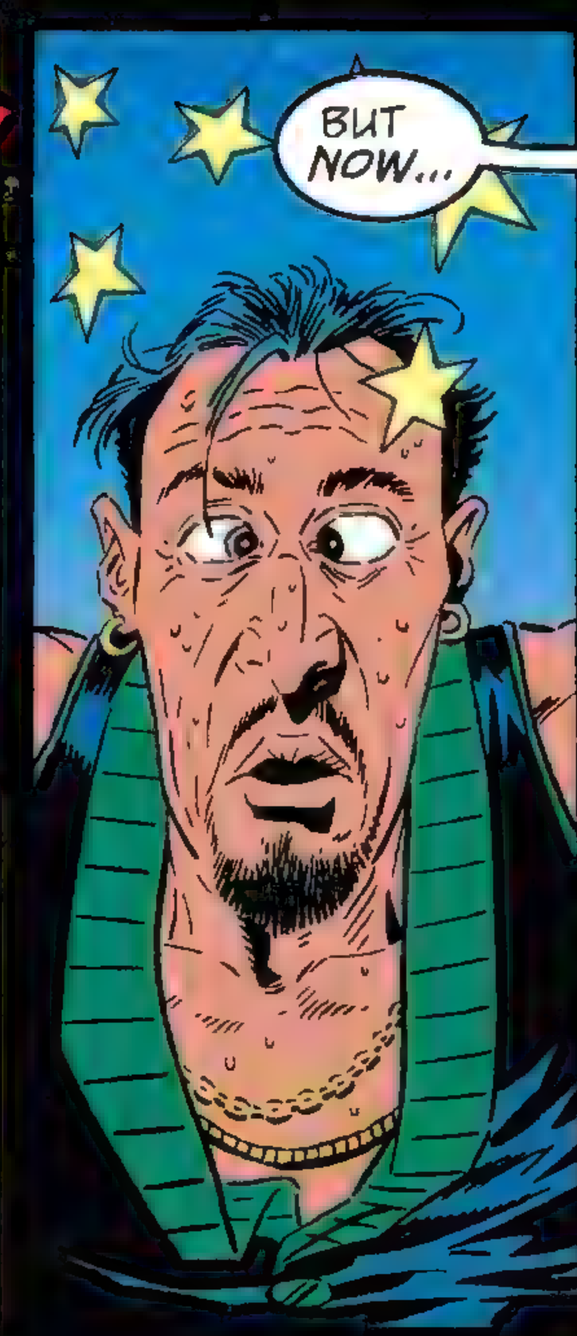

MAYBE YOU SHOULD STOP...

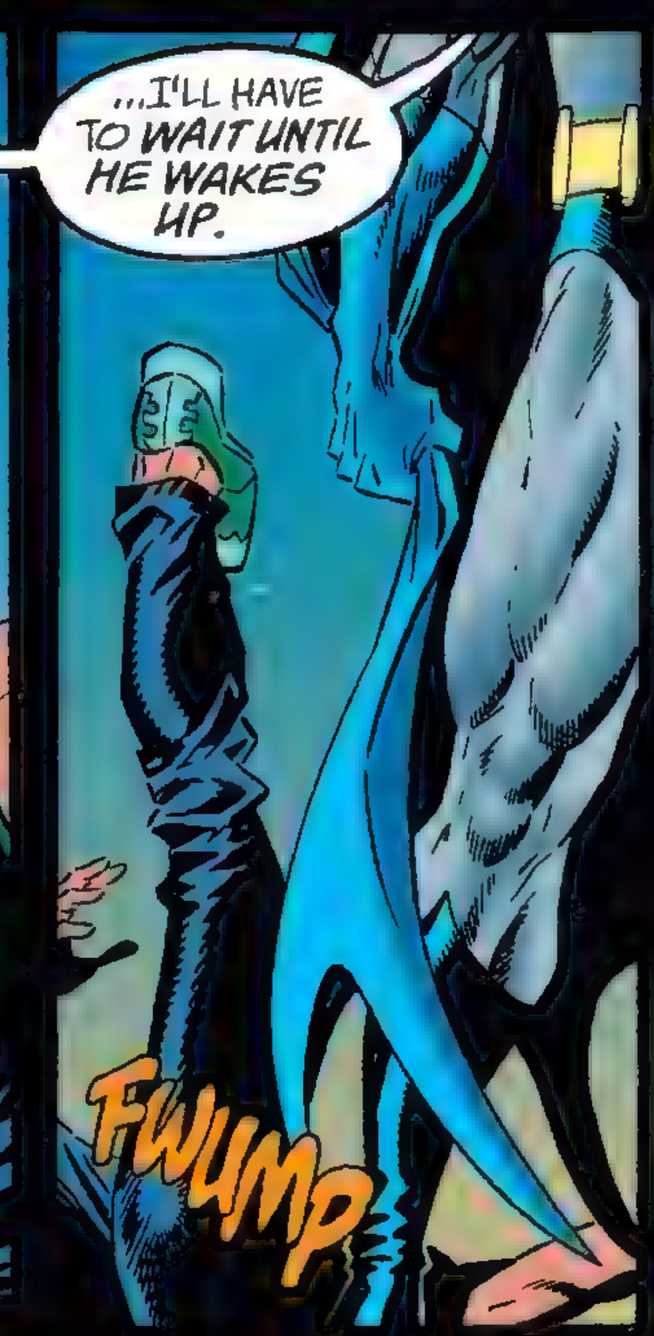
...UNTIL YOU CAN GET IT RIGHT.
SHHFFFT
YAHH!


HAD I DISARMED HIM...
...I COULD HAVE KEPT HIM TALKING...
...WHILE I KEPT MY DISTANCE--
LOOK OUT!









PARDON ME... FOR NOT BEING PERFECT.

IT'S ALWAYS ABOUT MORE THAN HUNTING.

BECAUSE I CALL MYSELF HUNTRESS? IS THAT YOUR PROBLEM?

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE AFTER TERRARO, YOU KNOW--AND LIKE YOU'RE NOT A MANHUNTER.

I DON'T HUNT-- I STOP.

Dead.

Both of them-- brains blown before they hit the planks.

He may not talk, but Ponetti can shoot.

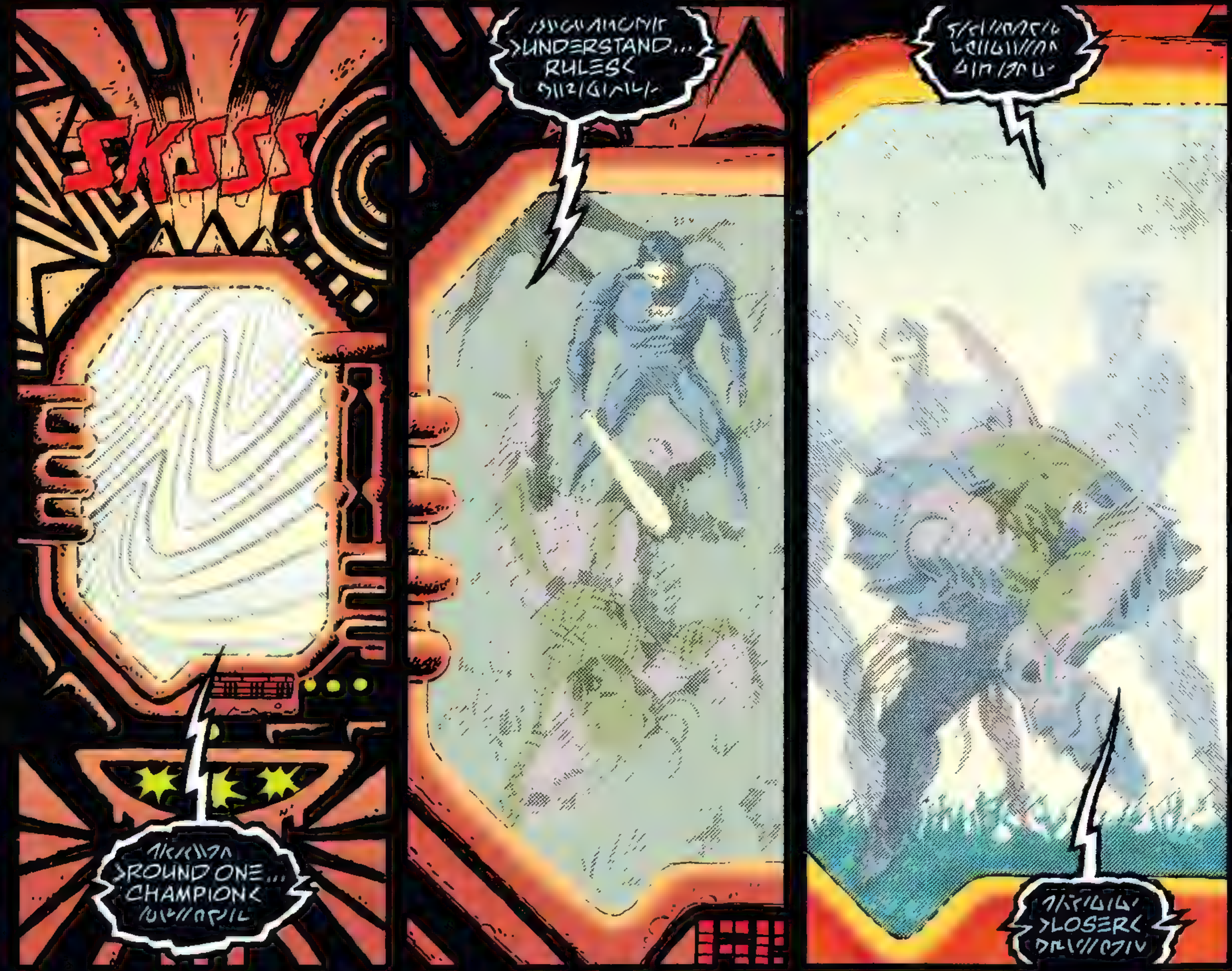
I FEEL LIKE A SCHOOLGIRL DISMISSED BY THE PRINCIPAL.

TIME TO LEAVE ANYWAY-- AND TO HELL WITH HIM.

IF YOU THINK I DO THIS FOR FUN, YOU'RE WRONG.

SATISFACTION, YES...

"SPORT, NEVER."



M-MASTER BRUCE...?
DON'T WORRY, ALFRED.
THE CREATURE'S DEAD, TAKEN BY ITS KIN, BACK TO THE STARS...
IT-ITS KIN, SIR? YOU MEAN S-SOMEWHERE OUTTHERE, THERE'S A WHOLE PLANETFUL OF--
SCHARKT
VMMMMMMMM
YES--WITH A CRUEL ALIEN CODE OF COMBAT, IN WHICH DEFEAT EQUALS DEATH.
I BEAT THEIR CHAMPION...
...SO IT HAD TO KILL ITSELF.
SHWMMMMMMMMM
THEY MADE A PRESENT OF THE WEAPON IT USED.
SHAKK
ANOTHER TROPHY, I GUESS...
STPT
B-BUT WHAT IF THEY... RETURN, SIR?
KRKKK
THEY WON'T.
KLUNKT
NOT NOW THAT THEY'VE MET WHAT LIVES IN GOTHAM.

FINE NIGHT, EH, ALFRED?

INDUBITABLY, MASTER BRUCE...

AND, IF I MAY SAY SO, A REAL HUNTER'S MOON.

The Huntress is long gone...

SPOSHHH

KOFF A-HUK

No more time to waste.

WHAT DID YOU MEAN, PANETTI?

ABOUT ME BEING MARKED.

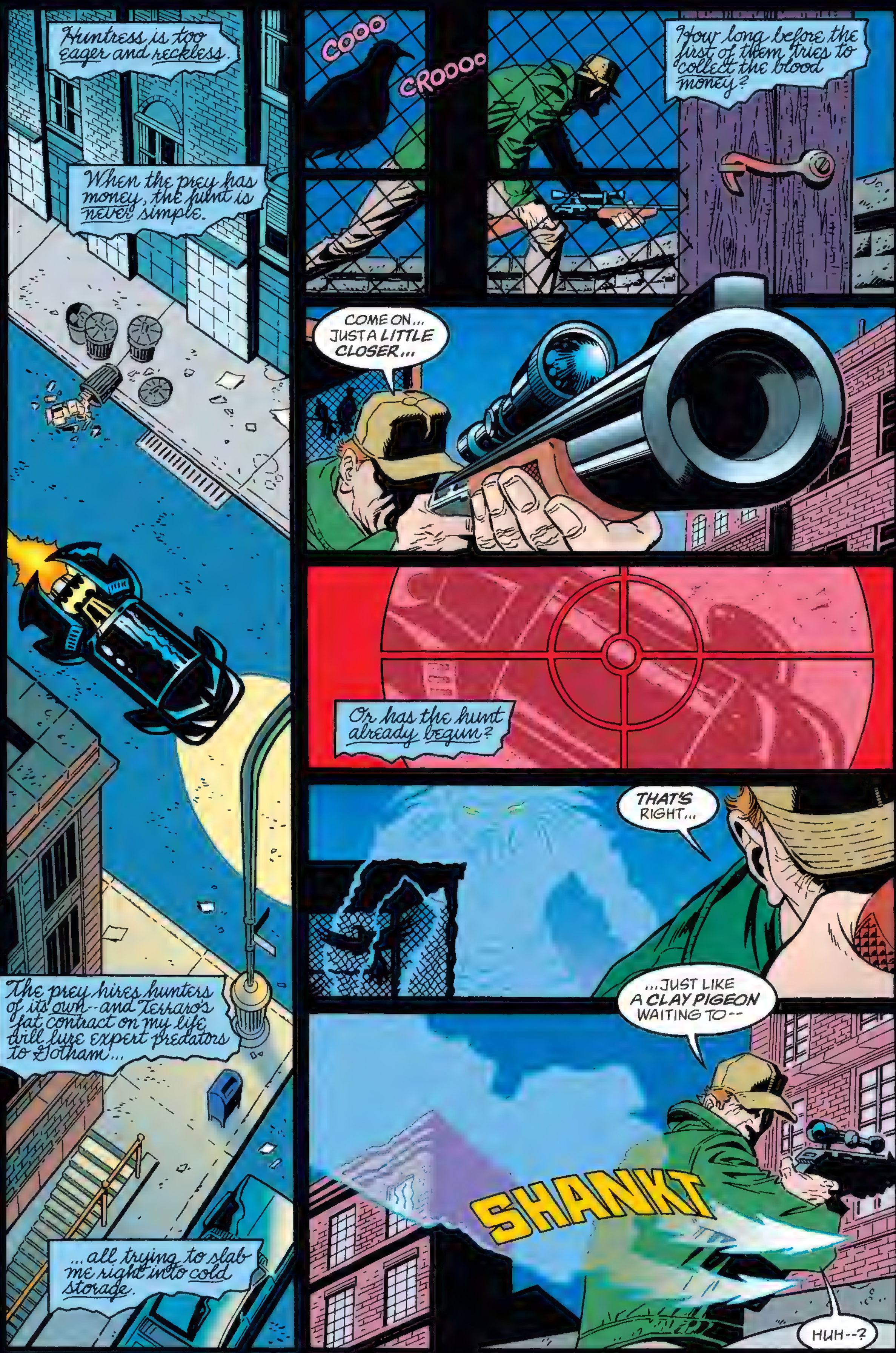
THERE'S A CONTRACT ON YOU, BIG BAD BAT-MAN... LARGE MONEY... KIND THAT ATTRACTS THE WORLD'S BEST... IN FREE-FOR-ALL COMPETITION...

SO TAKE ME IN, MAN... BUT YOU'RE STILL MEAT.

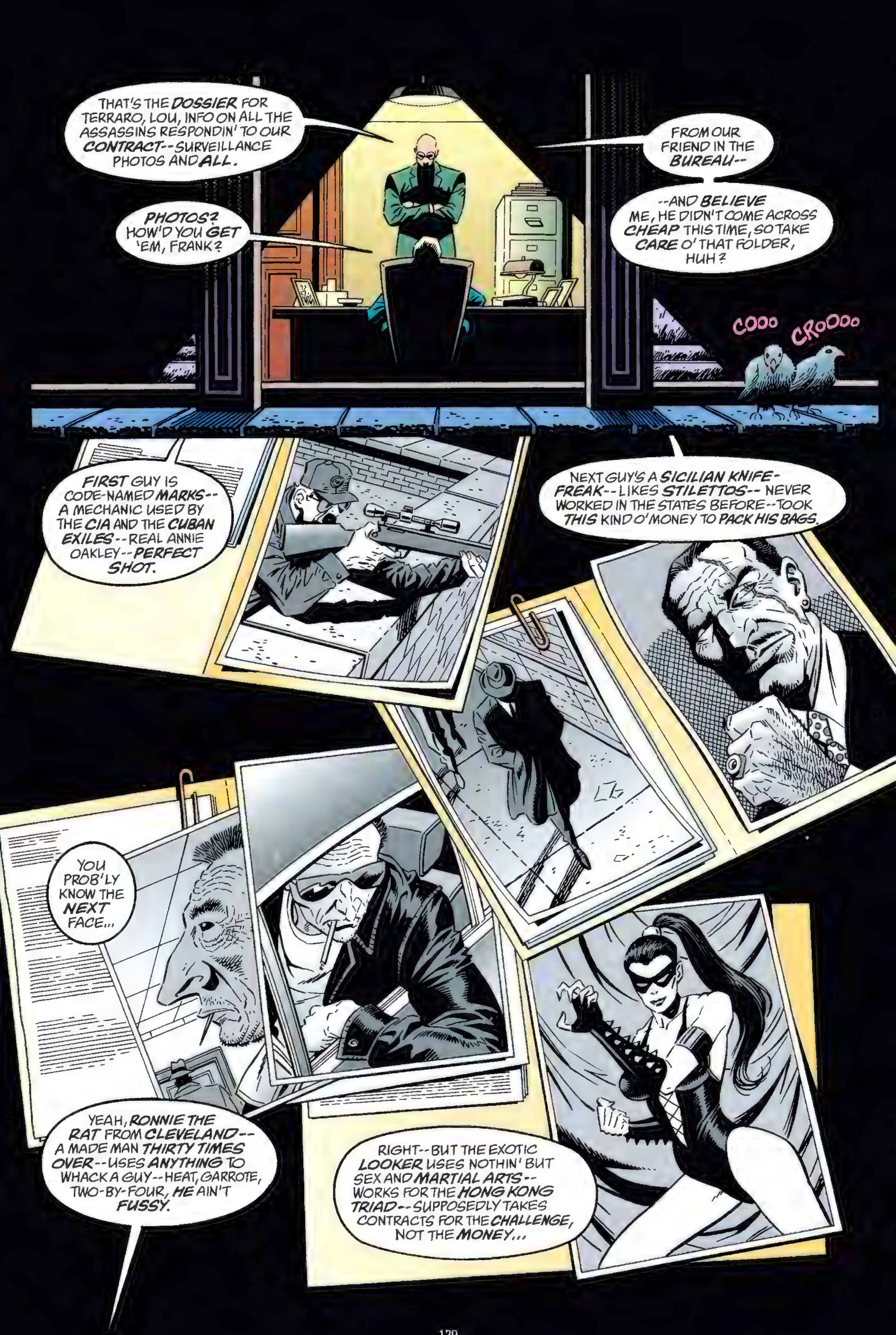
--WELCOME YOU TO LATE NEWS EDITION, WHERE TONIGHT'S BIG STORIES ARE...
...GOTHAM'S SIZZLING HEATWAVE...
...LAST SEEN DESCENDING TOWARD THE PALISADES AREA BEYOND GOTHAM RIVER.
SHROOM!
...AND MULTIPLE REPORTS OF A SPECTACULARLY BRIGHT METEOR BLAZING THROUGH THE ULTRA-SULTRY SKIES...
ALSO TONIGHT, A DRUG-RELATED DOUBLE HOMICIDE ON THE SOUTH STREET WHARVES...
THE ALLEGED MURDERER WAS REPORTEDLY APPREHENDED AND DELIVERED TO THE POLICE BY THE BATMAN.
ROUND ONE... CHAMPION
LOSER

THE TWO DEAD MEN ARE IDENTIFIED AS COLOMBIANS WITH PRIOR CONVICTIONS ON ASSAULT AND NARCOTICS OFFENSES--
--AND POLICE PEG THE DOUBLE-MURDER AS MORE FALLOUT FROM THE ONGOING TURF WAR WAGED BY REIGNING DRUGLORD MANNY TERRARO.
THE SUSPECT IN CUSTODY, IDENTIFIED AS JOHNNY PANETTI, IS A KNOWN ASSOCIATE OF TERRARO, BUT HAS THUS FAR REFUSED TO COOPERATE.
...SAYING ONLY: "THE BATMAN IS DEAD MEAT--LIKE A HUNTED DEER."
WHETHER THE BATMAN WANTS ME OR NOT, I'M IN.
TERRARO'S GOING DOWN, FOR MY OWN REASONS -- IF I HAVE TO HUNT HIM TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH...
...OR SPEND EVERY NIGHT OF MY LIFE HUNTING HIS FILTH THROUGH THIS DARKNESS.

ONLY HOURS AGO I WAS HELENA BERTINELLI, IN A DAY JOB WHICH SHOULD BE AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE FUTURES...
SOME OF YOU MAY HAVE HEARD THAT JAMIE SIMMONS WAS RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL LAST NIGHT.
OVERDOSE.
...EXCEPT EACH PASSING DAY DARKENS AND SULLIES EVERY FUTURE...
I'VE JUST LEARNED THAT HE DIED A SHORT WHILE AGO.
...IN A DOWNHILL SERIES OF CRASHES FUELED BY MONSTERS LIKE TERRARO AND HIS SOLDIERS OF SLEAZE.
AFTER-SCHOOL COUNSELING WILL BE AVAILABLE.
IN THE MEANTIME, AND BEFORE WE GET TO TODAY'S HOMEWORK...
...I HOPE THIS IS A LESSON FOR ALL OF US.
IT'S BAD ENOUGH WITH THE ONES WE'VE ALREADY LOST, THE DROPOUTS SUCKED INTO TERRARO'S CESSPOOL OF DRUGS--KIDS KILLING KIDS OVER THE VERY STUFF KILLING THE SURVIVORS...
NOT EASY BEING A TEACHER WHEN YOUR STUDENTS KEEP NODDING OFF... SOME FOREVER.
...BUT THESE DAYS, THE ONES LIKE JAMIE--THE ONES STILL IN OUR REACH--CRASH AND BURN RIGHT ON THE SCHOOL STEPS.
AND THESE DAYS, I LIVE FOR THE NIGHTS.


Huntress is too eager and reckless.
When the prey has money, the hunt is never simple.
The prey hires hunters of its own--and Terraro's fat contract on my life will lure expert predators to Gotham...
...all trying to slab me right into cold storage.
COOO
CROOOO
How long before the first of them tries to collect the blood money?
COME ON... JUST A LITTLE CLOSER...
Or has the hunt already begun?
THAT'S RIGHT...
...JUST LIKE A CLAY PIGEON WAITING TO--
SHANK!
HUH--?

SHRRUK
COOOO
CROOOOOO
...CLAY...
PIGEON...
Either way, nothing cl can do about it.
Except be ready for anything.
And let it come.


THAT'S THE DOSSIER FOR TERRARO, LOU, INFO ON ALL THE ASSASSINS RESPONDIN' TO OUR CONTRACT--SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS AND ALL.
PHOTOS? HOW'D YOU GET 'EM, FRANK?
FROM OUR FRIEND IN THE BUREAU--
--AND BELIEVE ME, HE DIDN'T COME ACROSS CHEAP THIS TIME, SO TAKE CARE O' THAT FOLDER, HUH?
COOO
CROOOO
FIRST GUY IS CODE-NAMED MARKS--A MECHANIC USED BY THE CIA AND THE CUBAN EXILES--REAL ANNIE OAKLEY--PERFECT SHOT.
NEXT GUY'S A SICILIAN KNIFE-FREAK--LIKES STILETTOS--NEVER WORKED IN THE STATES BEFORE--TOOK THIS KIND O' MONEY TO PACK HIS BAGS.
YOU PROB'LY KNOW THE NEXT FACE...
YEAH, RONNIE THE RAT FROM CLEVELAND--A MADE MAN THIRTY TIMES OVER--USES ANYTHING TO WHACK A GUY--HEAT, GARROTE, TWO-BY-FOUR, HE AIN'T FUSSY.
RIGHT--BUT THE EXOTIC LOOKER USES NOTHIN' BUT SEX AND MARTIAL ARTS--WORKS FOR THE HONG KONG TRIAD--SUPPOSEDLY TAKES CONTRACTS FOR THE CHALLENGE, NOT THE MONEY...

THAT NEXT ONE'S A BRIT NAMED REDMOUNT--FIREARMS EXPERT--ALL TYPES O' GUNS.

HNH.

LOOKS LIKE JAMES BOND'S EVIL TWIN.

THEN WE GOT "TWITCH," OUR MILD-MANNERED EXPLOSIVES FREAK--REAL PIECE O' WORK--STUTTERS, TREMBLES, AN' JITTERS, BUT NEVER DROPS THE BOMB.

FINALLY, THERE'S THE DEMON-MAN--EX-PRO WRESTLER AN' STILL A BIKER, MEMBER O' THE WEST COAST SATANS.

YEAH, I SEEN HIM ON THE TUBE ONCE--AWESOME AND MEAN.

SEVEN O' THE WORLD'S NASTIEST GOOMBAHS, LOU--A REG'LAR LEAGUE OF ASSASSINS--AND SOMETHIN' TO MAKE TERRARO PLEASED FOR A CHANGE.

THE BATMAN'S GONNA SUCK A BULLET, A BOMB, OR A BLADE--AN' THEN HE'S GONNA FEED THE FISHES.

WHICH CALLS FOR A DRINK, FRANKIE-BOY, BEFORE I DELIVER THE PACKAGE O' GOOD NEWS.

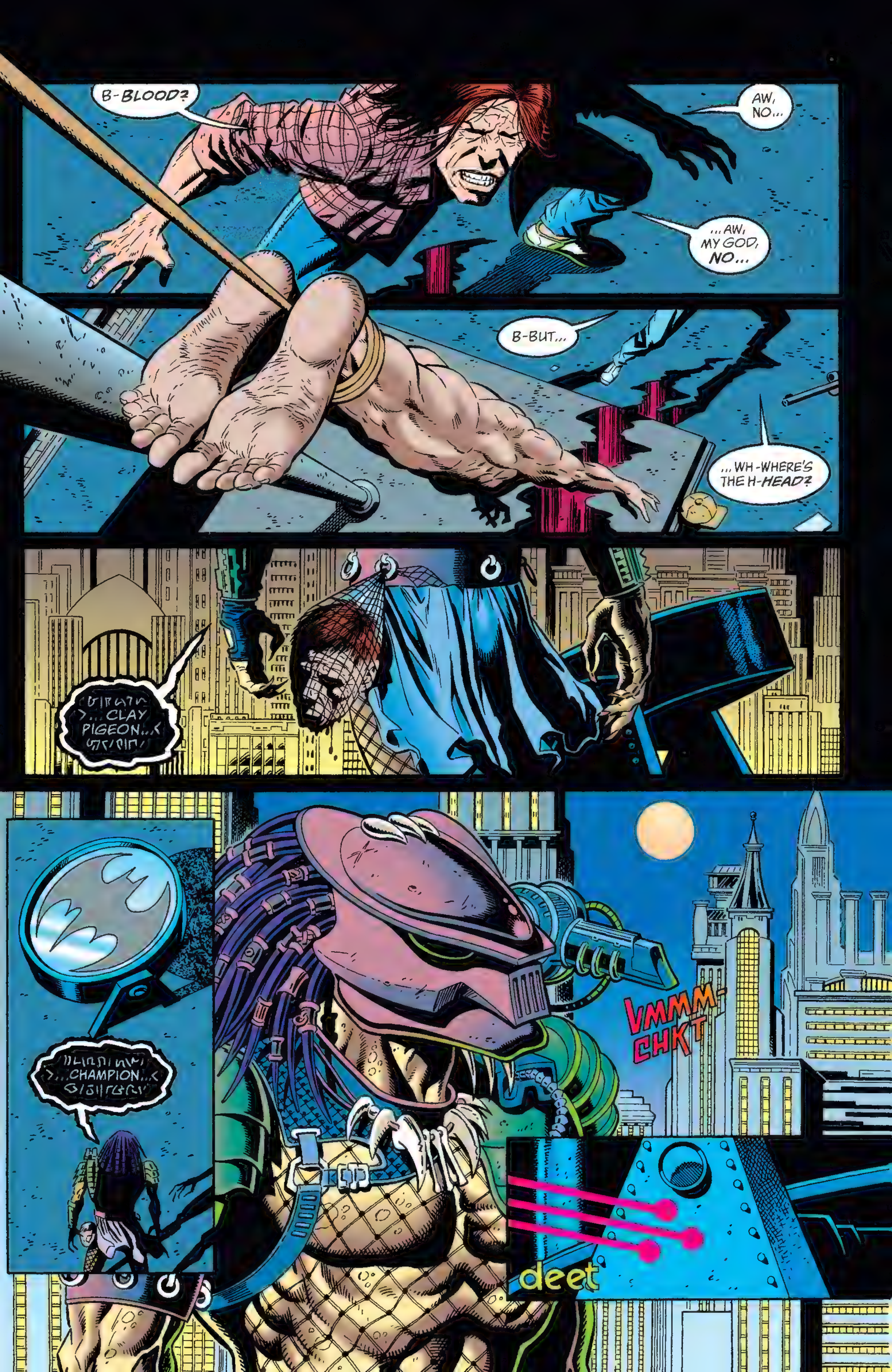
WAY PAST TIME TO ROOST FOR THE NIGHT, SO WHERE ARE--

AW HELL, NOT THE CAGES AGAIN...!

DAMN KIDS, ALWAYS RIPPIN' UP--

SKTCH

HUH--?


B-BLOOD?
AW, NO...
...AW, MY GOD, NO...
B-BUT...
...WH-WHERE'S THE H-HEAD?
...CLAY PIGEON...
...CHAMPION...
VMMM-CHKT
deet

SCHAOW PRAKT
WHAT DID I JUST HEAR, LT. STOCKER?
SOMETHING... ON THE ROOF, COMMISSIONER?
DONA-MITE
WEAPONS CHECK--ON THE RUN!
DOUBLE TIME! UP TO THE--
SCHAOW KRUMPH
K-SHAK
GOTHAM POLICE
"...ROOF."
WHAT THE--?! TURNING INVISIBLE...?
FRAZZ MMM
BRATATAT
TATATATAT
THE MONSTER... IT'S BACK!
STEALING THE SIGNAL-BEACON!
OPEN FIRE! THE SHIMMER! SHOOT AT THE SHIMMER!!
GONE--BUT WHERE IS IT? WHAT IS IT?!
CAN'T EVEN SEE THE SHIMMER NOW!
SHUT UP AND STAY ALERT!

SHA-KINK

KA-SHINK

WHA--?

SHHHUKT

AGH-K!

AHRRR!

AAA-EEEEEEE

GOD IN HEAVEN, IT'S--

CHUTCH

JUST A... HAND?

YAAAAAHHHHHHH!!

BRAM BAM BAM!

FALL BACK! FALL BACK!!

NO ONE ELSE LEFT...

...JUST THE THREE OF US!

SHRRUTCHH

BOLT THAT DOOR AND KEEP MOVING!

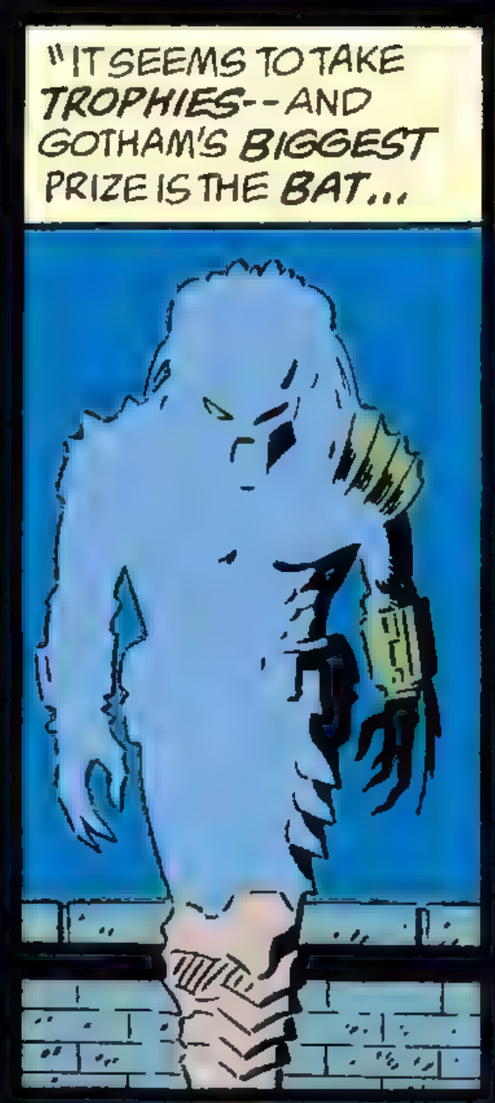
TAKE UP POSITION ON THE LANDING!

WHAT IN HELL JUST HAPPENED, COMMISSIONER?

NOTHING YOU DISCUSS WITH ANYONE, LT. STOCKER --EITHER OF YOU-- UNDERSTOOD?

Y-YESSIR... IF WE LIVE THROUGH THIS TO DISCUSS ANYTHING...

IT'S ALREADY GOT WHAT IT WANTS-- THE SIGNAL-BEACON... AND GOD HELP THE BATMAN...


"IT SEEMS TO TAKE TROPHIES--AND GOTHAM'S BIGGEST PRIZE IS THE BAT...

...CHAMPION...

"MY GUESS IS...IT WANTS TO LURE BATMAN WITH THE SIGNAL...

"...BUT I DOUBT IT'LL BOTHER COMING AFTER--
KREEEE
RAKT

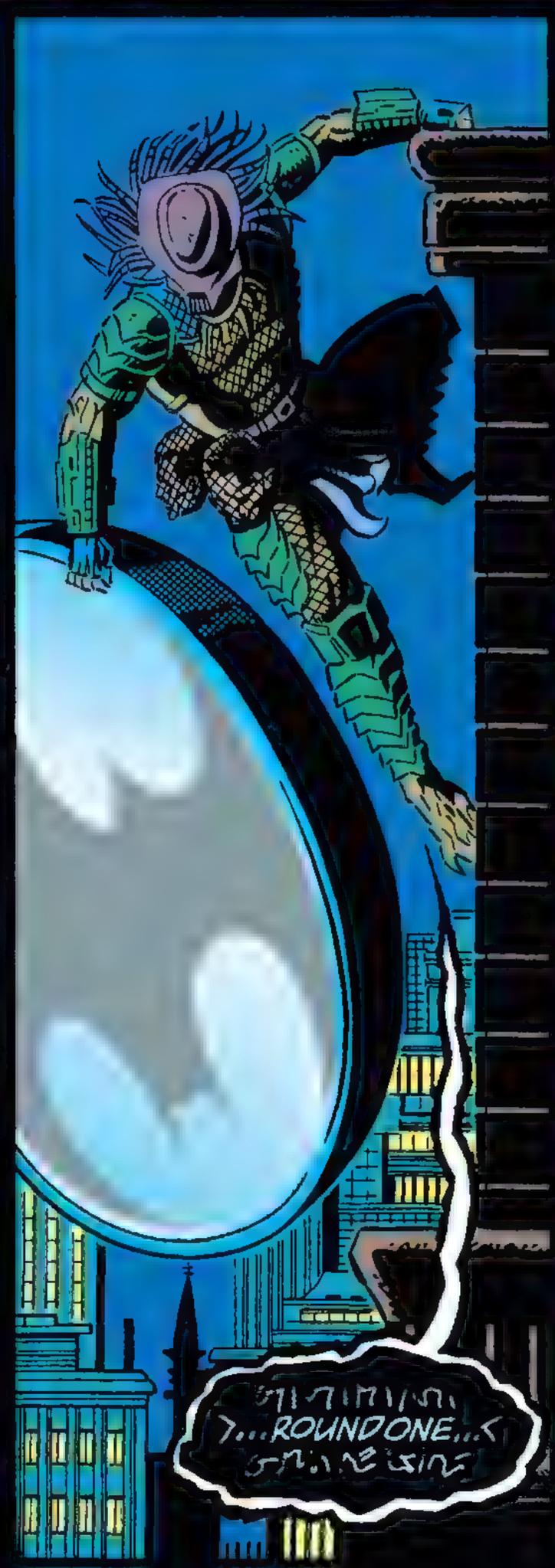
"--US?"
KLUNG!
BDAM BAM BAM!
SPAK PAK
BAM BDAM BAM!
I WAS WRONG! OPEN FIRE BEFORE IT--

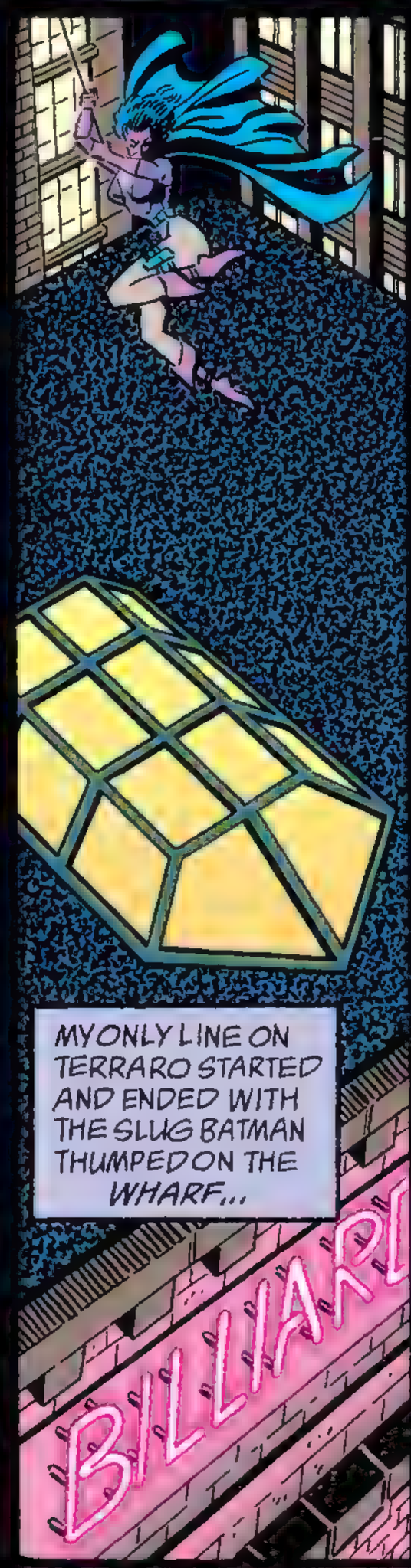
SCHADW
KRRR

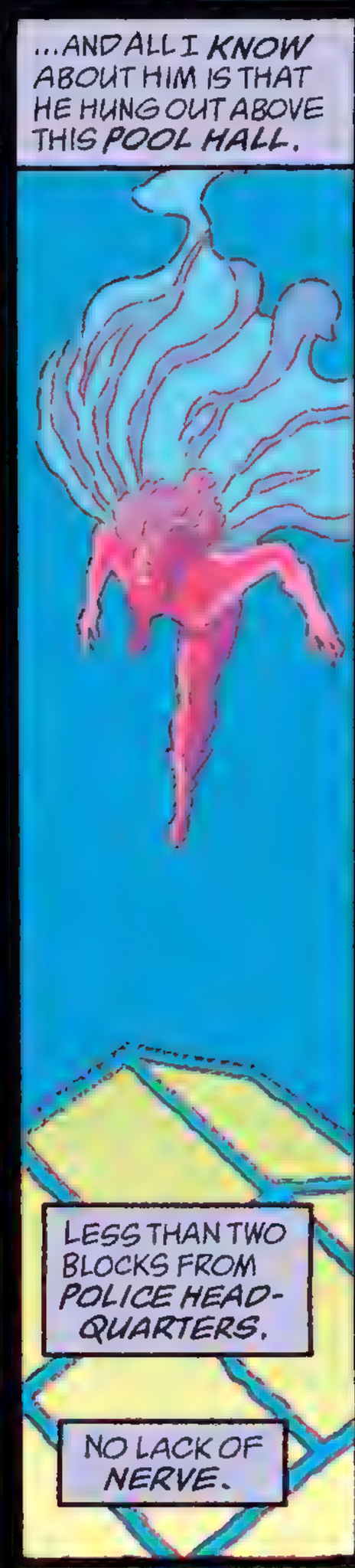
SHROOOM!

KUNCH

AHN-H!







JACKPOT.

SO I CAN TELL TERRARO ALL SEVEN O' THESE MOOKS ARE CONFIRMED, FRANK?

ABSOLUTELY.

EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM IS ON THE CASE--

--AND LOADED FOR BAT.

ROKT!

STUNNED...CAN'T EVEN OPEN...MY EYES...

BUT... WHO?

FRAZZZ-MMM

STRANGE SOUND...

JUST HOLDING ME... STUDYING ME...?

STILL HELPLESS...PARALYZED...

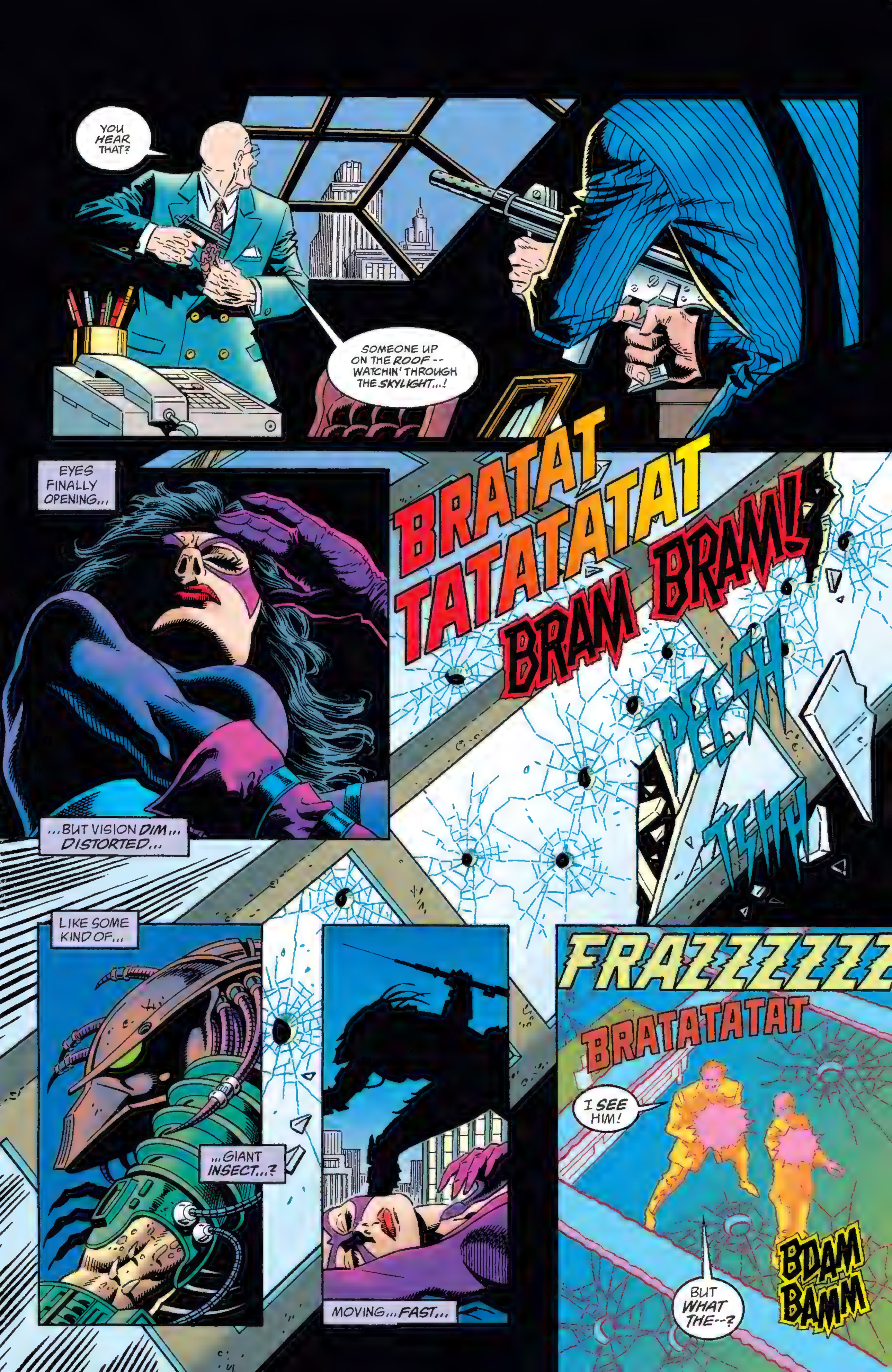
WHOEVER IT IS... COULD KILL ME...

BUT INSTEAD...

WUMPT

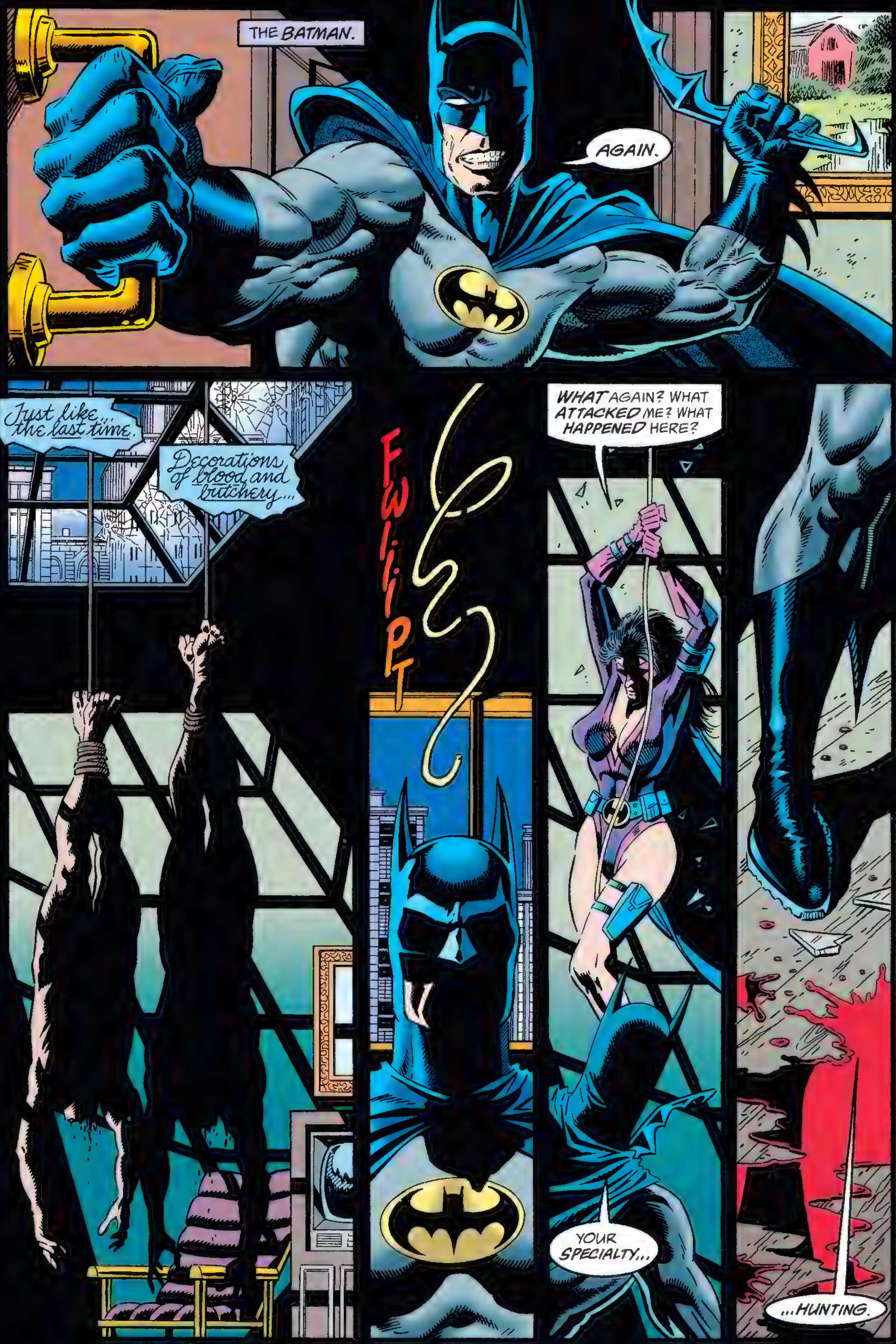
THROWN AWAY...

REJECTED?


YOU HEAR THAT?
SOMEONE UP ON THE ROOF -- WATCHIN' THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT...!
EYES FINALLY OPENING...
BRATAT TATATAT BRAM BRAM!
PEF TSHH
...BUT VISION DIM... DISTORTED...
LIKE SOME KIND OF...
...GIANT INSECT...?
MOVING...FAST...
FRAZZZZZZ
BRATATATAT
I SEE HIM!
BUT WHAT THE--?
BDAM BAMM

SHA-KAK!
BLAGHH!
VRROOOOSHH
SKUTCH
SHHAK
KTUNK

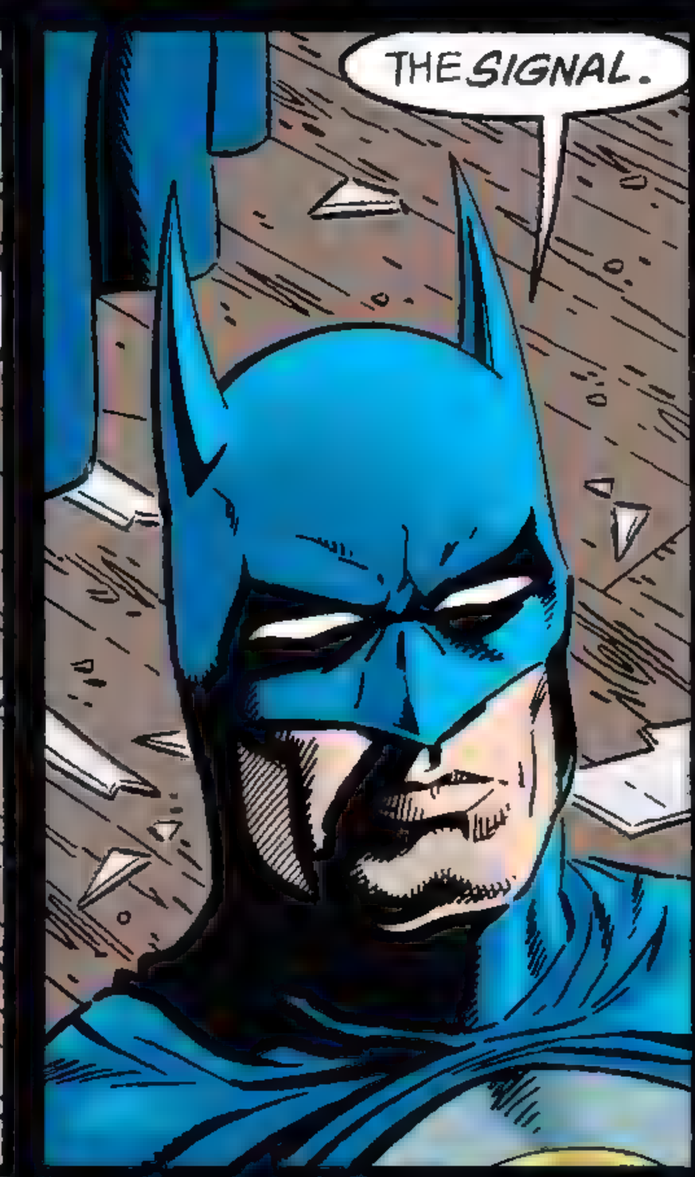
SKSSS REPORTED GUNSHOTS ABOVE POOL HALL ON NINTH AND JANES SKSSS
SKSSS OUR OWN TROUBLE HERE AT HEADQUARTERS SKSSS
UNITS FOURTEEN AND FIFTEEN SKSSS AUTHORITY TO LEAVE YOUR POSITIONS AND INVESTIGATE...
RUNKT
SKREEEEEEEE
BOOM
VRAOWWWWWW
STILL SHAKY... LIKE LEARNING TO CRAWL ALL OVER AGAIN...
BUT... WHAT--
OH, MY GOD.
BWAKT

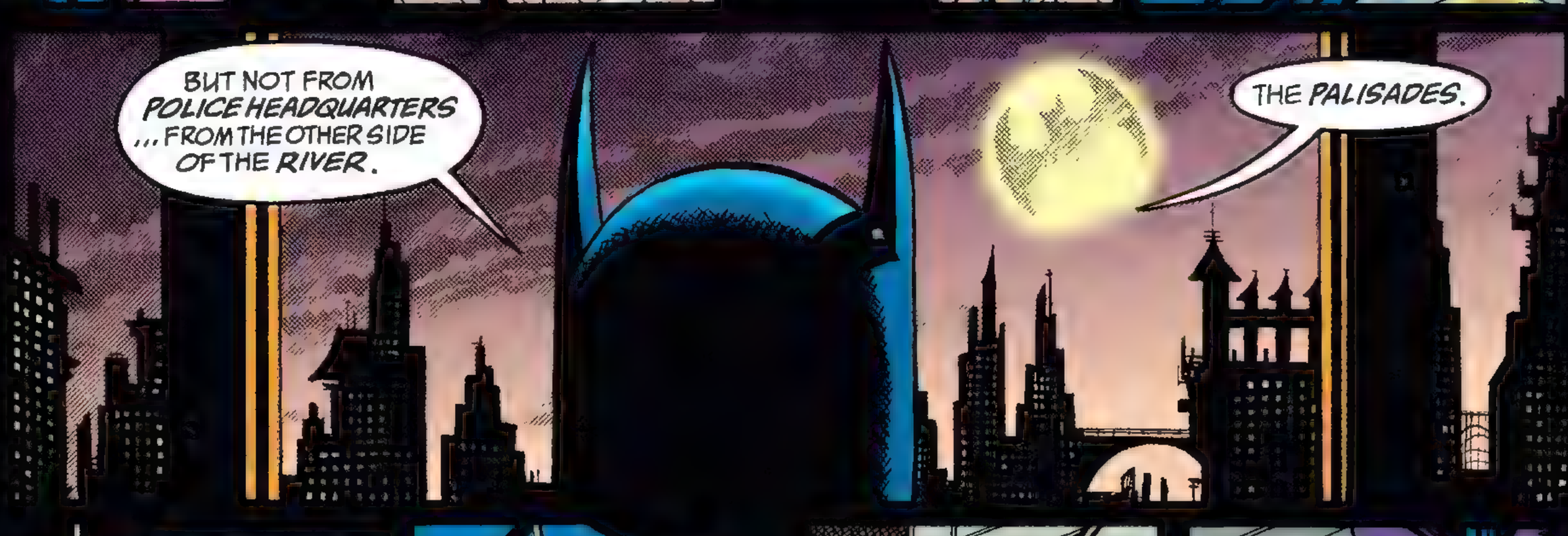

THE BATMAN.
AGAIN.
Just like... the last time.
Decorations of blood and butchery...
FLIPT
WHAT AGAIN? WHAT ATTACKED ME? WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
YOUR SPECIALTY...
...HUNTING.

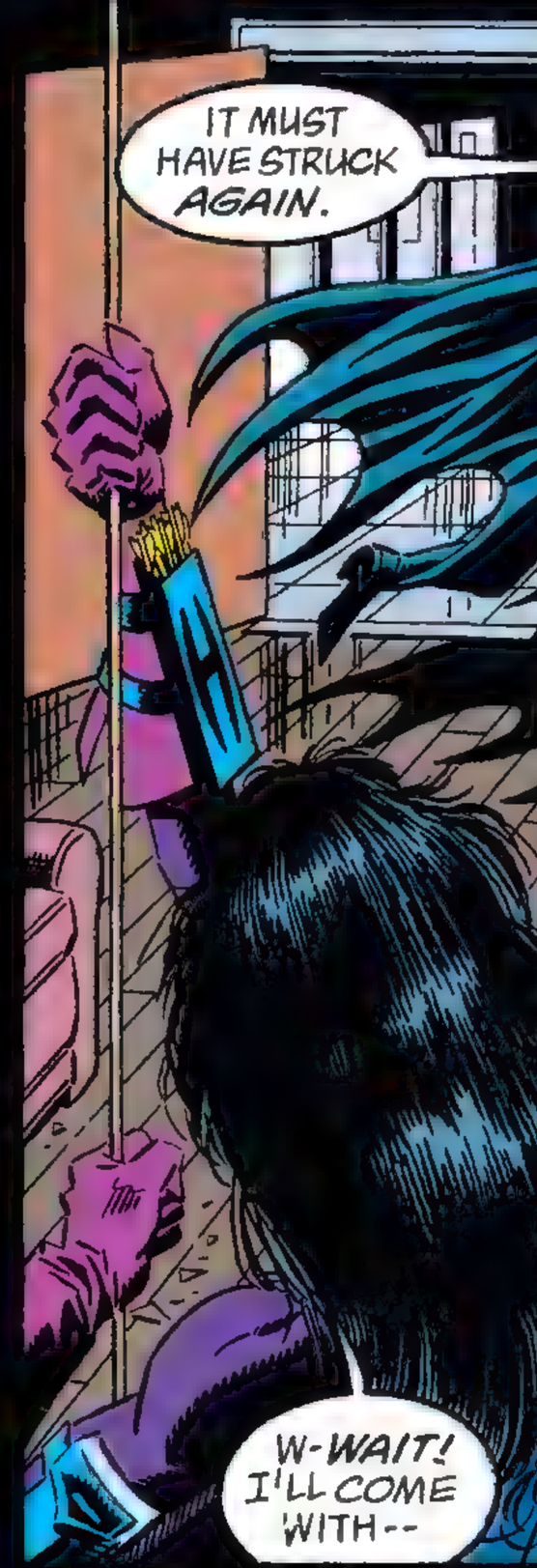
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
SOMETHING HUGE...WEIRD... THREW ME ACROSS THE ROOF AS IF I WERE A RAG DOLL AND I WANT SOME ANSWERS ABOUT--

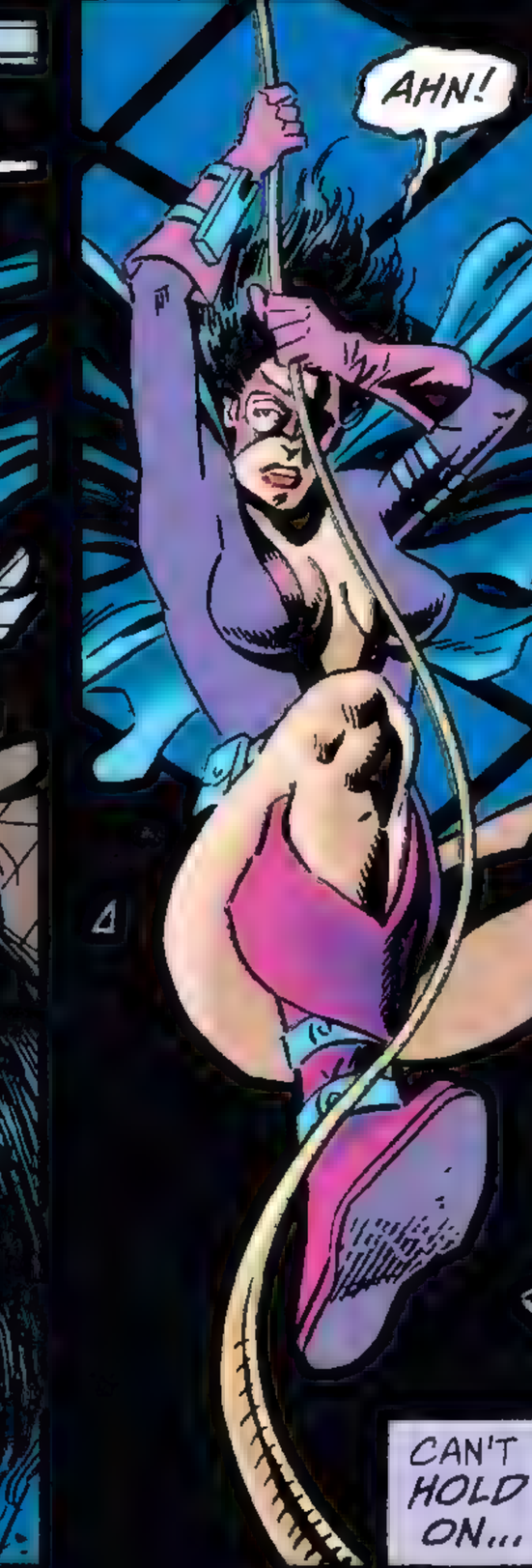
D-DIZZY...

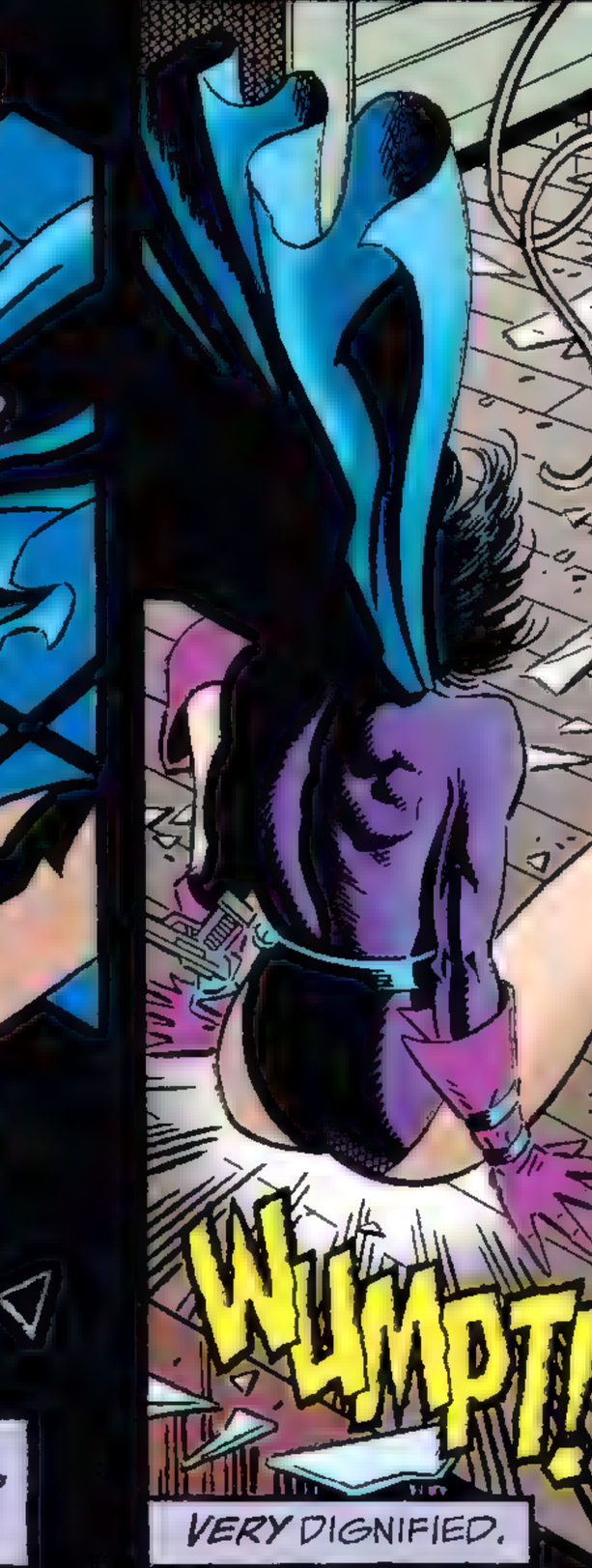
STILL HURT FROM...


THE SIGNAL.

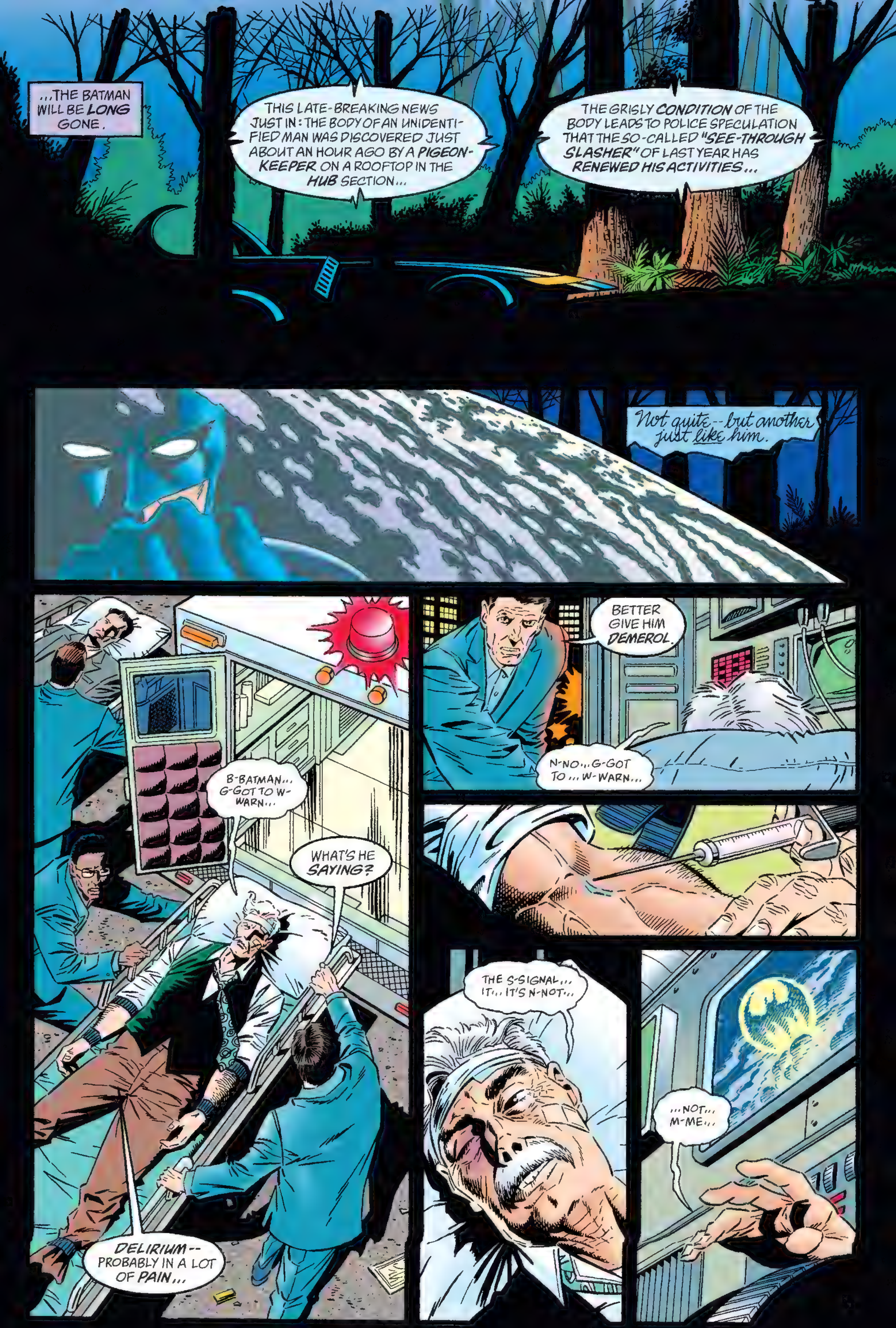

BUT NOT FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS ...FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER.
THE PALISADES.


IT MUST HAVE STRUCK AGAIN.
W-WAIT! I'LL COME WITH--

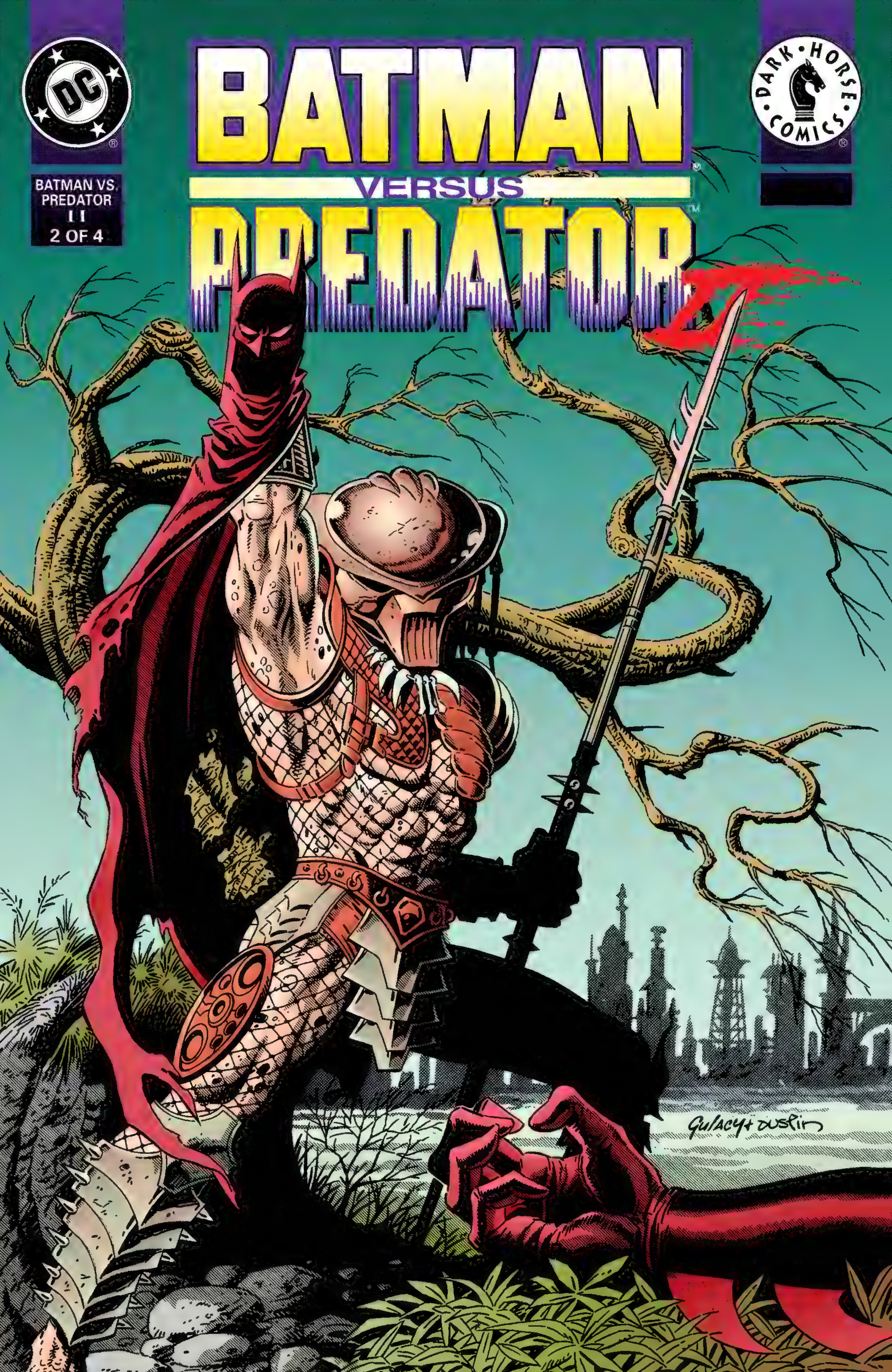

AHN!
CAN'T HOLD ON...

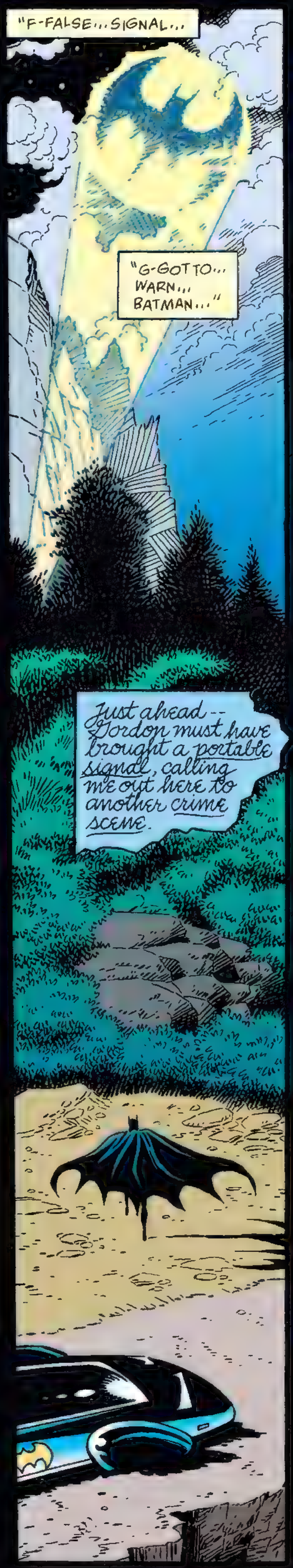

WUMPT!
VERY DIGNIFIED.

NOW I HURT AT BOTH ENDS... FEEL LIKE PASSING OUT AGAIN...
...AND BY THE TIME I WAKE UP...


...THE BATMAN WILL BE LONG GONE.
THIS LATE-BREAKING NEWS JUST IN: THE BODY OF AN UNIDENTIFIED MAN WAS DISCOVERED JUST ABOUT AN HOUR AGO BY A PIGEON-KEEPER ON A ROOFTOP IN THE HUB SECTION...
THE GRISLY CONDITION OF THE BODY LEADS TO POLICE SPECULATION THAT THE SO-CALLED "SEE-THROUGH SLASHER" OF LAST YEAR HAS RENEWED HIS ACTIVITIES...
Not quite -- but another just like him.
B-BATMAN... G-GOT TO W-WARN...
WHAT'S HE SAYING?
DELIRIUM -- PROBABLY IN A LOT OF PAIN...
BETTER GIVE HIM DEMEROL.
N-NO... G-GOT TO... W-WARN...
THE S-SIGNAL... IT... IT'S N-NOT...
...NOT... M-ME...

"IT'S... B-BAIT...
NYOUHRRRRR!
"...FOR... A TRAP..."


DC
BATMAN VS. PREDATOR II
2 OF 4
BATMAN
VERSUS
PREDATOR
DARK HORSE COMICS
Gulacy + Austin

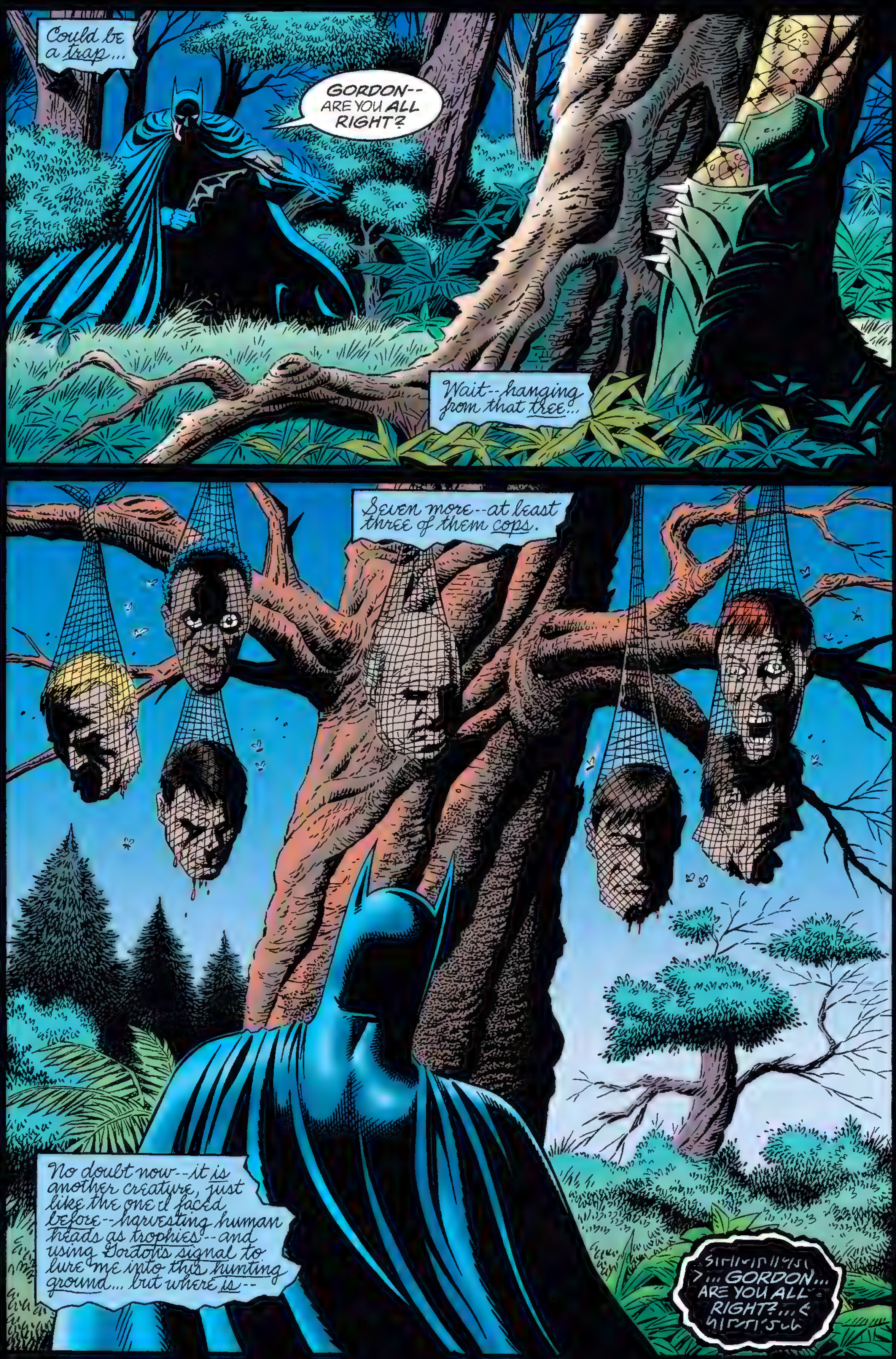

"F-FALSE... SIGNAL...
"G-GOT TO... WARN... BATMAN..."
Just ahead -- Gordon must have brought a portable signal, calling me out here to another crime scene.

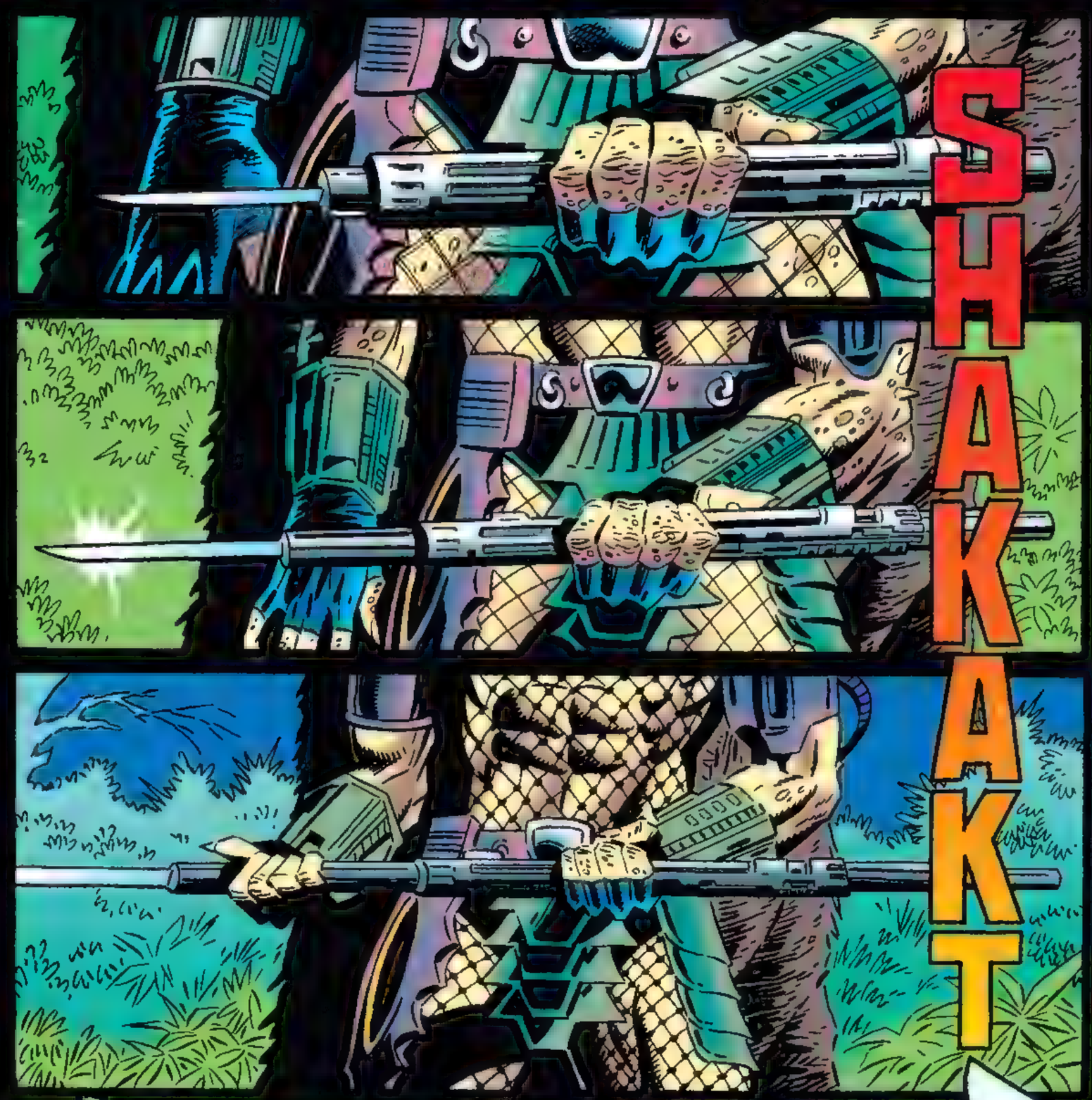
"IT'S B-BAIT... FOR A... TRAP...

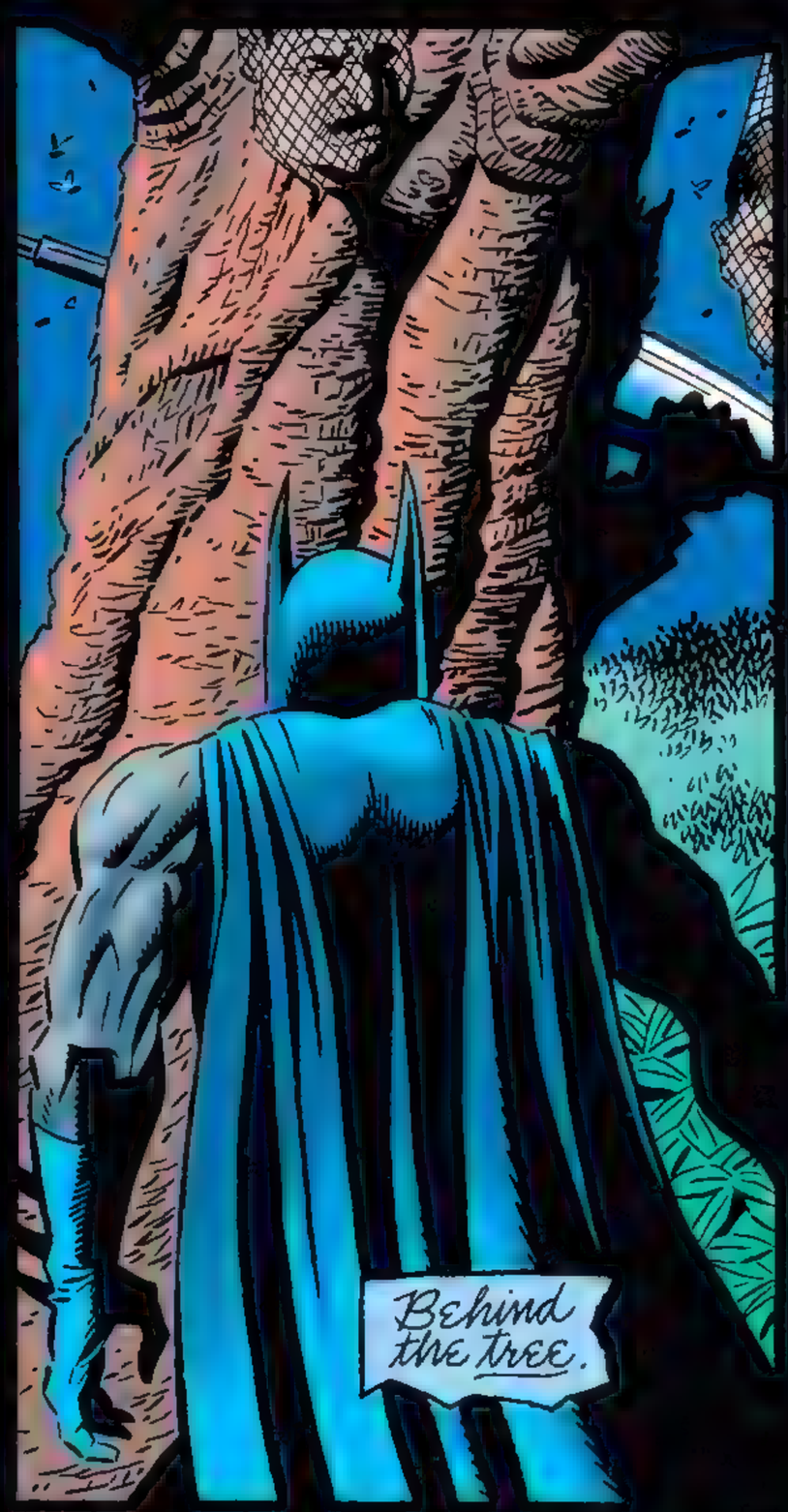
"Y-YOU CAN'T... PUT ME... OUT..."

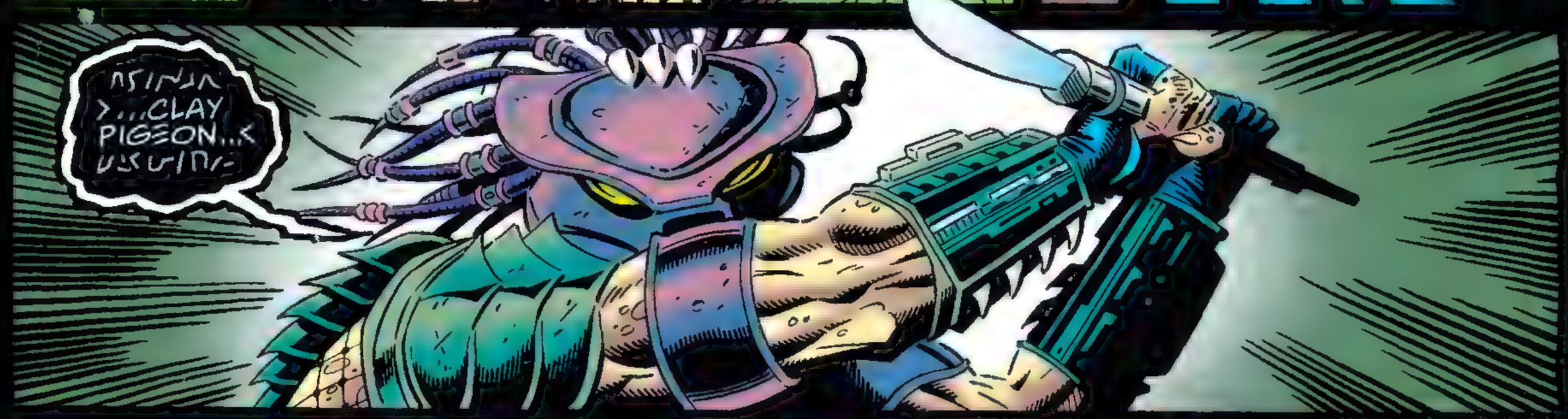
Breaking glass -- doused signal.
KRASH!
Something's wrong.

D-DON'T WANT... DRUGS...
REALLY DELIRIOUS NOW-- MAKING NO SENSE.
HE'S ENTITLED... JUST FROM THAT STAIRWELL FALL--
--LETALONE THE DEMEROL INJECTION.

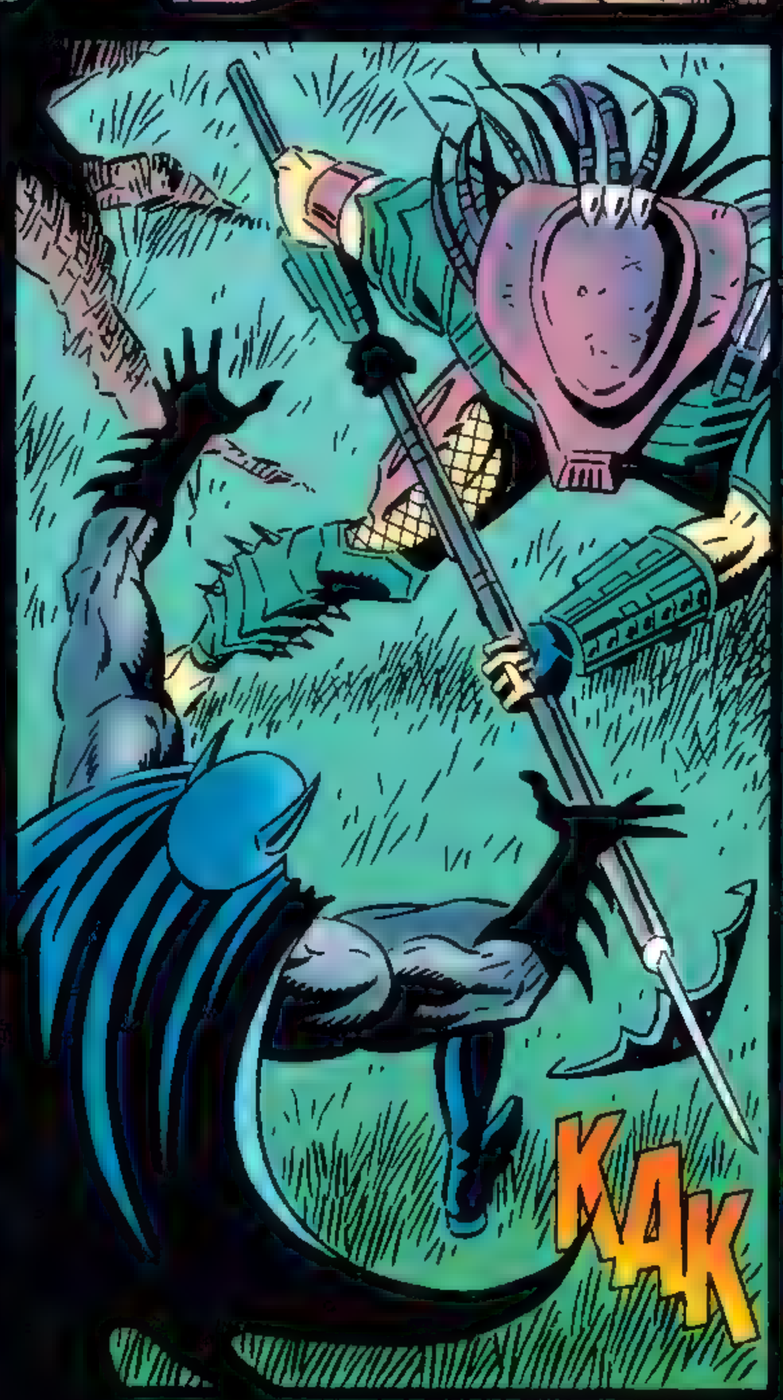

Could be a trap...
GORDON-- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
Wait--hanging from that tree...
Seven more--at least three of them cops.
No doubt now--it is another creature, just like the one I faced before--harvesting human heads as trophies--and using Gordon's signal to lure me into this hunting ground... but where is--
...GORDON... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?...


SHAKT

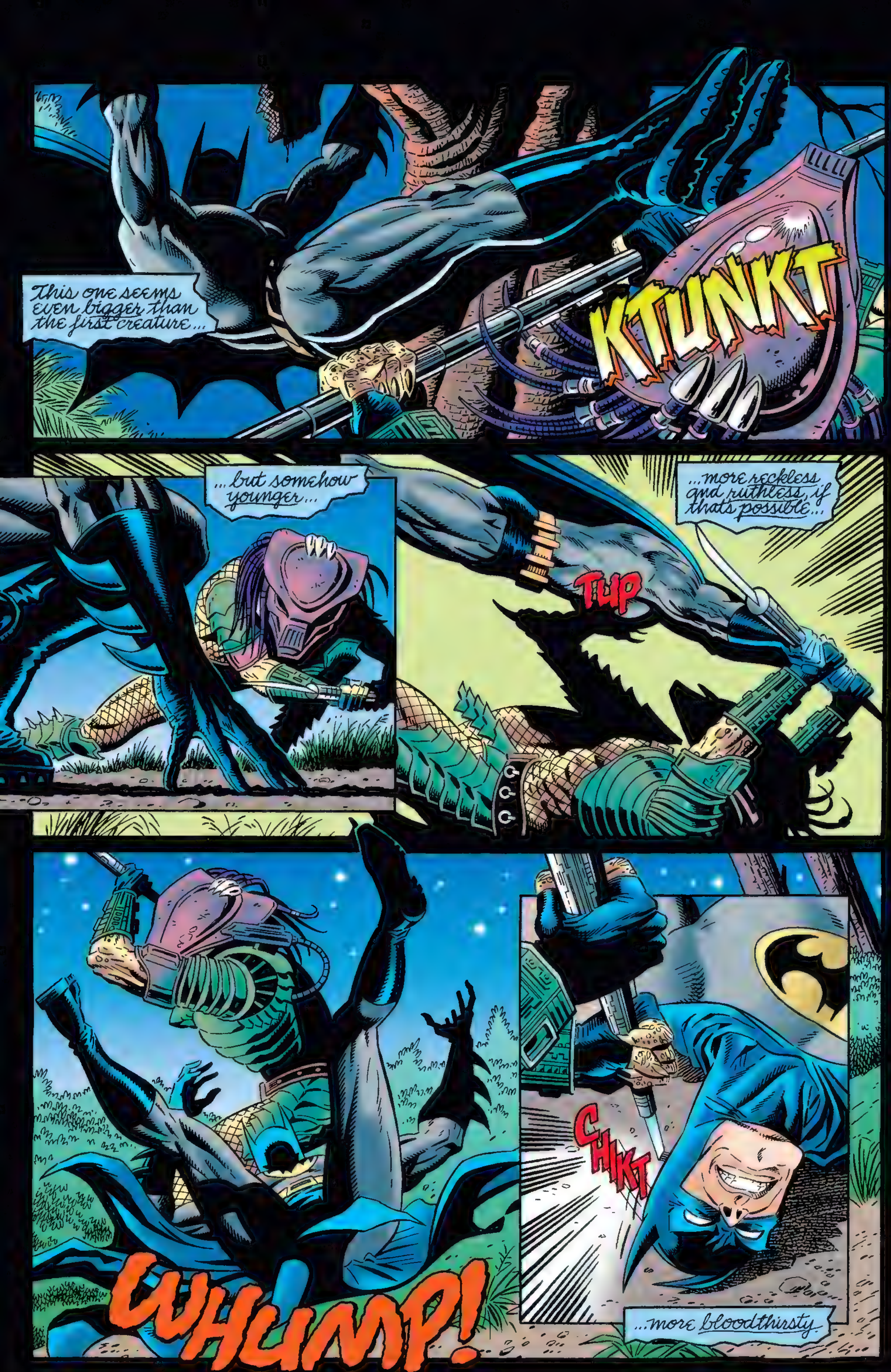

Behind the tree.


>...CLAY PIGEON...<

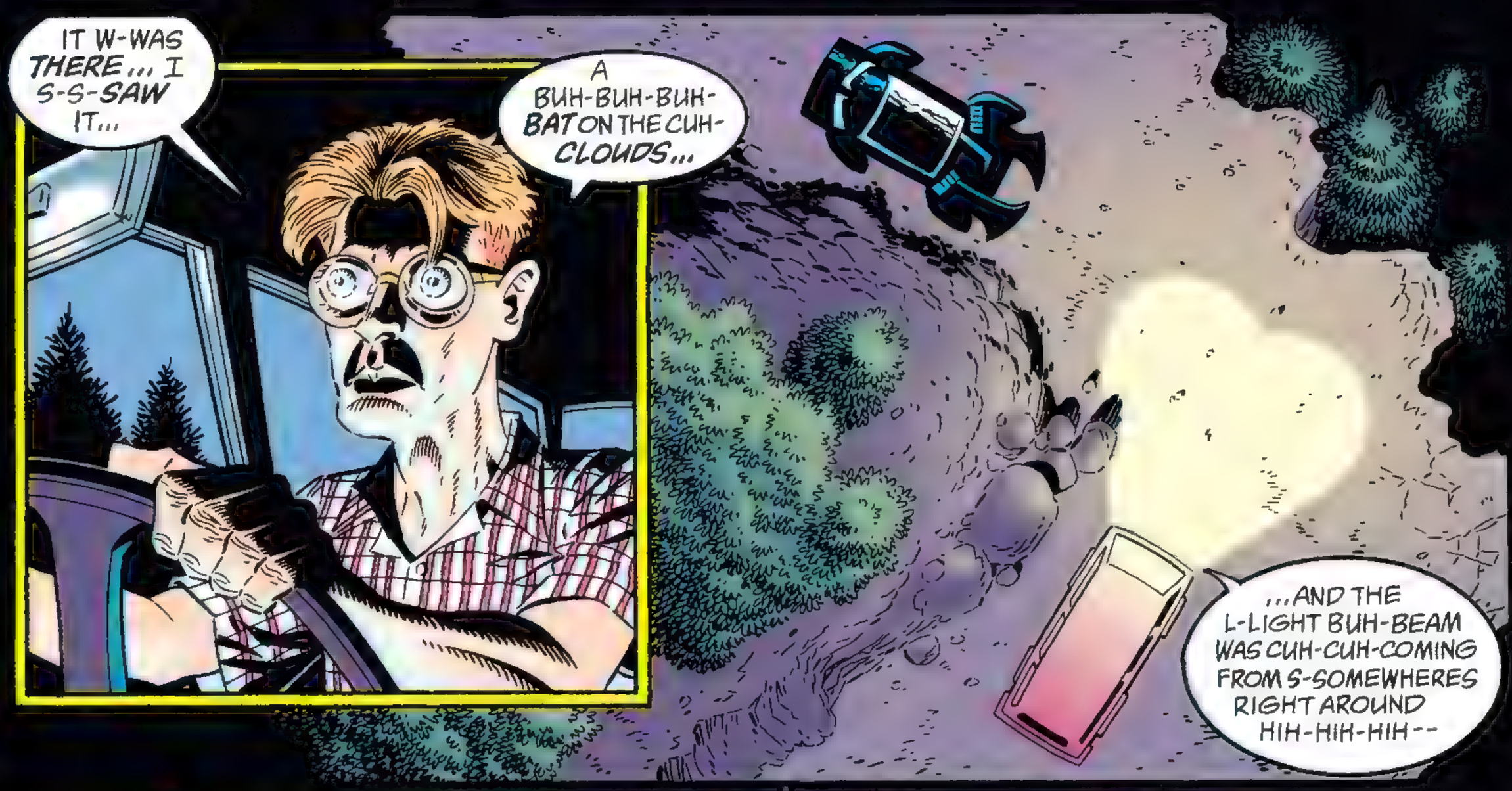
WAK!


KAK

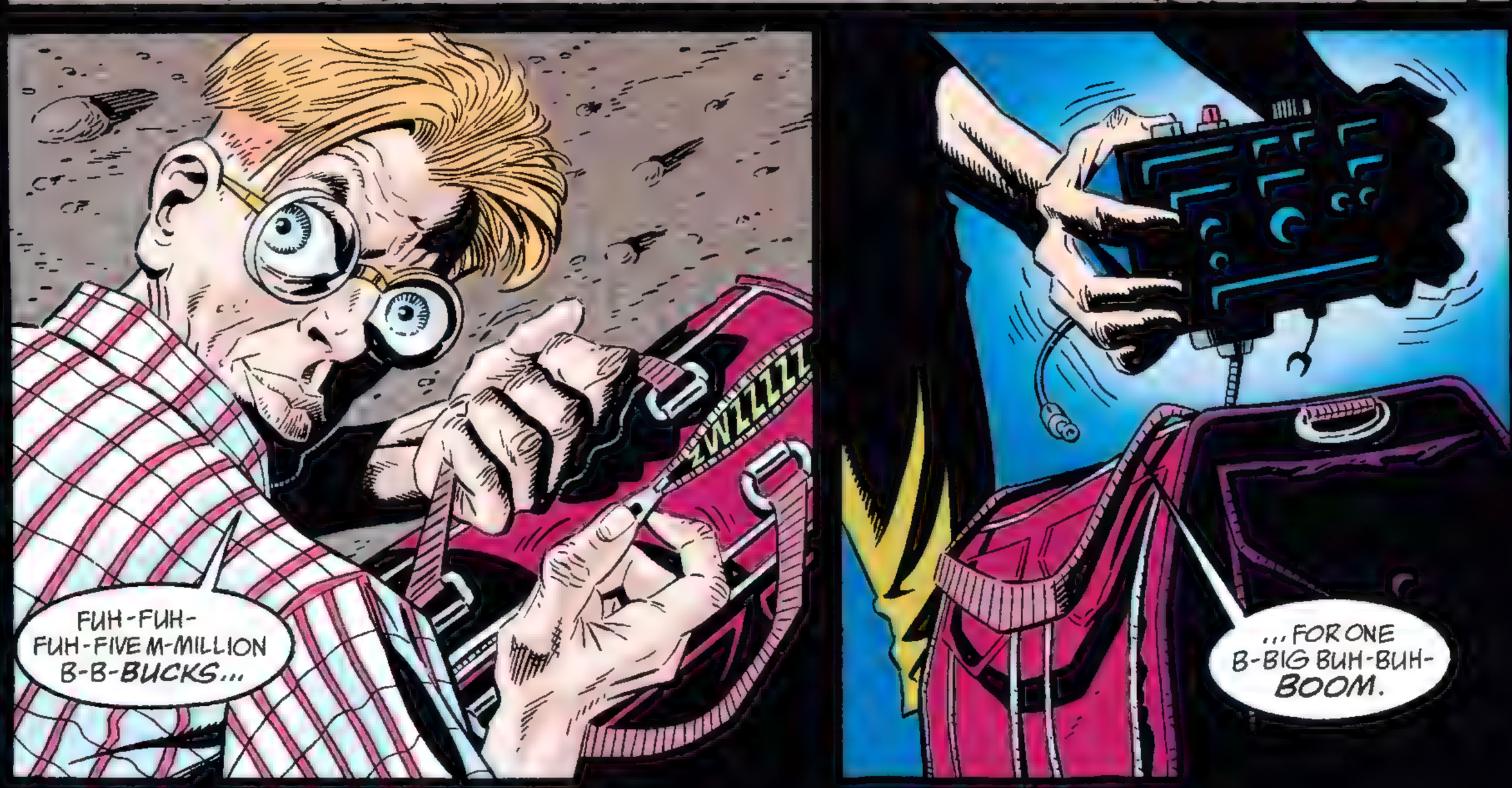
SWFFFFF


This one seems even bigger than the first creature...
KTUNKT
...but somehow younger...
TUP
...more reckless and ruthless, if that's possible...
CHIKT
...more bloodthirsty
WHUMP!

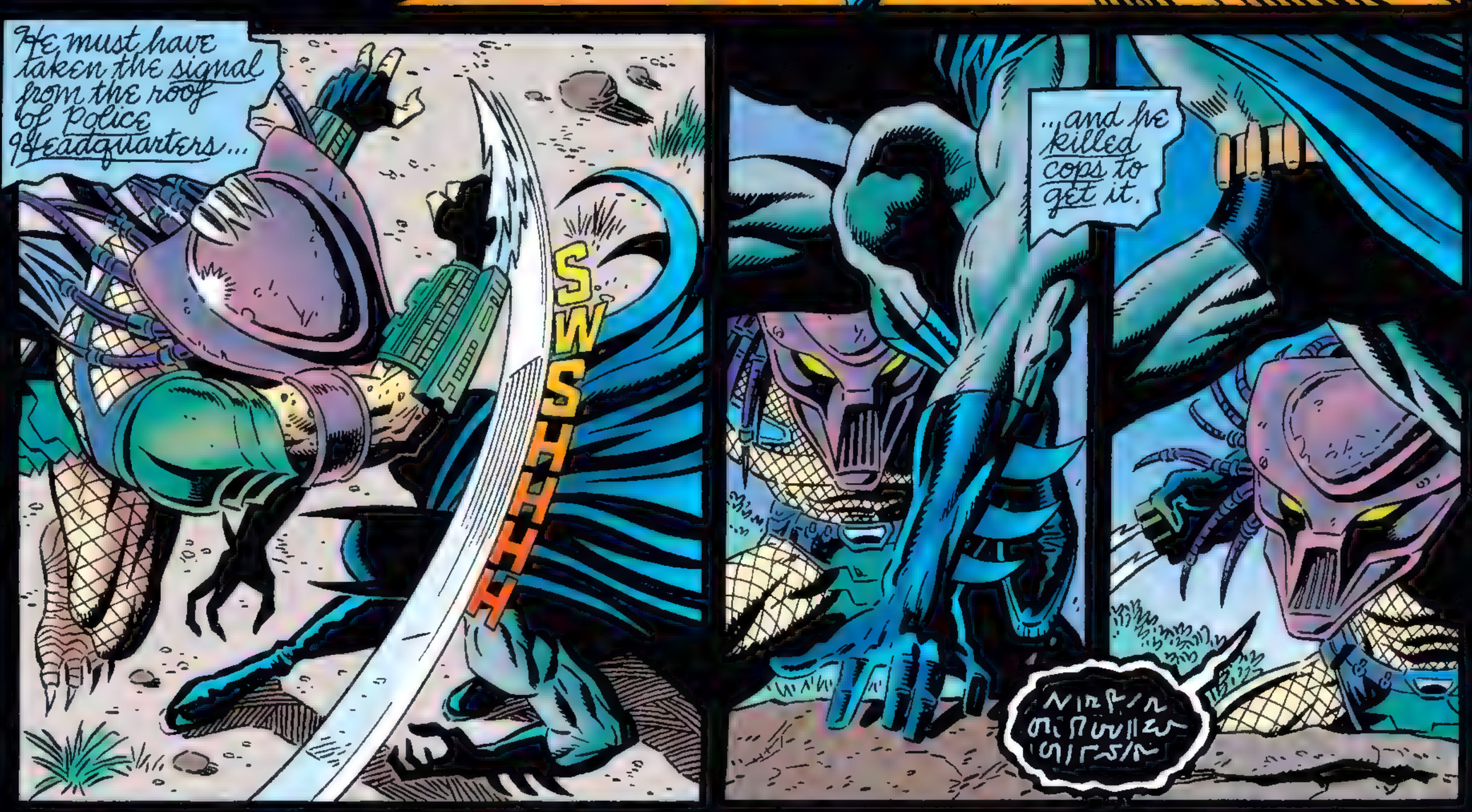
The first monster was cold and methodical...
SHUMP
...but with this one I sense the element of hate.
SHANKT
STAP
CHTUP
At least seven beheadings before showing himself...
...looking to make me eight.
I need a weapon.

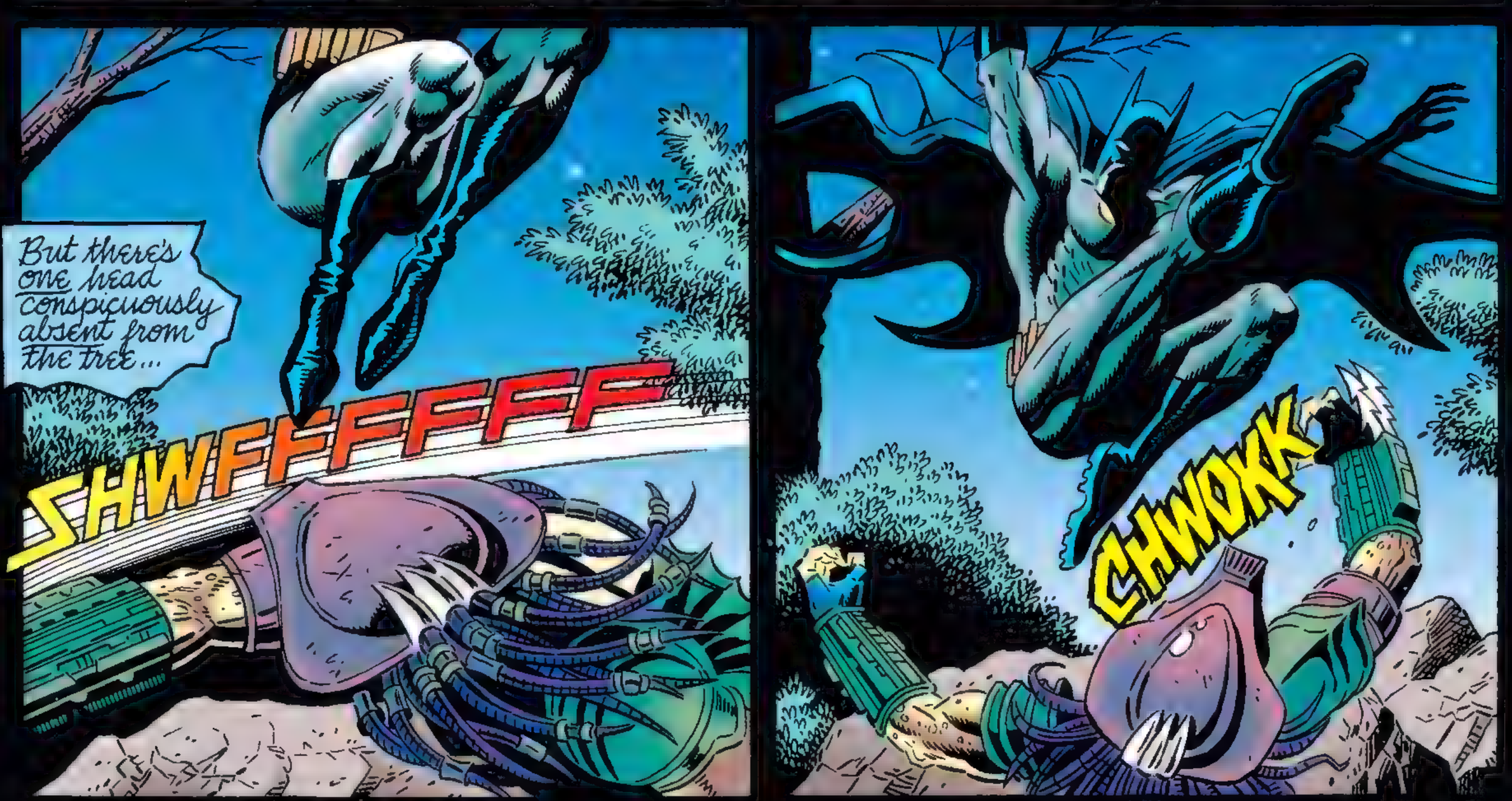

IT W-WAS THERE... I S-S-SAW IT...
A BUH-BUH-BUH-BAT ON THE CUH-CLOUDS...
...AND THE L-LIGHT BUH-BEAM WAS CUH-CUH-COMING FROM S-SOMEWHERES RIGHT AROUND HIH-HIH-HIH--

--HERE?
BIH-BIH-BIH-BINGO!
T-T-TWITCH, OLE BOY, IT LUH-LUH-LOOKS LIH-LIKE WE'LL SOON BE RETIRING TO THE TROP-TROP-TROP... ISLANDS.


ZWZZZZZ
FUH-FUH-FUH-FIVE M-MILLION B-B-BUCKS...
...FOR ONE B-BIG BUH-BUH-BOOM.

FWWWT
The trap was designed for me...
SKRAKT!
...baited to break the bat.


He must have taken the signal from the roof of Police Headquarters...
SWSHHH
...and he killed cops to get it.


But there's one head conspicuously absent from the tree...
SHWFFFFFFF
CHWOKK

...which may mean--must mean--that Gordon is alive and well.

G-GOD... HELP... HIMMMM...

WAIT UP!

I'M LT. STOCKER--ATTACHED TO COMMISSIONER GORDON'S PERSONAL STAFF.

HOW IS HE?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM--YOU WERE IN THAT STAIR-COLLAPSE YOURSELF.

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE GOIN' TO THE HOSPITAL IN THE OTHER AMBU--

WHAT IS COMMISSIONER GORDON'S CONDITION, DAMMIT?!

H-HE... HE'S UNCONSCIOUS...

FROM THE FALL?

N-NO... W-WE... WE GAVE HIM DEMEROL ...SO HE'S JUST--

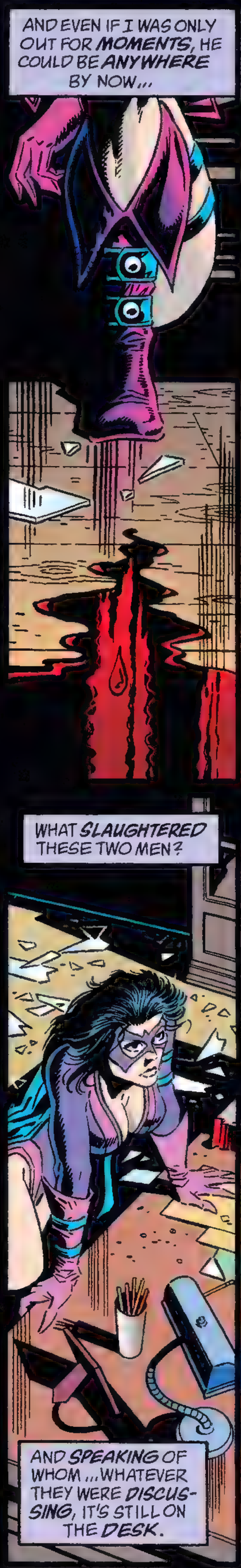
"--S-SLEEPIN'."

WH-WHERE...?

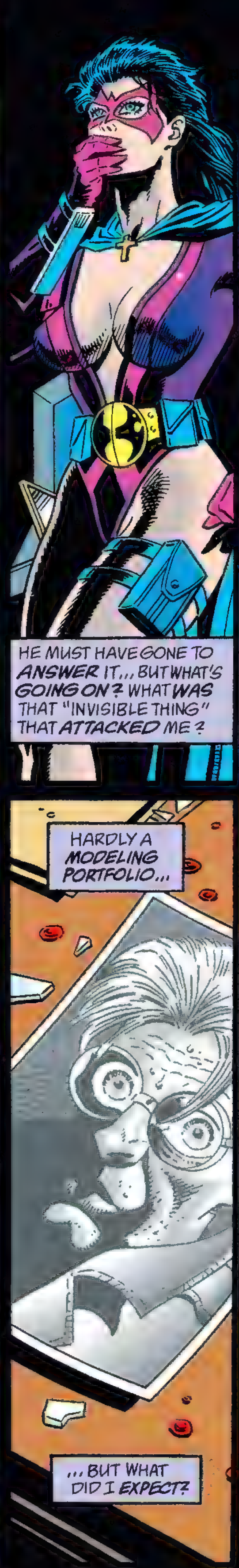
DIZZY... VISION DIM AND DOUBLE... MUST HAVE FALLEN FROM MY LINE...

THE BATMAN... HE WAS HERE... BUT...

GONE?


AND EVEN IF I WAS ONLY OUT FOR MOMENTS, HE COULD BE ANYWHERE BY NOW...

THE BAT-SIGNAL-- IT WAS COMING FROM ACROSS THE RIVER--THE PALISADES...
PLTCH

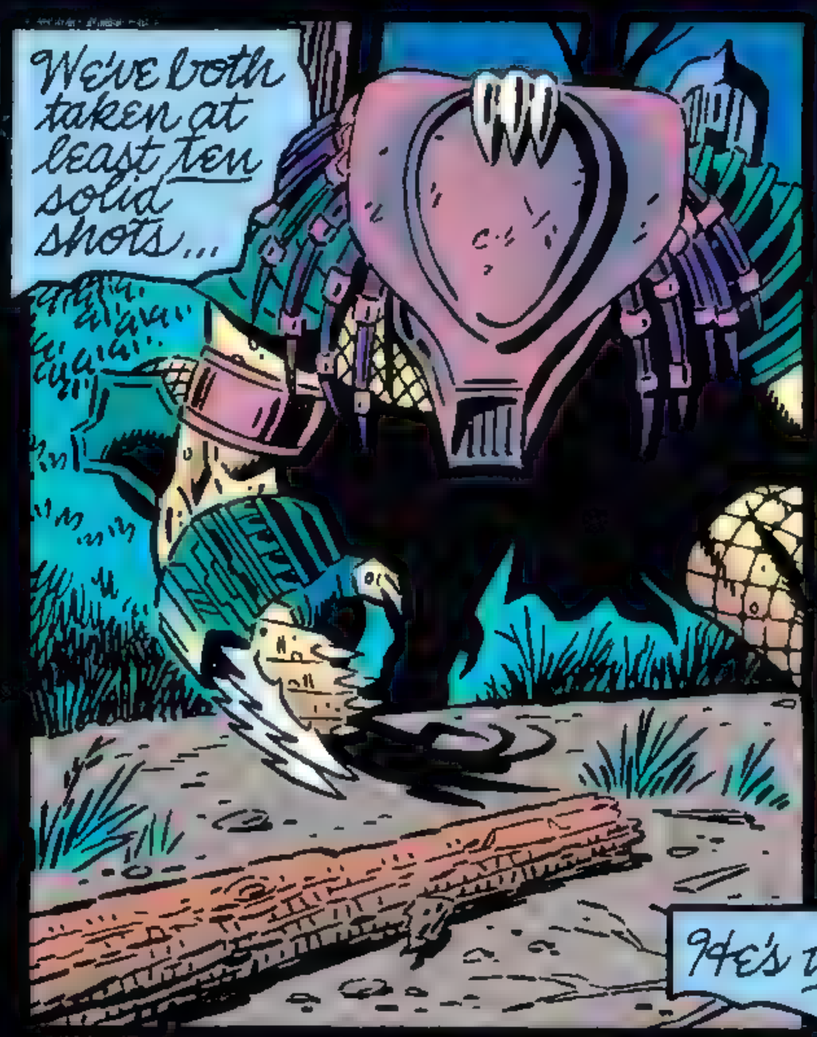

HE MUST HAVE GONE TO ANSWER IT... BUT WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT WAS THAT "INVISIBLE THING" THAT ATTACKED ME?

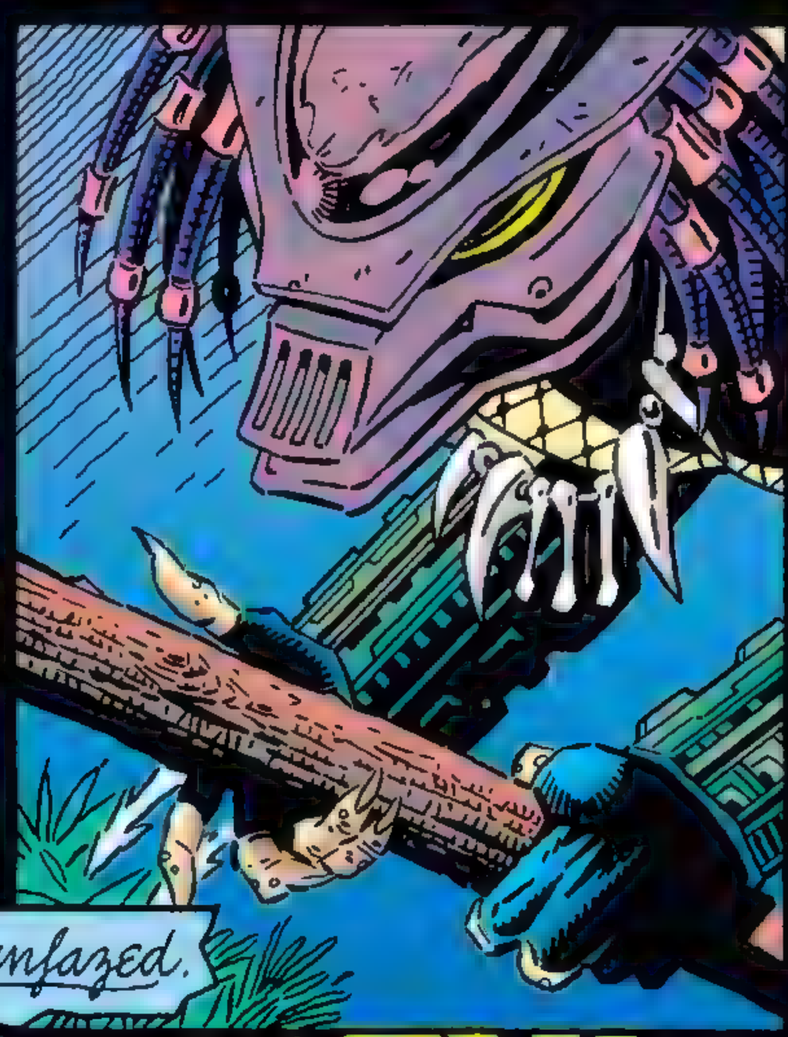
FRIENDS OF DRUGLORD SCUM LIKE TERRARO DON'T HANG WITH THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE.
STILL... AN INVISIBLE BUTCHER?

WHAT SLAUGHTERED THESE TWO MEN?
AND SPEAKING OF WHOM... WHATEVER THEY WERE DISCUSSING, IT'S STILL ON THE DESK.

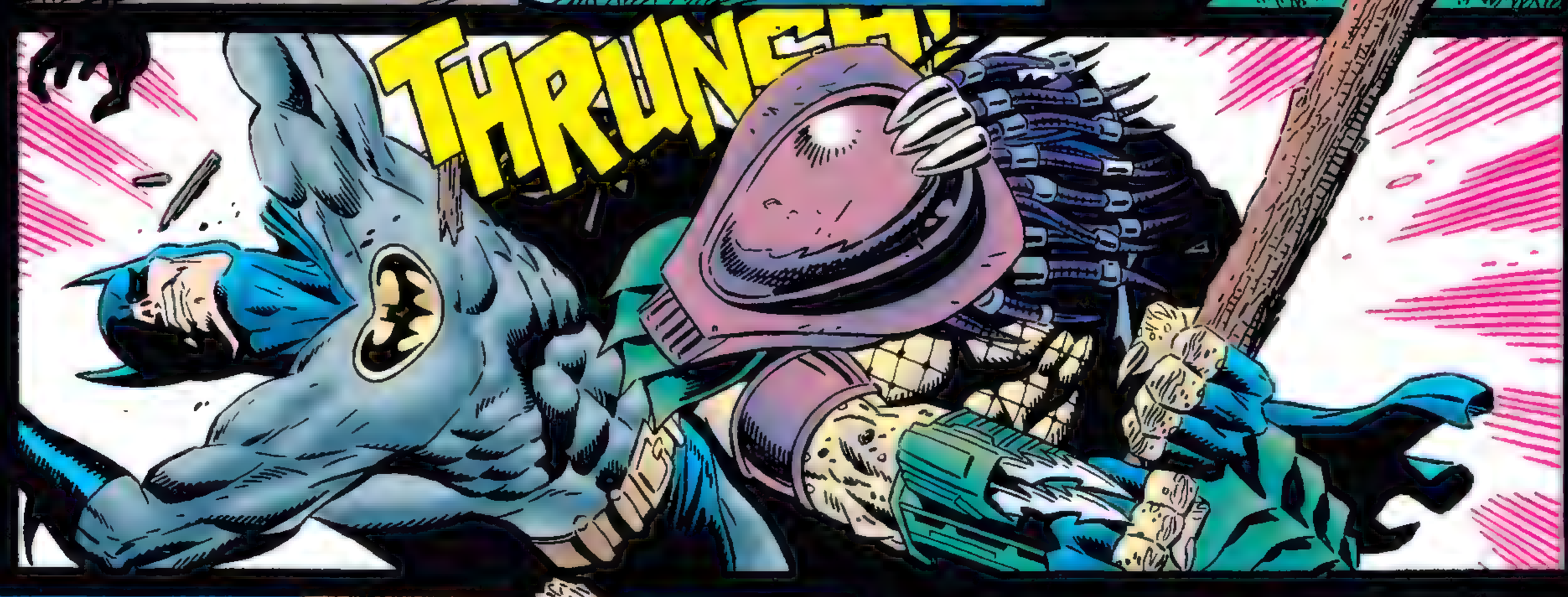
PHOTOS... BACKGROUND DATA...
SOME SORT OF DOSSIER.

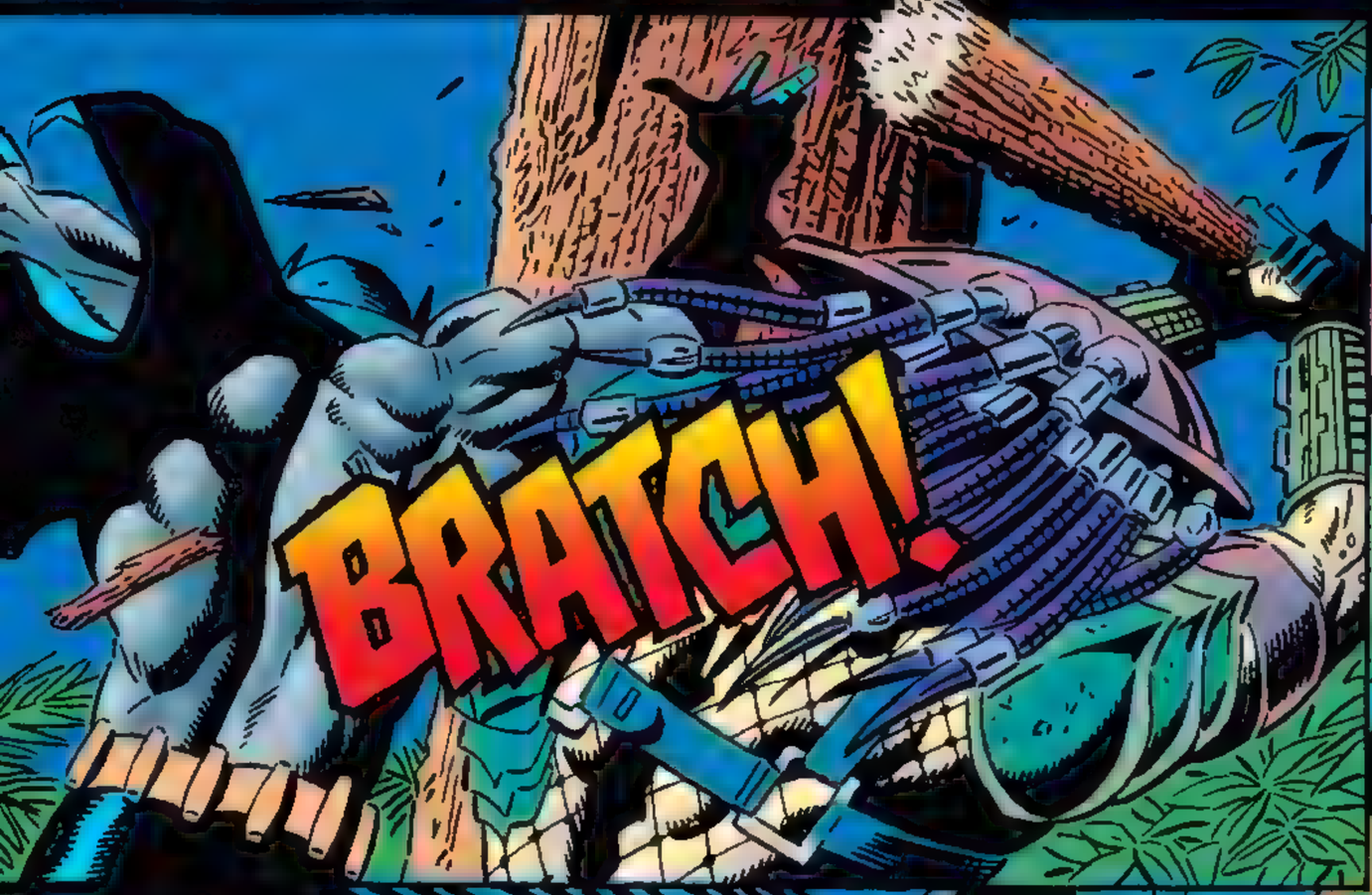
HARDLY A MODELING PORTFOLIO...
... BUT WHAT DID I EXPECT?

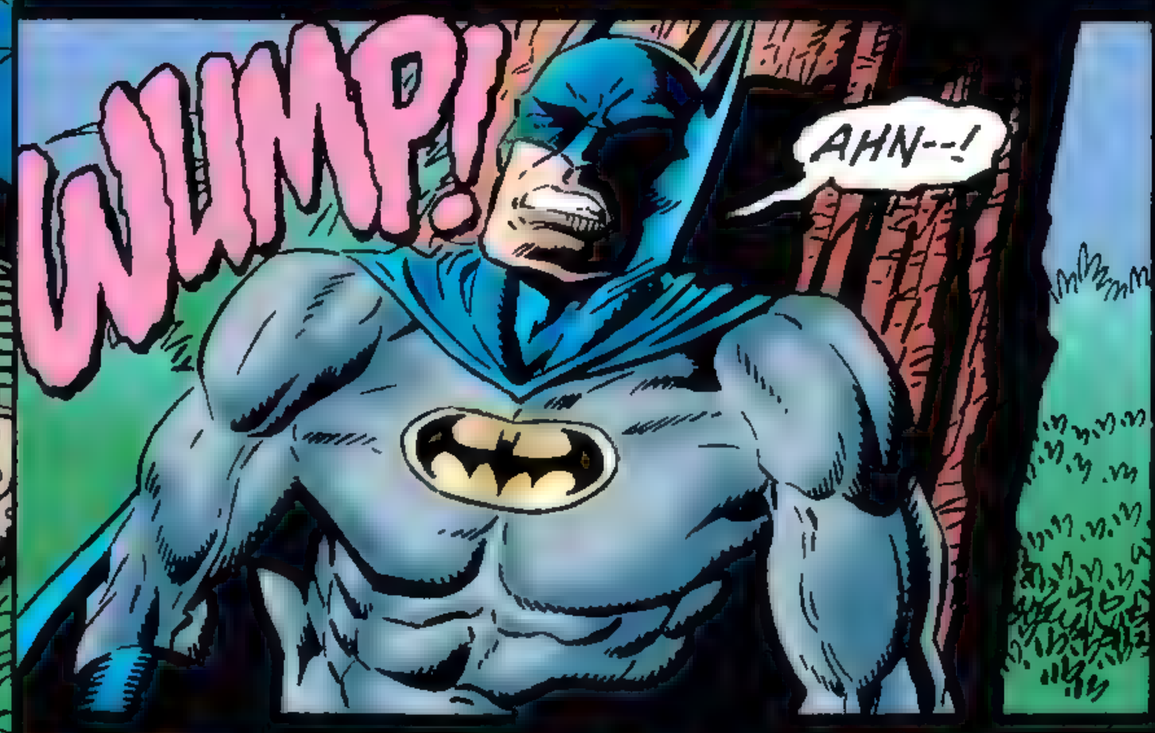

We've both taken at least ten solid shots...

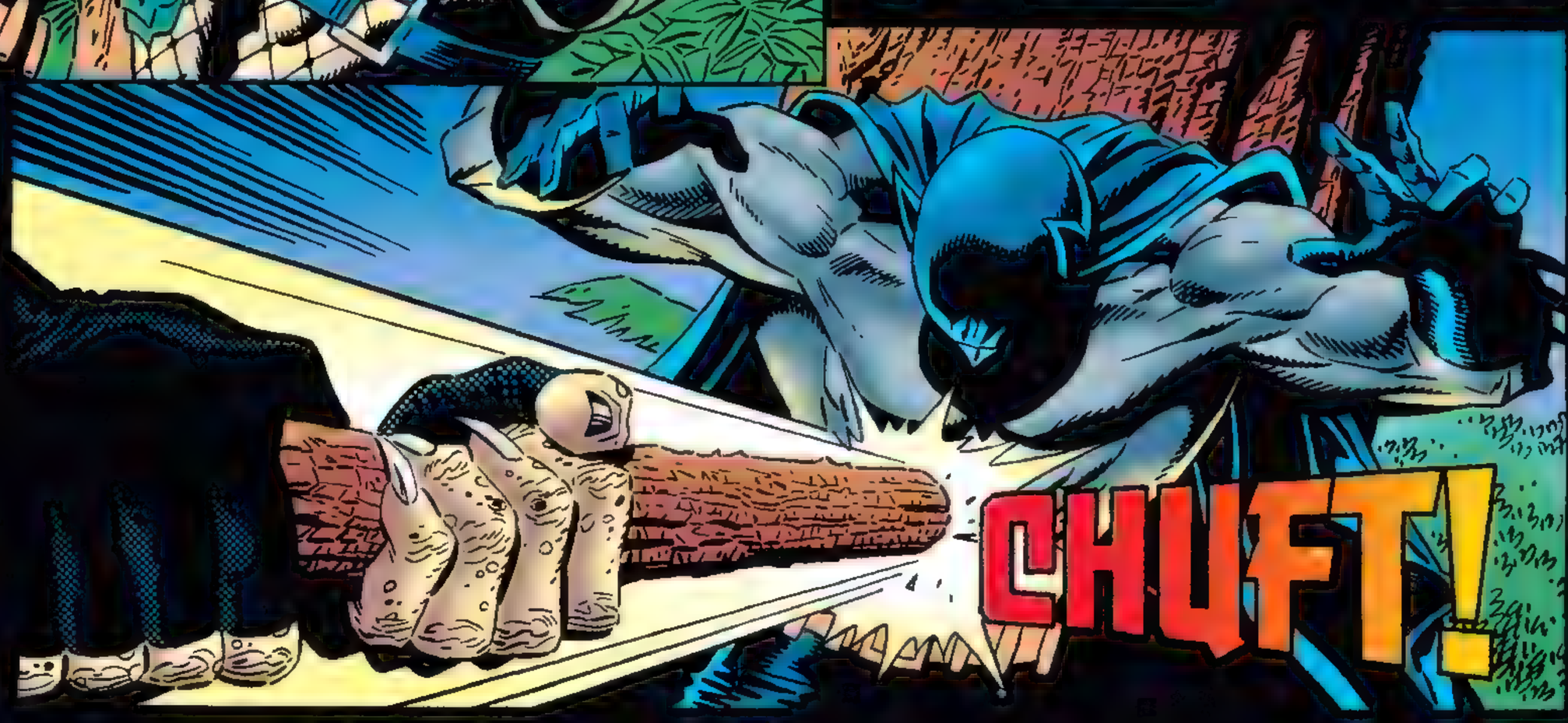

He's unfazed.

I'm feeling it.


THRUNCH!

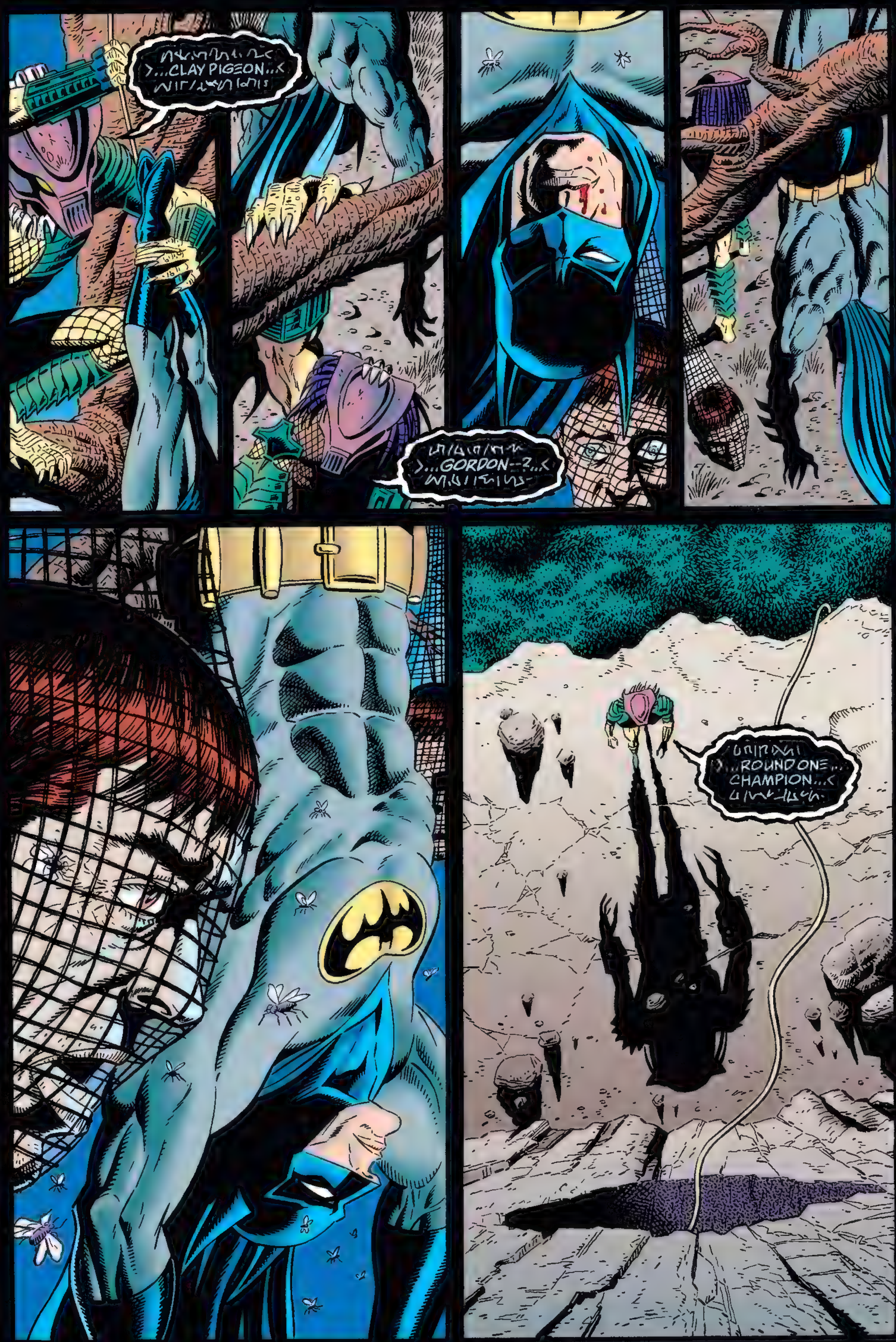

BRATCH!


WUMP!
AHN--!


CHUFT!

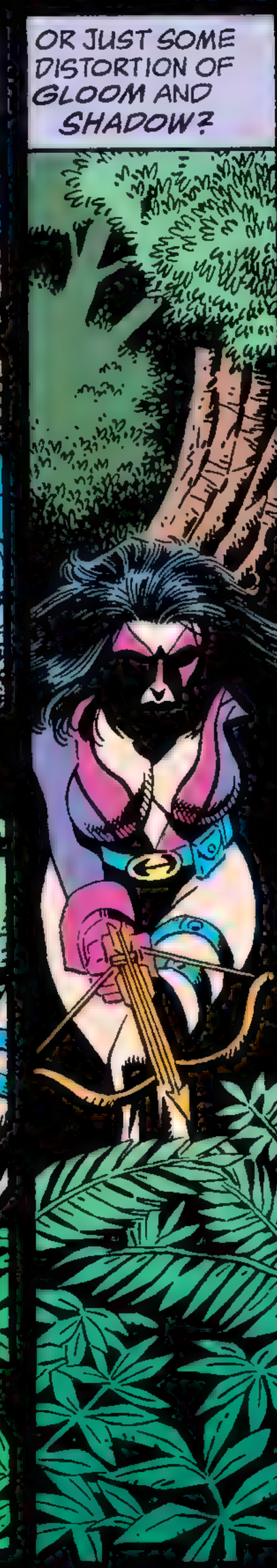
Last chance.
Got to come off the tree fast and--
SHOKK!
...CHAMPION...
KUNCH!
Can't see...
Got to move... but...
...everything fading...spiling into...

...darkness.
DUH-DUH-DONE.
NOW TO DIH-DITCH ONE CAR, T-TWITCH OLE BOY...
...AND WUH-WUH-WAIT TO D-DETONATE THE UH-OTHER.


>...CLAY PIGEON...<
>...GORDON--?...<
>...ROUND ONE...<
CHAMPION...<

THE SIGNAL WAS A TRAP-- BUT LAID BY WHOM?

ONE OF THE UGLIES IN THOSE PHOTOS OR--



Head throbbing... stuffed with pain.

Vision returning... but dim... hazy.

Am I... upside down?

K-TUFT

My... head?

...CHAMPION...

Just some sort of... sculpture...

...but now he wants the real thing...

...CLAY PIGEON...

KSHANKT

Either I clear my head--

--or I lose it.
SWFFFFFFFFF

NNFFF
Can't dodge it again...

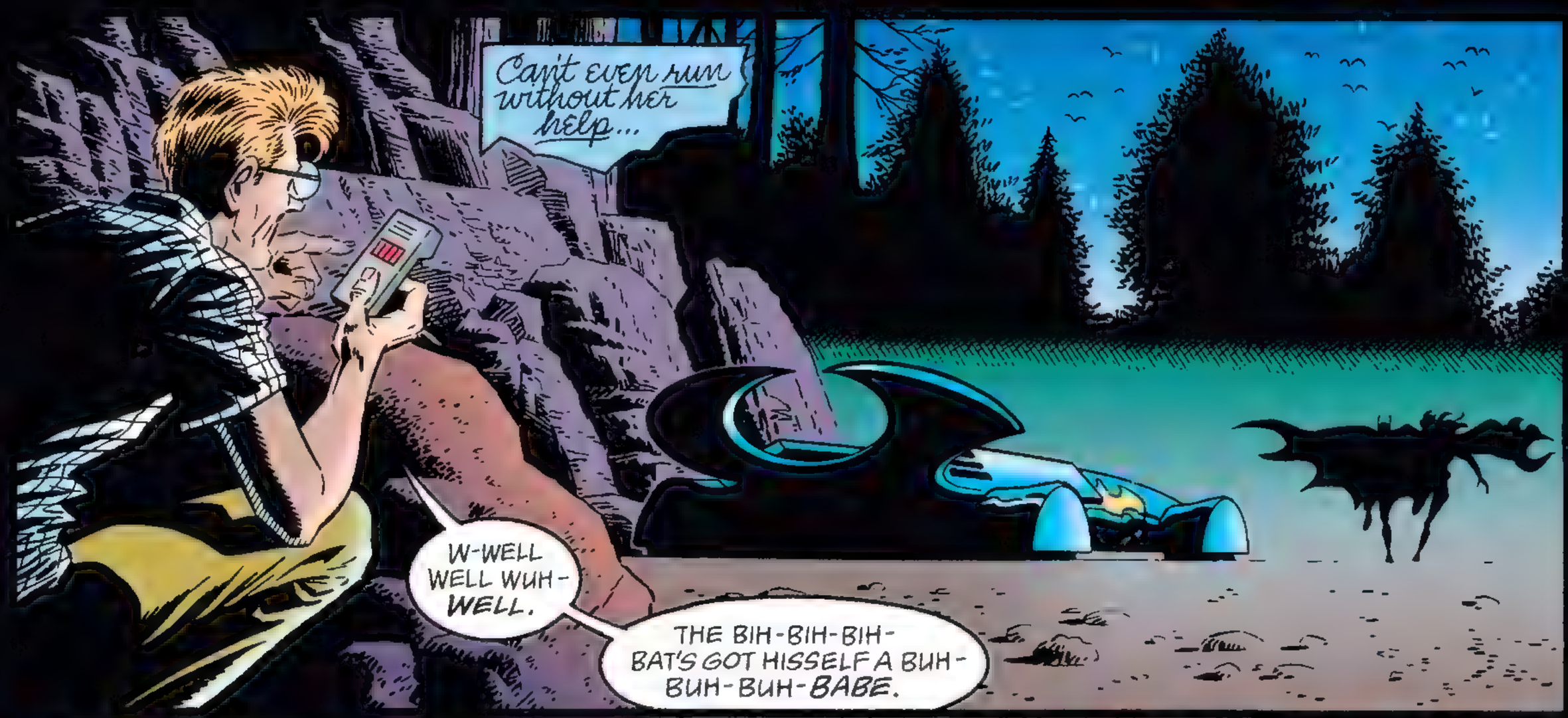
Got to stop the next slash...
SLARPT
AGH-K
...hold it back... long enough to--

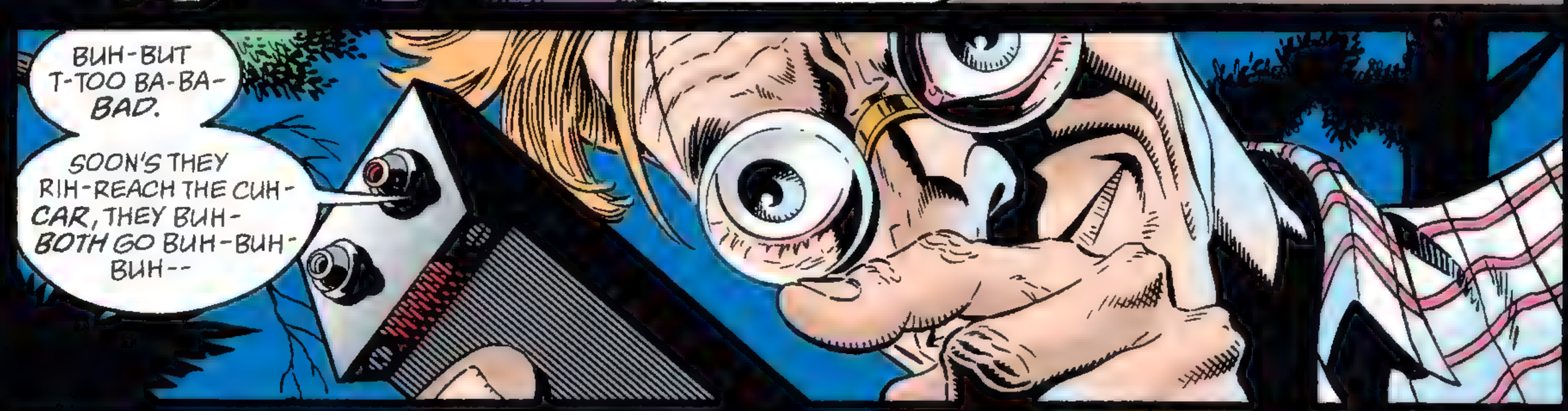
SWUNKT
--take the offensive.

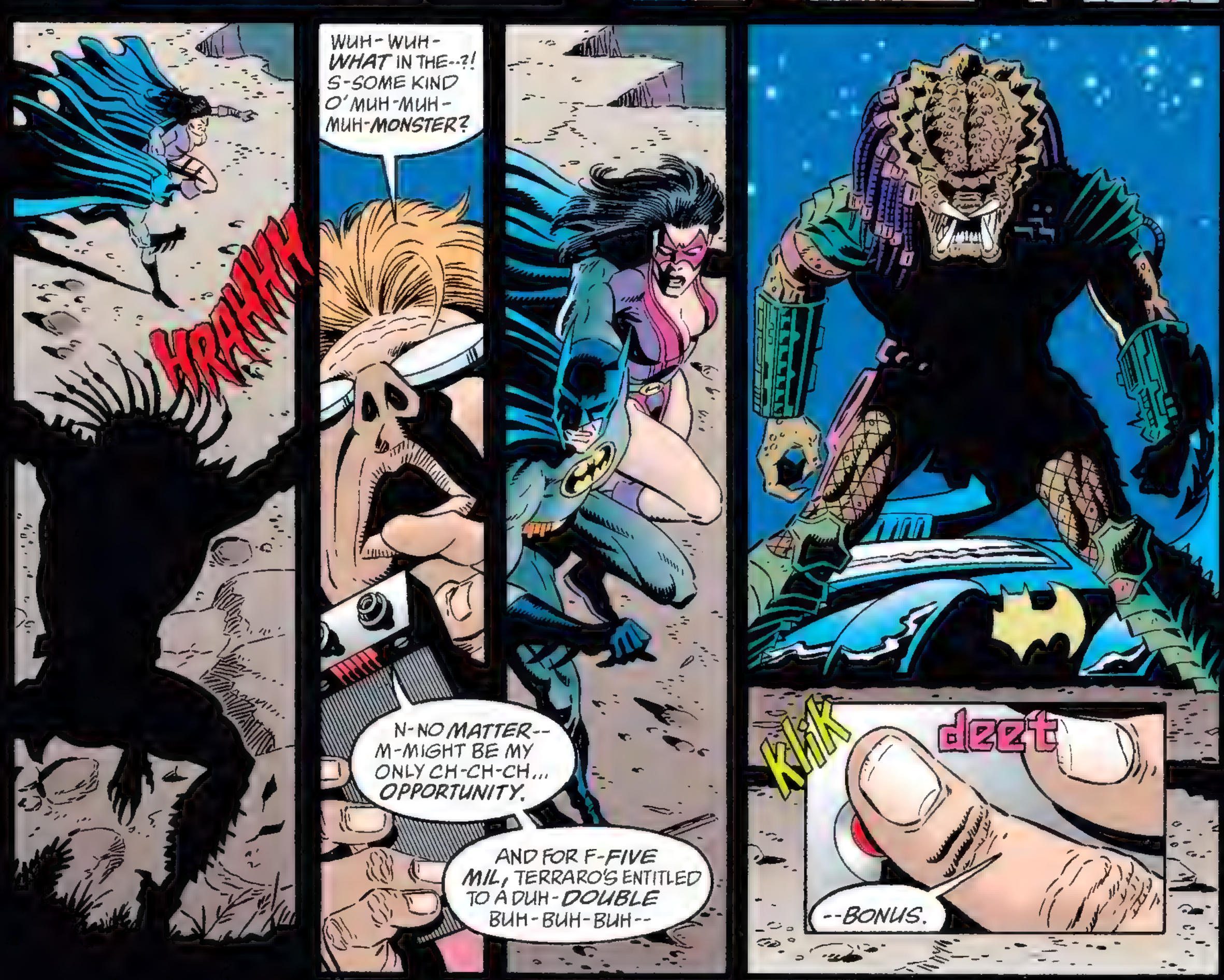
KRAKKKKK
IT IS THE THING FROM THE ROOF...
...AND I THOUGHT TERRARO'S FRIENDS WERE UGLY.
TCHOK
HUNK
REPT
Falling free--?

Huntress--and her shot was good enough without burning the rope.
WUMP
No need for the flame.
FRAZZZZZZZZ-MMMMMMMMM
But the creature seems distracted by it--mesmerized...
Vulnerable.
KUNCH
REEEAHRRRRR!

GET UP!!
SHUMP
KWUDT
COME ON-- WHILE THE THING IS DOWN!
GO! GO! GO!!
SCHAOW--
KRDOOM!
She's right-- still groggy-- suicide to stay and fight...

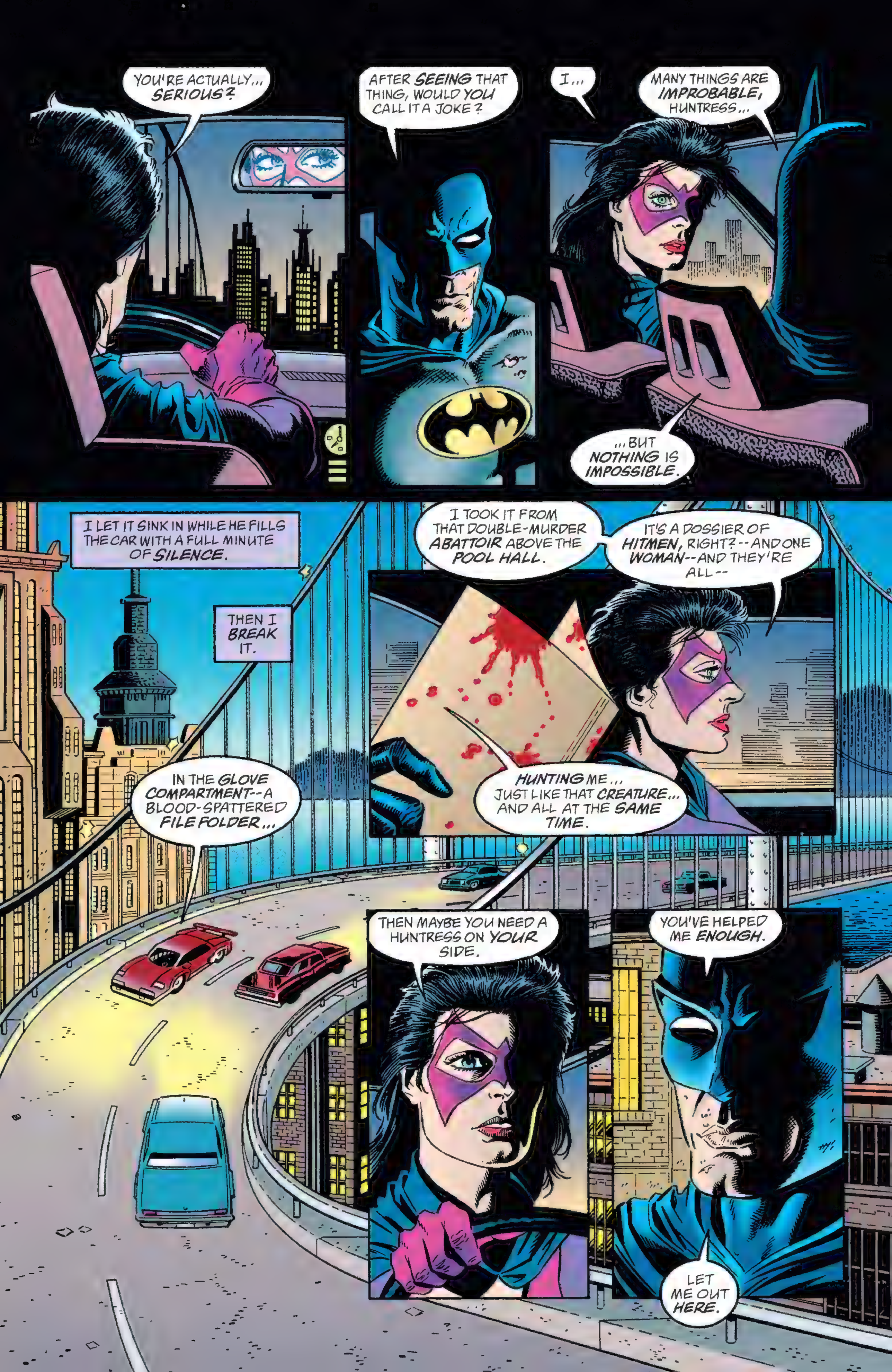

Can't even run without her help...
W-WELL WELL WUH- WELL.
THE BIH-BIH-BIH- BAT'S GOT HISSELF A BUH- BUH-BUH-BABE.


BUH-BUT T-TOO BA-BA- BAD.
SOON'S THEY RIH-REACH THE CUH- CAR, THEY BUH- BOTH GO BUH-BUH- BUH--

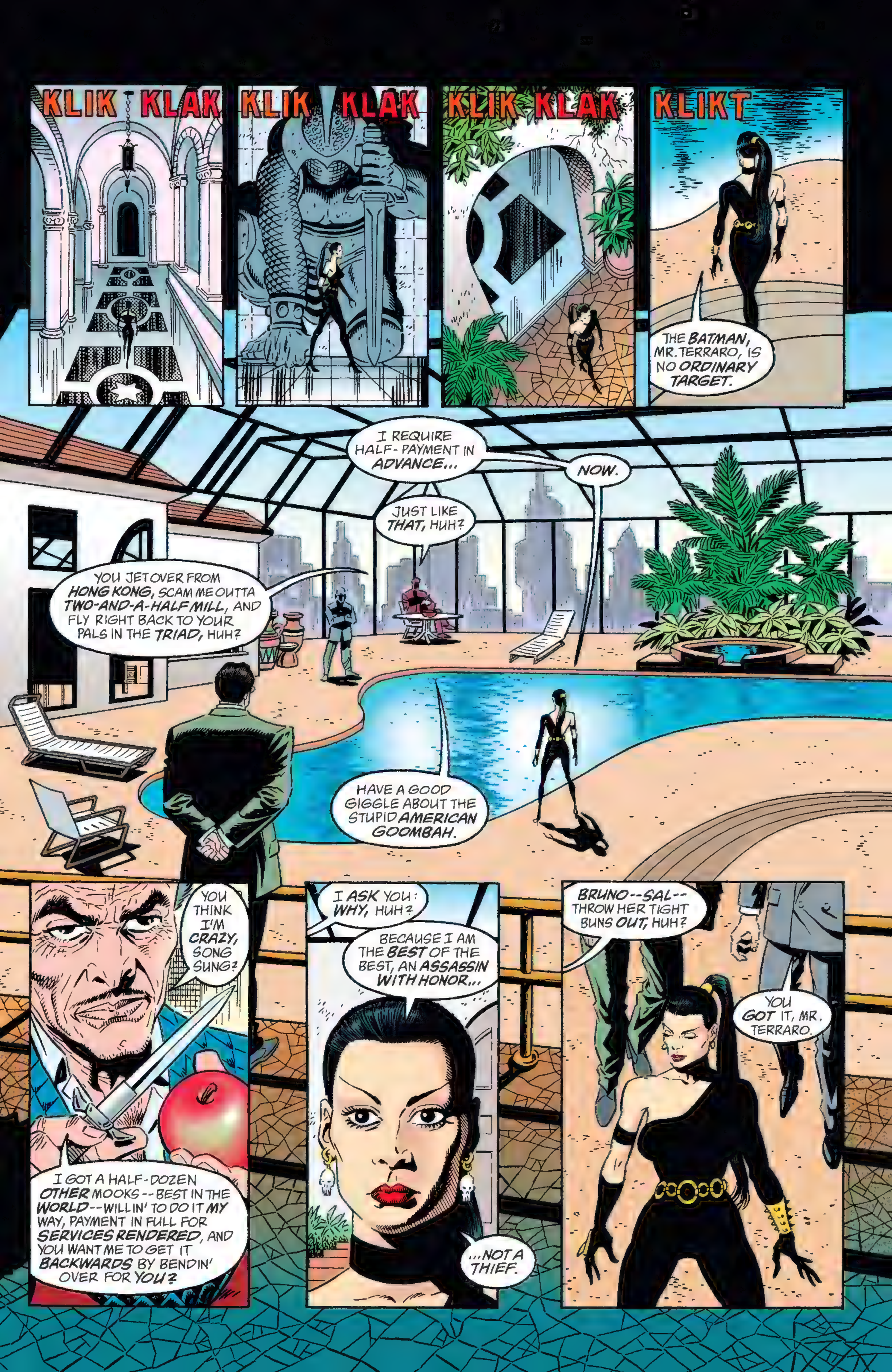

HRAHKH
WUH-WUH- WHAT IN THE--?! S-SOME KIND O' MUH-MUH- MUH-MONSTER?
N-NO MATTER-- M-MIGHT BE MY ONLY CH-CH-CH... OPPORTUNITY.
AND FOR F-FIVE MIL, TERRARO'S ENTITLED TO A DUH-DOUBLE BUH-BUH-BUH--
klik
deet
--BONUS.

BWARROOM!
The car--!
THEY DIH-DODGED ASIDE... WUH-WHEN THEY S-SAW THE MUH-MONSTER...
...AND THE BUH-BLAST... MIH-MISSED.
UH-UH-UH-UH-OH.
VMMM-CHAK
>...COME ON-- WHILE THE THING IS DOWN!...<

SCHADOWW
...GO! GO! GO!!!...
KEEP GOING-- IT'S NOT MUCH FARTHER!
WHAT'S... NOT MUCH FARTHER?
MY CAR.
NOW WHAT WAS THAT THING?
I'll tell her.
AN ALIEN HEADHUNTER--?!
BUT THAT'S... IMPOSSIBLE.
SO WERE GIANT ROCKS FALLING FROM THE SKY -- UNTIL AN ENTIRE SCIENCE FORMED AROUND THE STUDY OF METEORITES.


YOU'RE ACTUALLY... SERIOUS?
AFTER SEEING THAT THING, WOULD YOU CALL IT A JOKE?
I...
MANY THINGS ARE IMPROBABLE, HUNTRESS...
...BUT NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE.
I LET IT SINK IN WHILE HE FILLS THE CAR WITH A FULL MINUTE OF SILENCE.
THEN I BREAK IT.
IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT--A BLOOD-SPATTERED FILE FOLDER...
I TOOK IT FROM THAT DOUBLE-MURDER ABATTOIR ABOVE THE POOL HALL.
IT'S A DOSSIER OF HITMEN, RIGHT?--AND ONE WOMAN--AND THEY'RE ALL--
HUNTING ME... JUST LIKE THAT CREATURE... AND ALL AT THE SAME TIME.
THEN MAYBE YOU NEED A HUNTRESS ON YOUR SIDE.
YOU'VE HELPED ME ENOUGH.
LET ME OUT HERE.

RIGHT HERE? WITHOUT YOUR WHEELS?
I KEEP A MULTI-CAR GARAGE.
FINE--BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FACE ALL THOSE ASSASSINS ON YOUR OWN?
IT'S ME THEY'RE AFTER.
LOOK, MAYBE YOU DON'T WANT TO OWE ME FOR SAVING YOUR LIFE-- THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM--BUT I'M HUNTING TERRARO TOO...

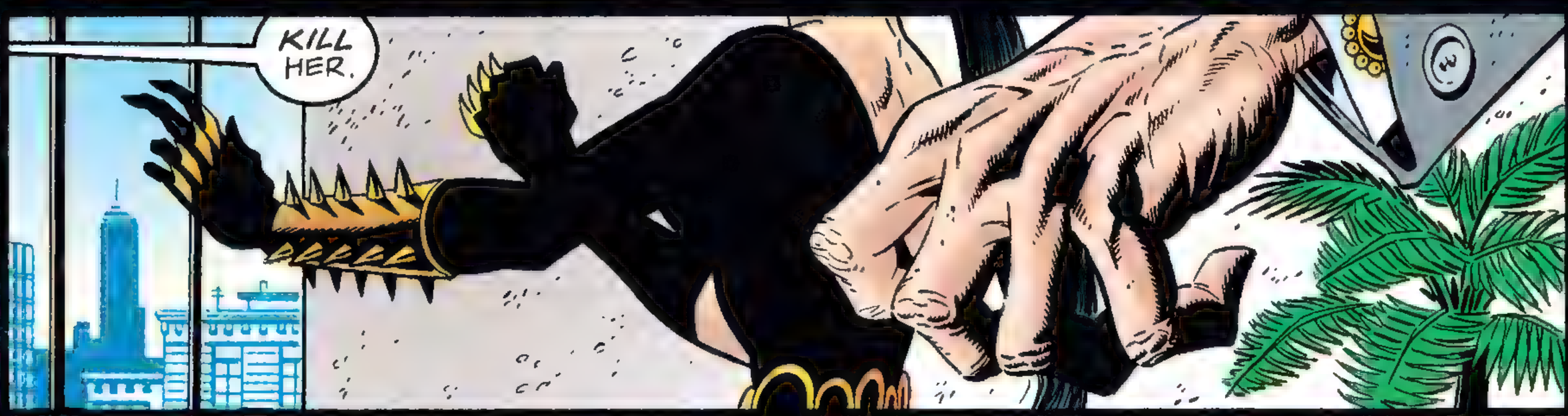

KLIK KLAK
KLIK KLAK
KLIK KLAK
KLIKT
THE BATMAN, MR. TERRARO, IS NO ORDINARY TARGET.
I REQUIRE HALF-PAYMENT IN ADVANCE...
NOW.
JUST LIKE THAT, HUH?
YOU JET OVER FROM HONG KONG, SCAM ME OUTTA TWO-AND-A-HALF MILL, AND FLY RIGHT BACK TO YOUR PALS IN THE TRIAD, HUH?
HAVE A GOOD GIGGLE ABOUT THE STUPID AMERICAN GOOMBAH.
YOU THINK I'M CRAZY, SONG SUNG?
I GOT A HALF-DOZEN OTHER MOOKS -- BEST IN THE WORLD -- WILLIN' TO DO IT MY WAY, PAYMENT IN FULL FOR SERVICES RENDERED, AND YOU WANT ME TO GET IT BACKWARDS BY BENDIN' OVER FOR YOU?
I ASK YOU: WHY, HUH?
BECAUSE I AM THE BEST OF THE BEST, AN ASSASSIN WITH HONOR...
...NOT A THIEF.
BRUNO--SAL-- THROW HER TIGHT BUNS OUT, HUH?
YOU GOT IT, MR. TERRARO.

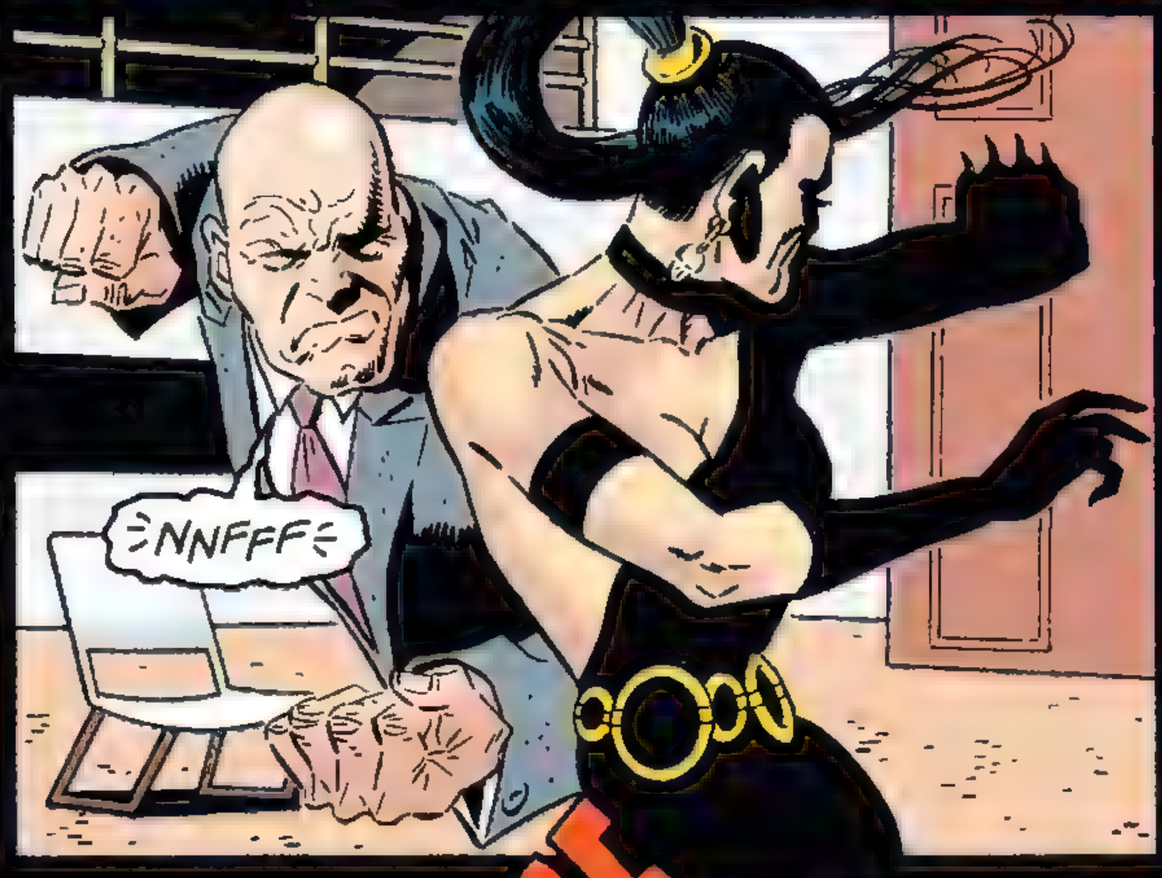
FWHUD
WAP
FWAK
KUNCH
AHN--!

BTUMP

KRAKT

BRUNO.


KILL HER.


NNFFF

SHRRUK

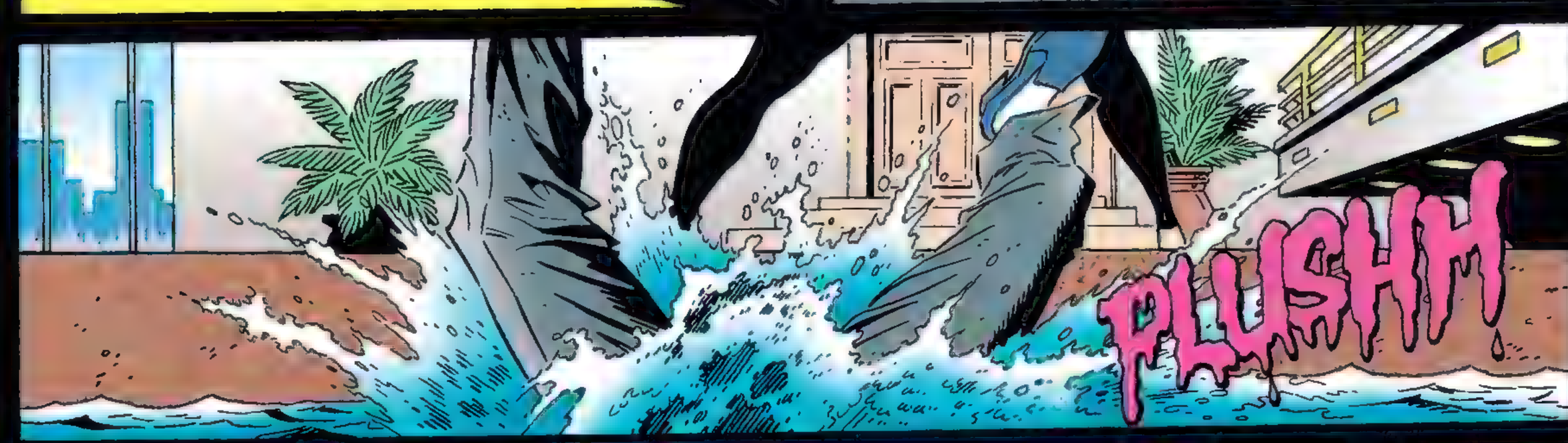
CHOOF

THRAK

TUP

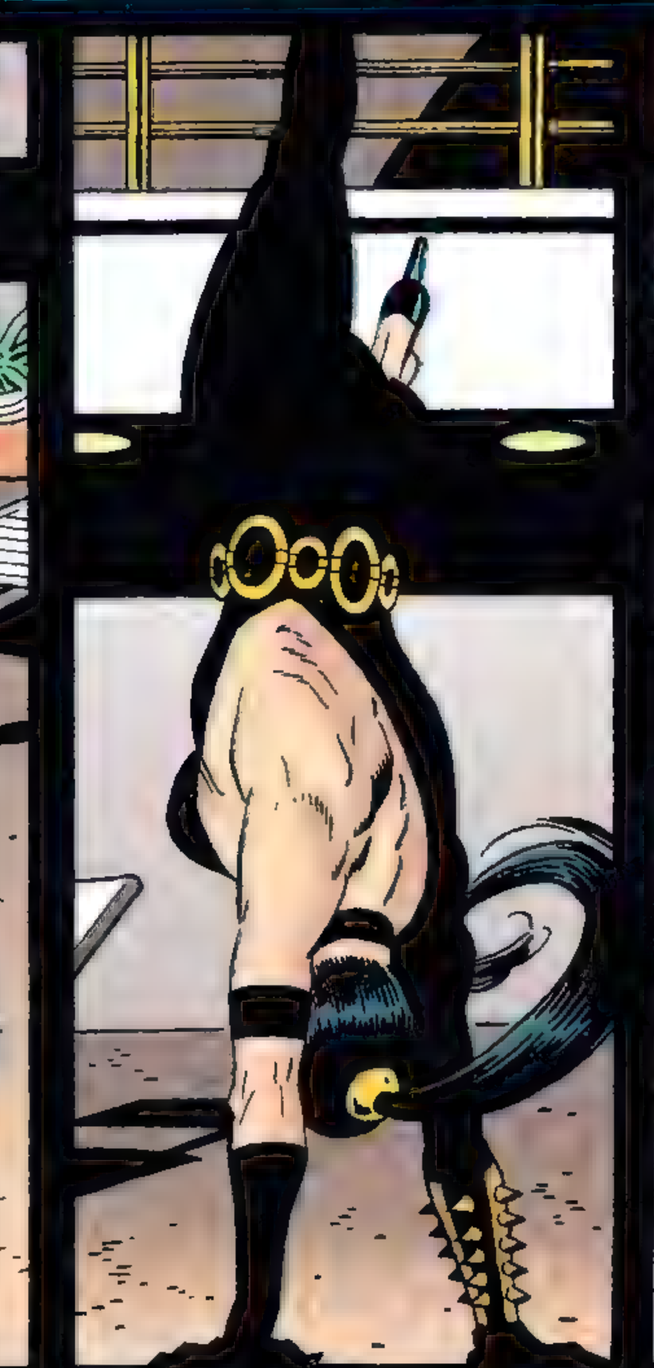
CHUFT

SHOKK

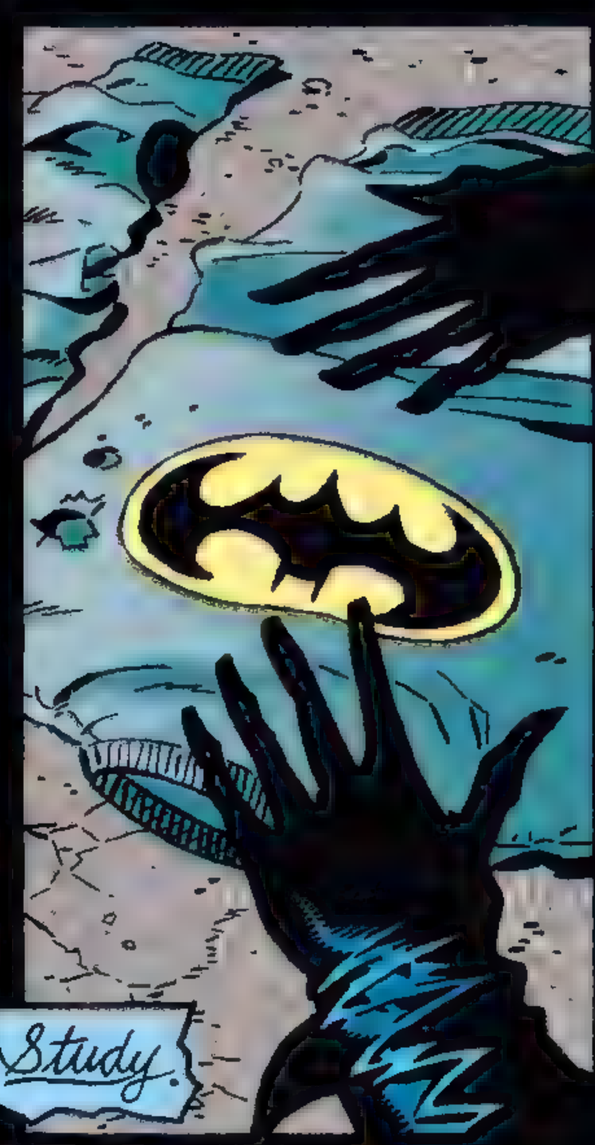

PLUSHH

KLAP

HUH?



STPT
WHA--?
I AM NOT A THIEF, MR. TERRARO.
NOW... GIVE ME THE MONEY.
S-SMALL BILLS...
...OR LARGE?



Know your enemy... at least the ones that can be known...

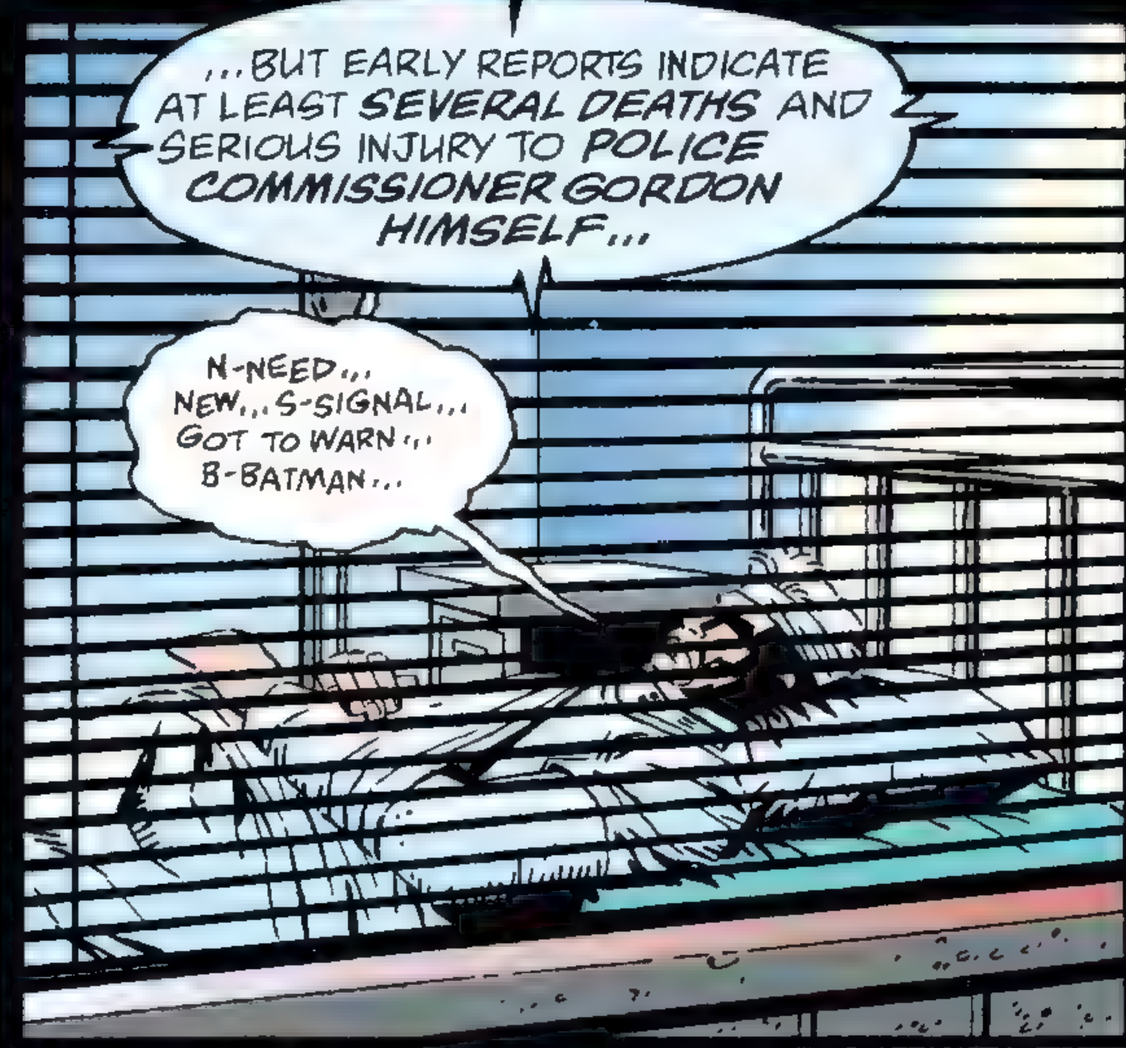
Song Sung... Marks... "Ronnie the Ratt"... Scarlatti... "Twitch"... Redmount... the "Demon Man"...

Seven hunters, seven killers... the ones who pass for human...

...the ones who aren't alien...
...and who kill for money...
...not trophies.

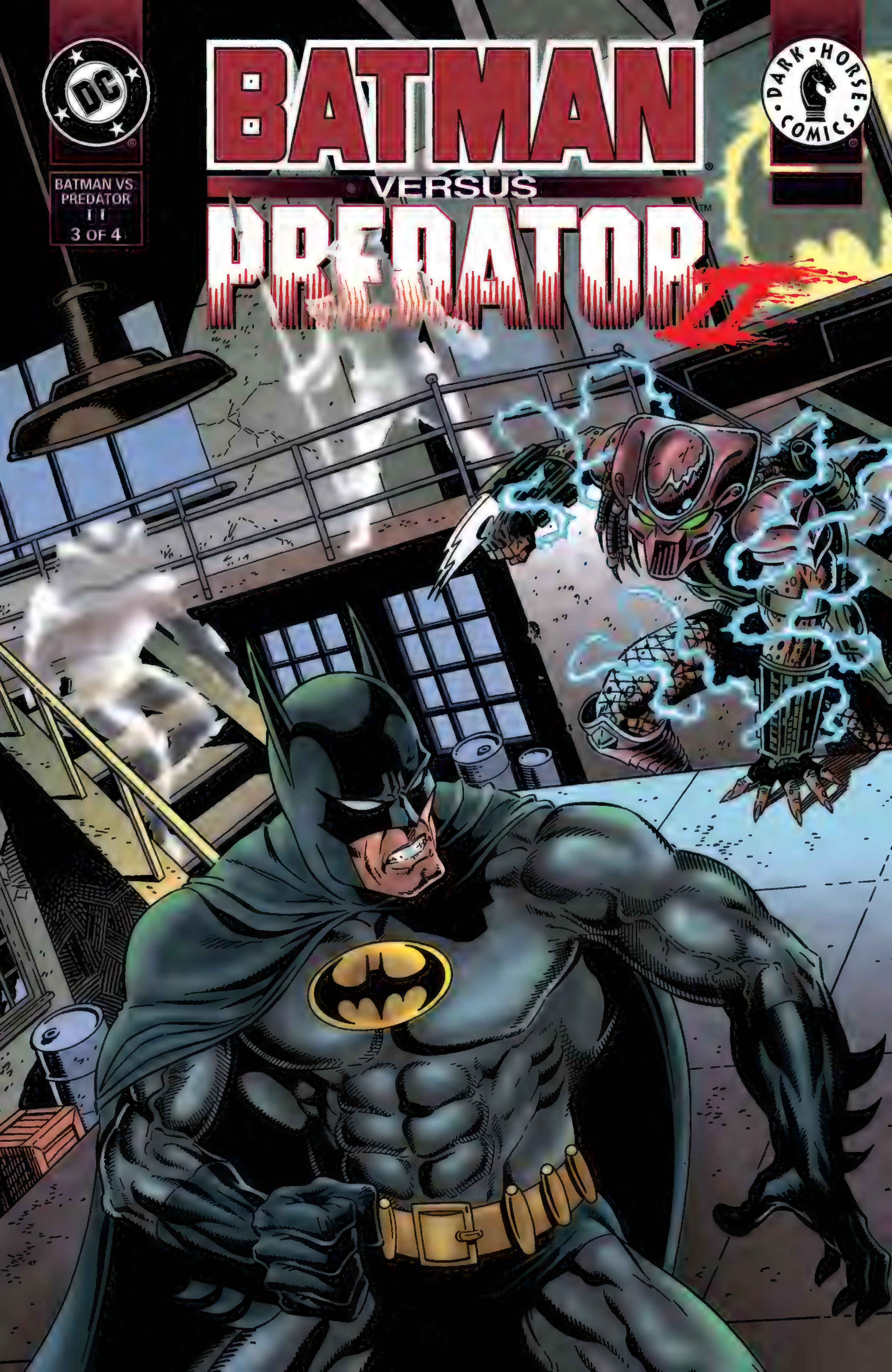
--JUST BEFORE *DAWN* HERE AT *NEWS RADIO*, WHERE WE ARE NOW RECEIVING LISTENER REPORTS OF A *SECOND* METEOR BLAZING THROUGH THE SKIES OVER GOTHAM...

AND IN *OTHER* NEWS, NO FURTHER WORD ON THAT APPARENT *GUN-BATTLE ATOP POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS...*



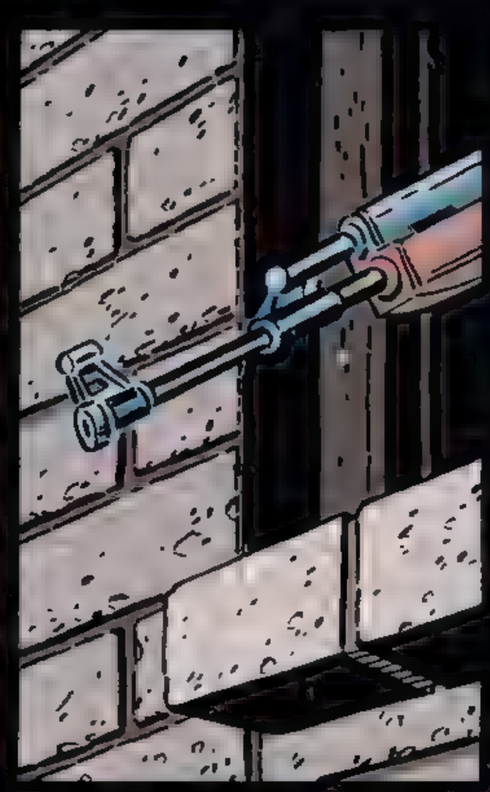
HE *DOES* NEED HELP, AND HE'S GOING TO *GET* IT--IF I HAVE TO *DIE* GIVING IT TO HIM.

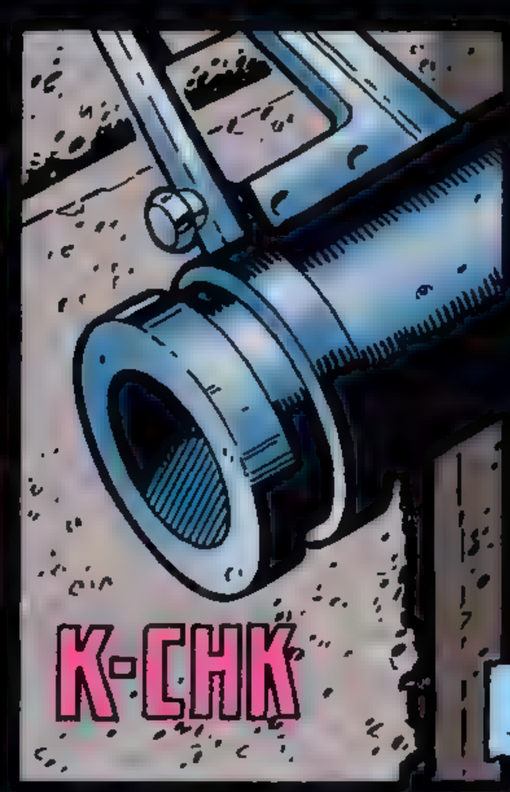
FURTHER DETAILS WHEN *AVAILABLE...*


DC
BATMAN VS. PREDATOR II
3 OF 4
BATMAN
VERSUS
PREDATOR
DARK HORSE COMICS

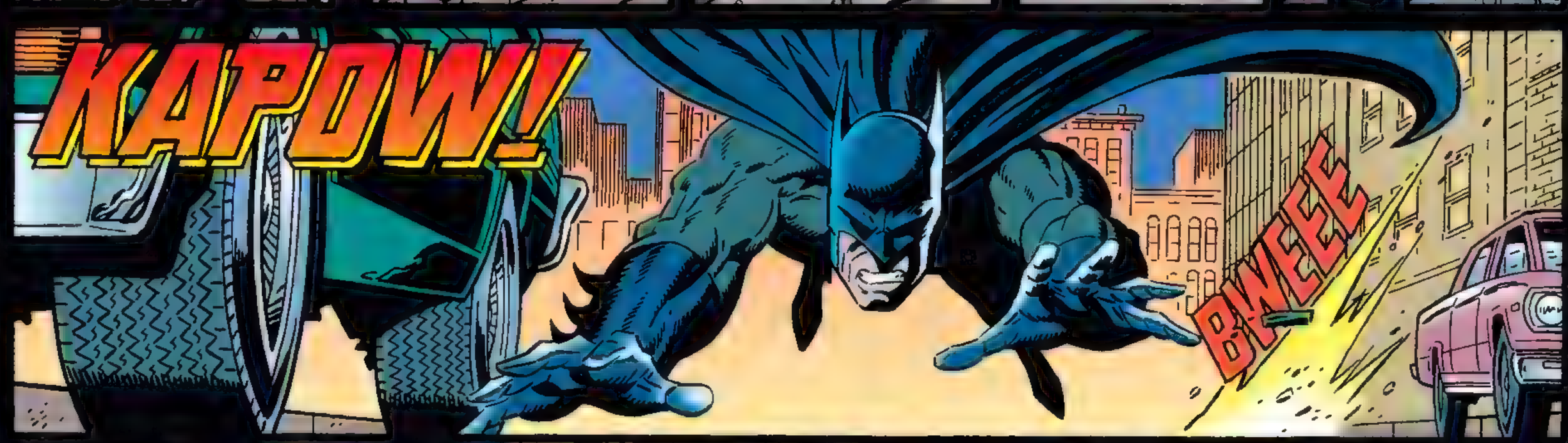
"GO!"
ET
750
Danger everywhere.
From everything.
But when will it start?

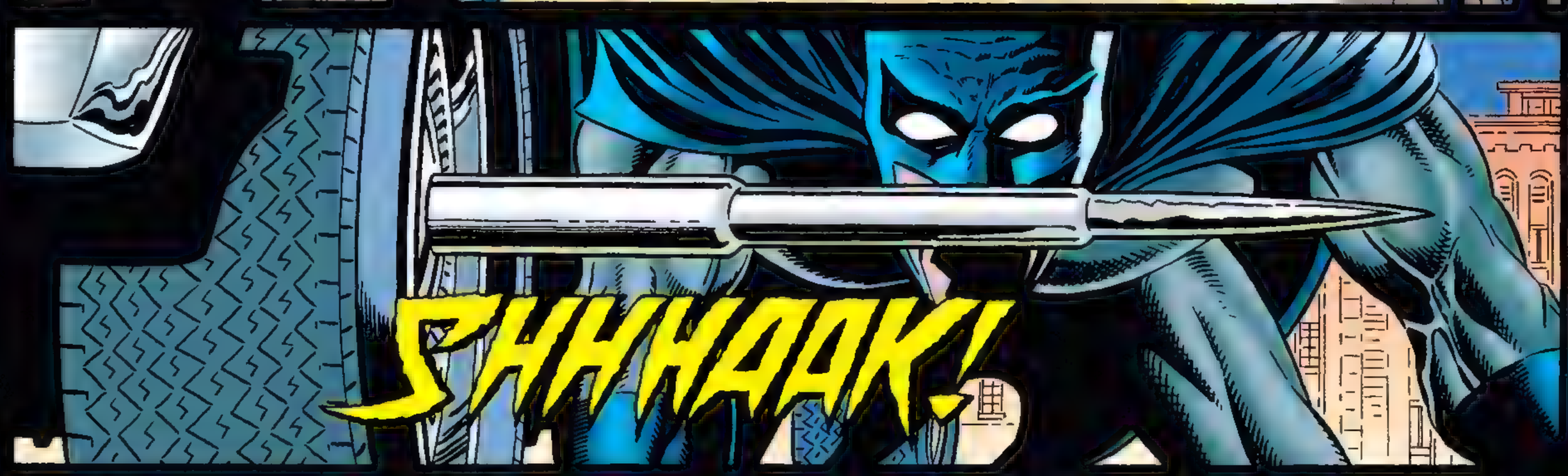
From where?
And what?




K-CHK

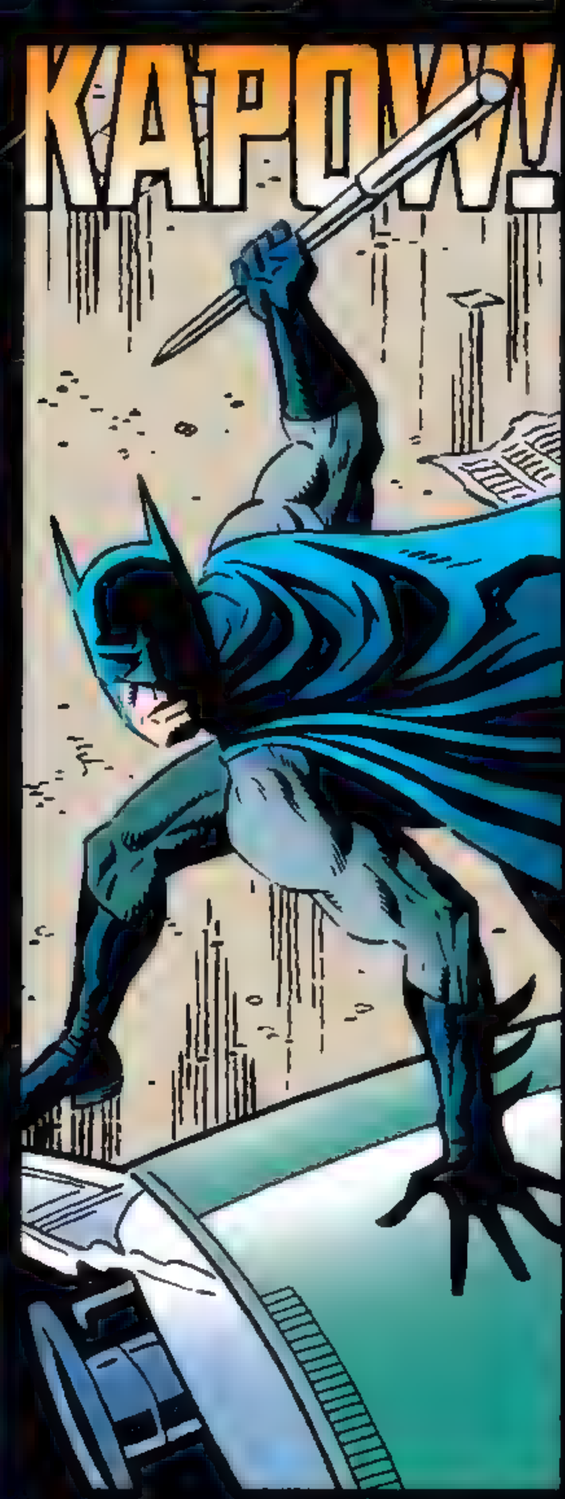
There.


KAPOW!
BWEEE

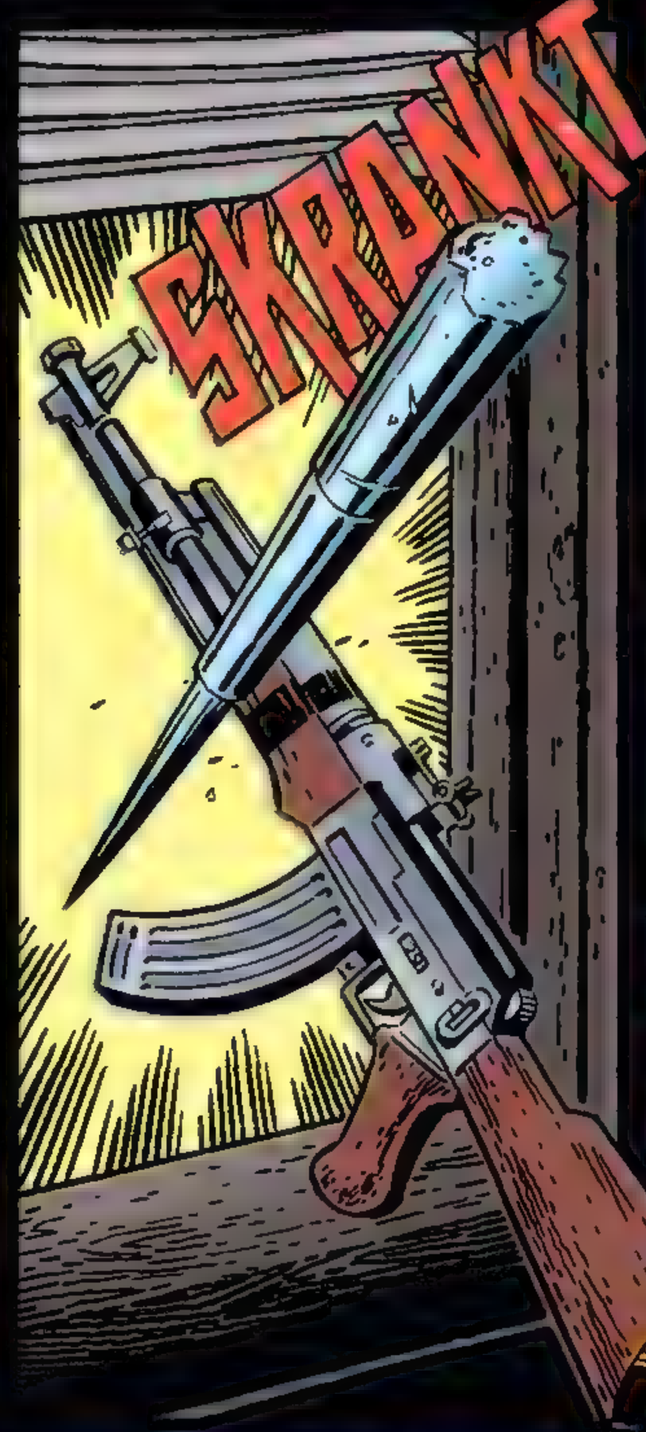

SHHHAAAK!

POW!
BZAII

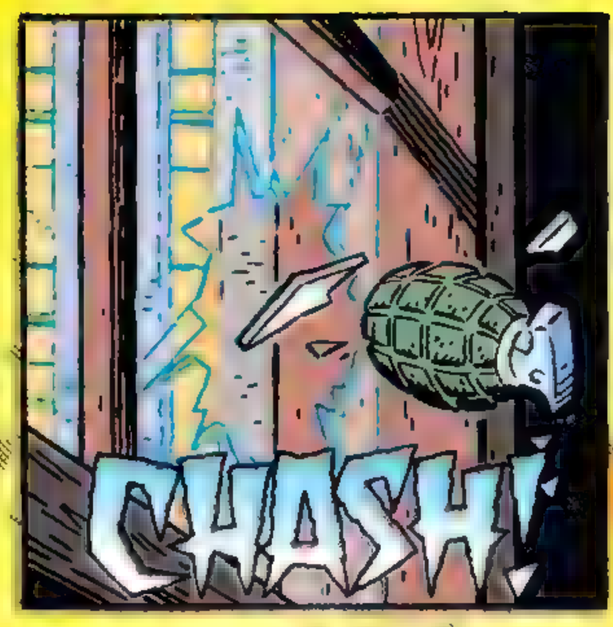
PRAKT

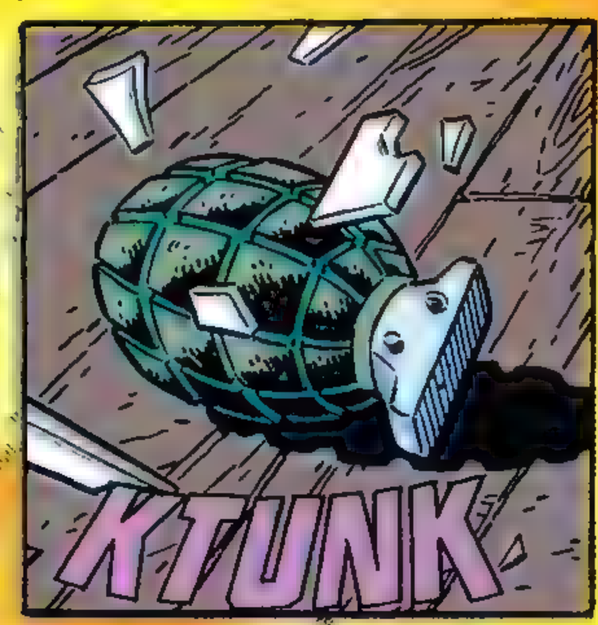

KAPOW!

SWFFF
POKT


SKRONKT

SWUT


CHASH!


KTUNK

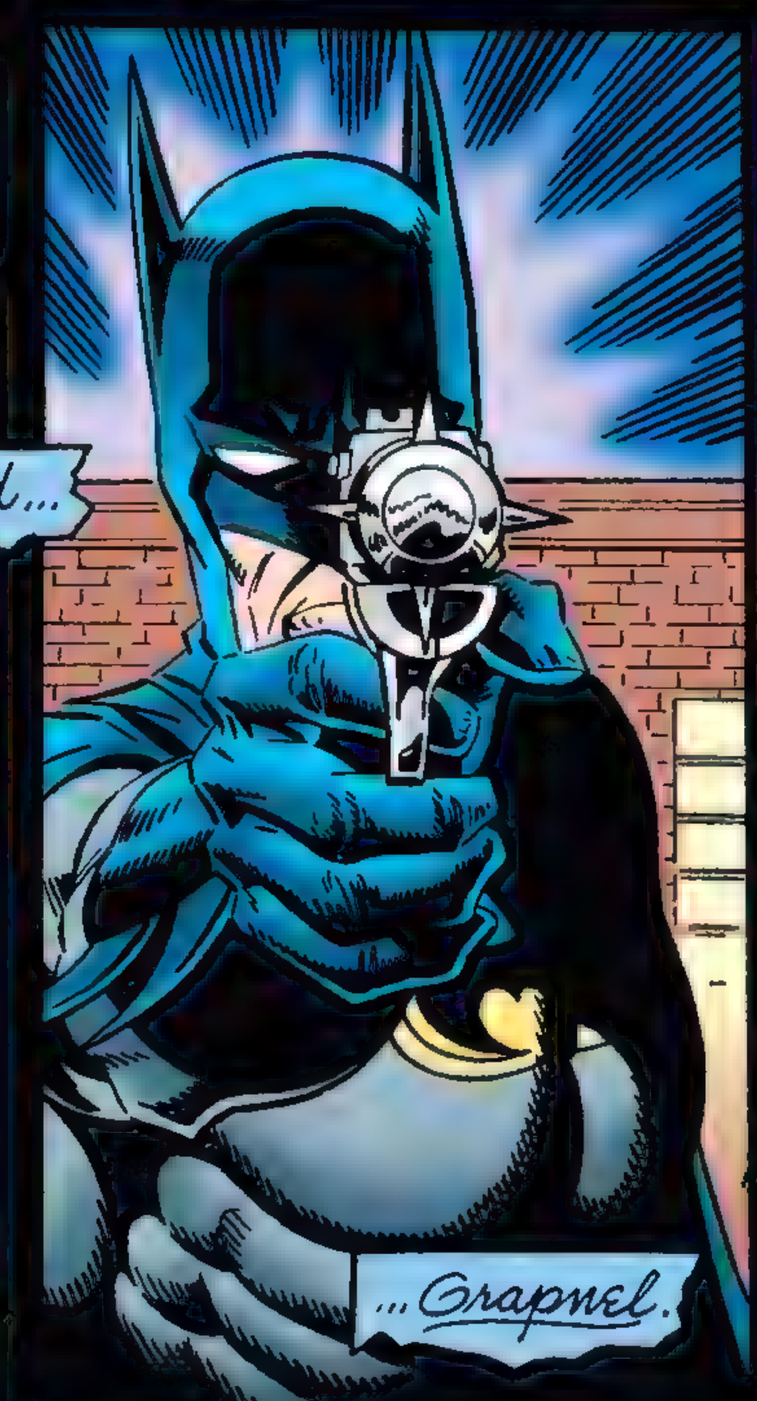
HYAHH!

SKLOKT

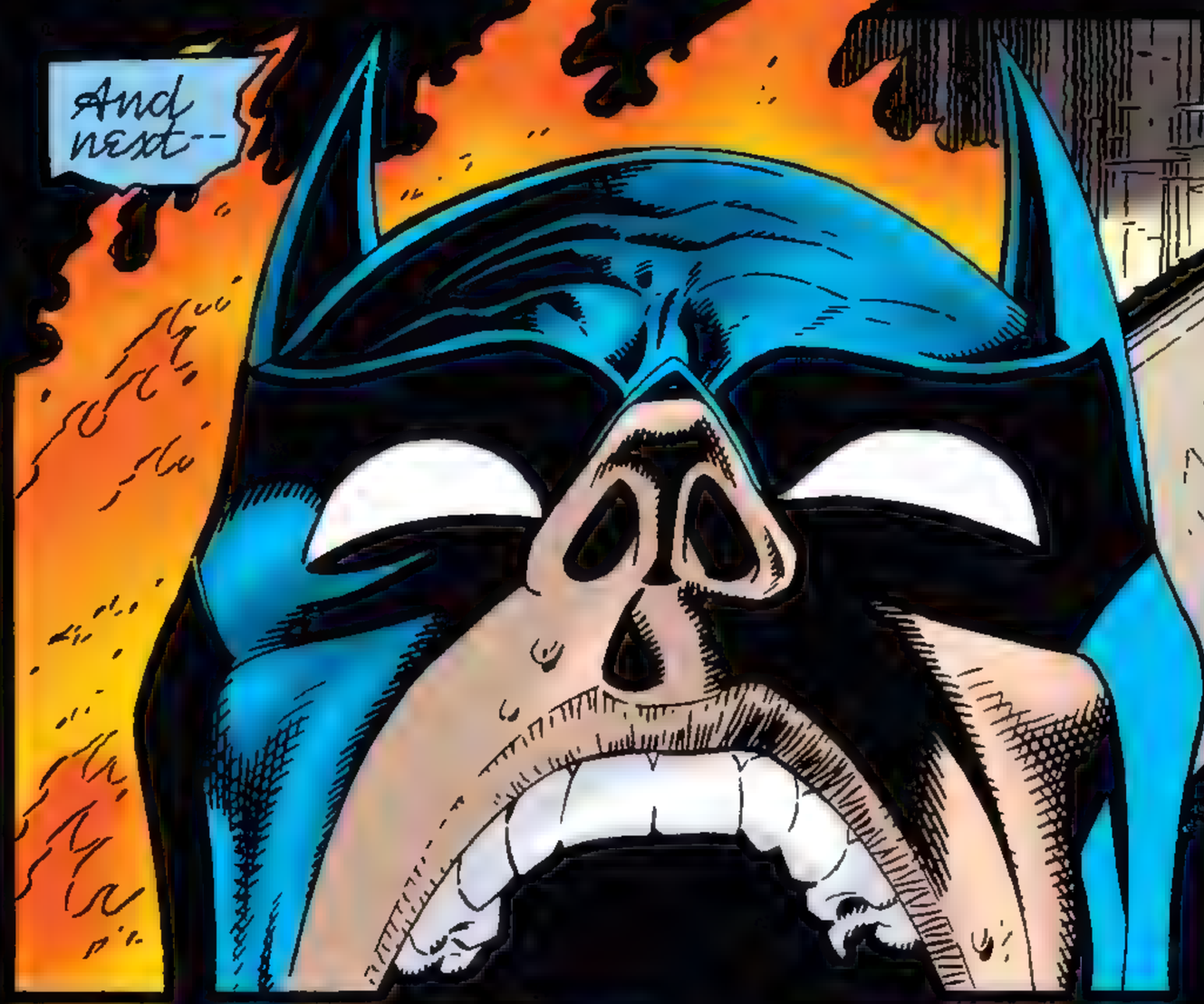
FASTER!!

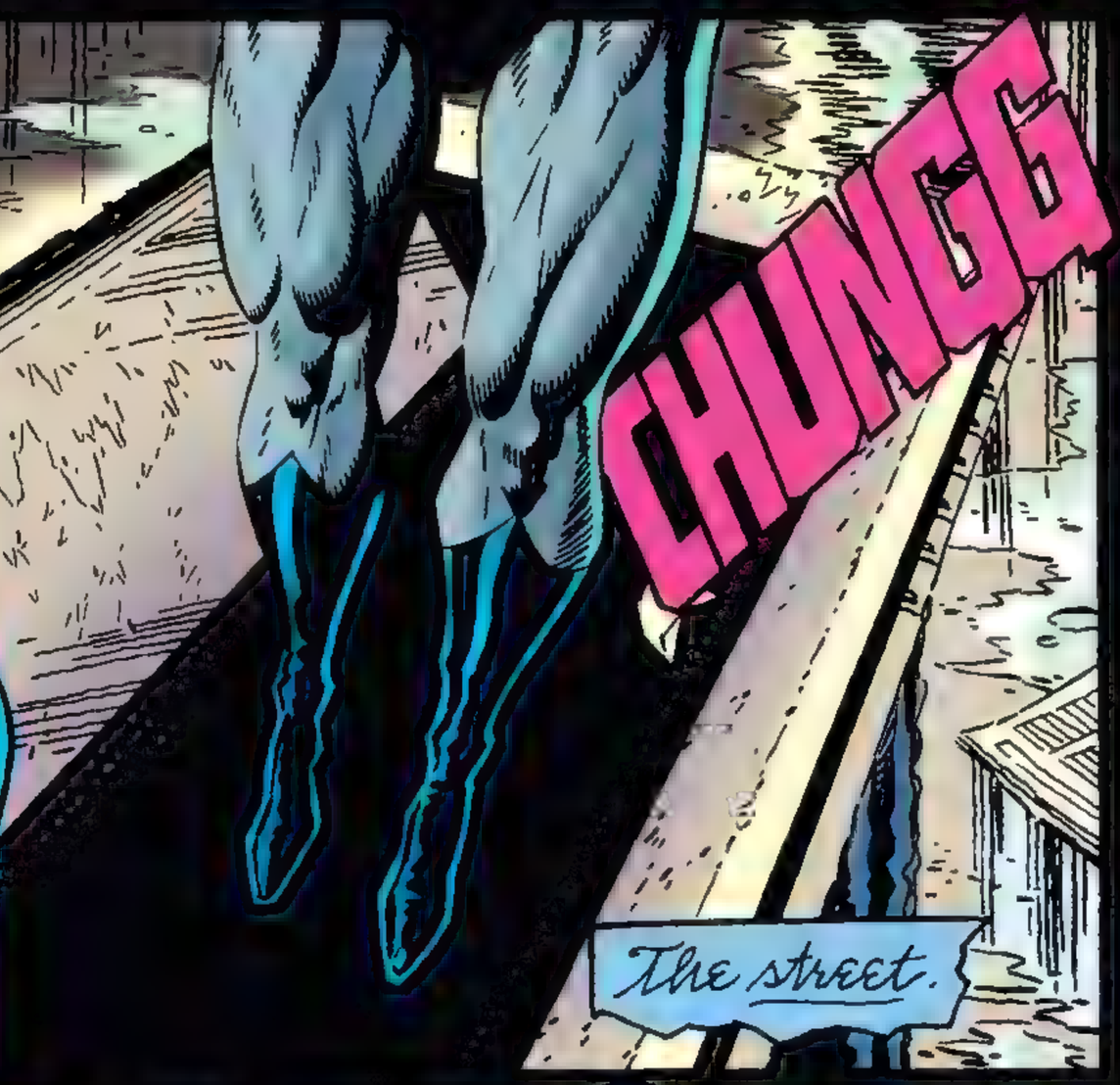
VRUM VRUM VROOOOOOOOOOO

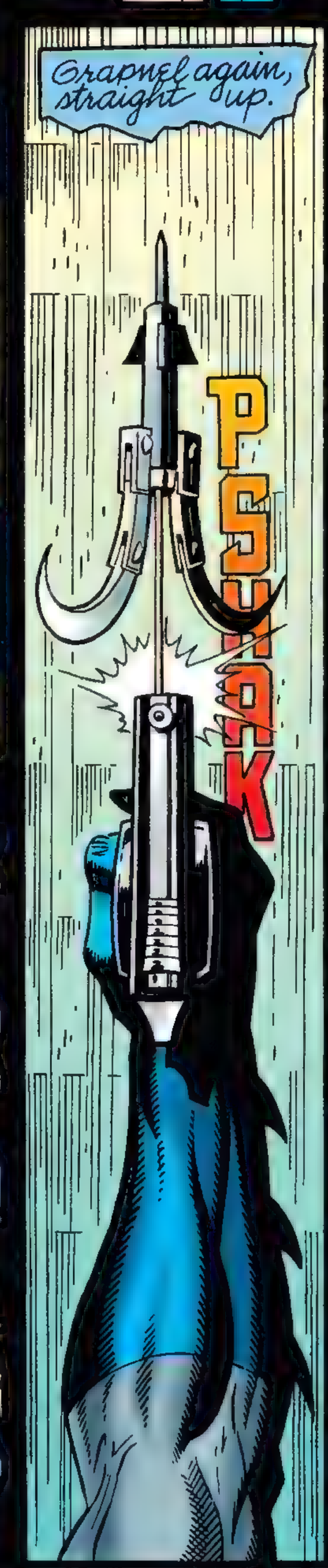
Car.

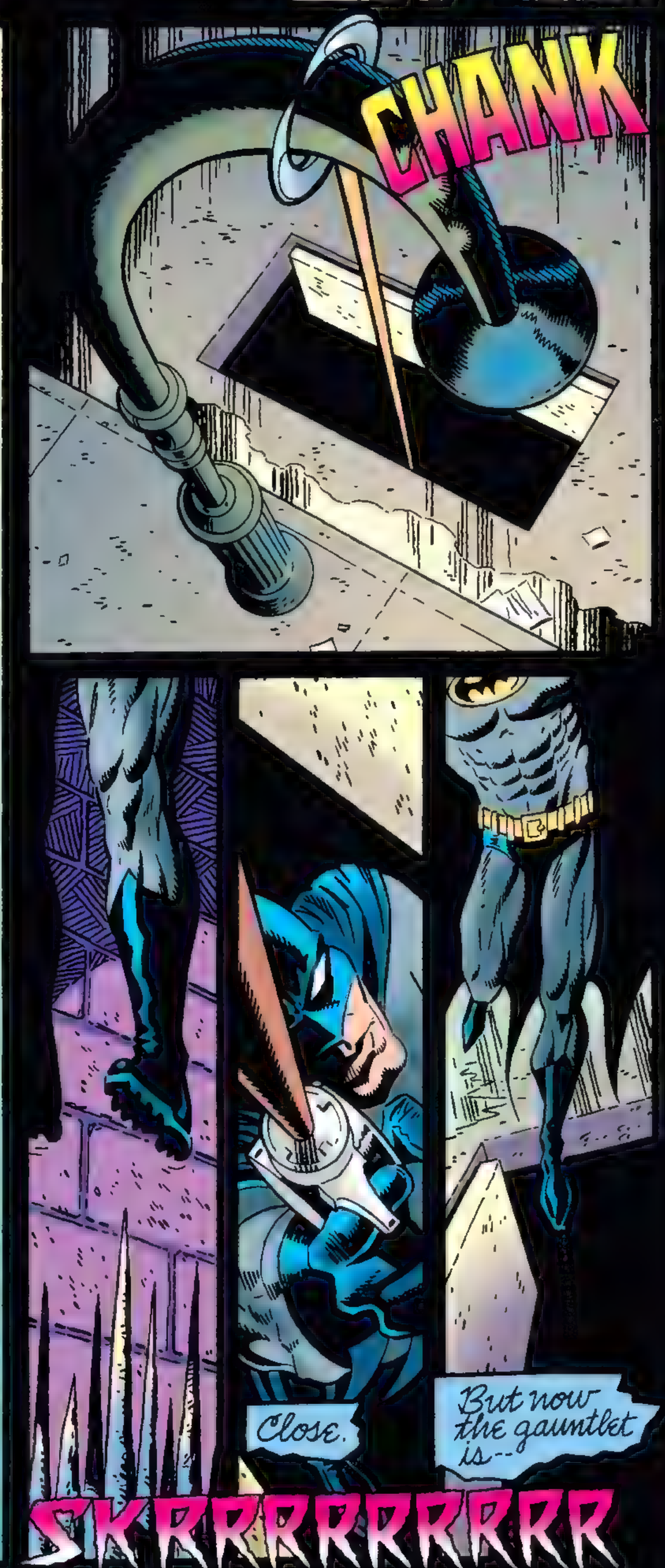


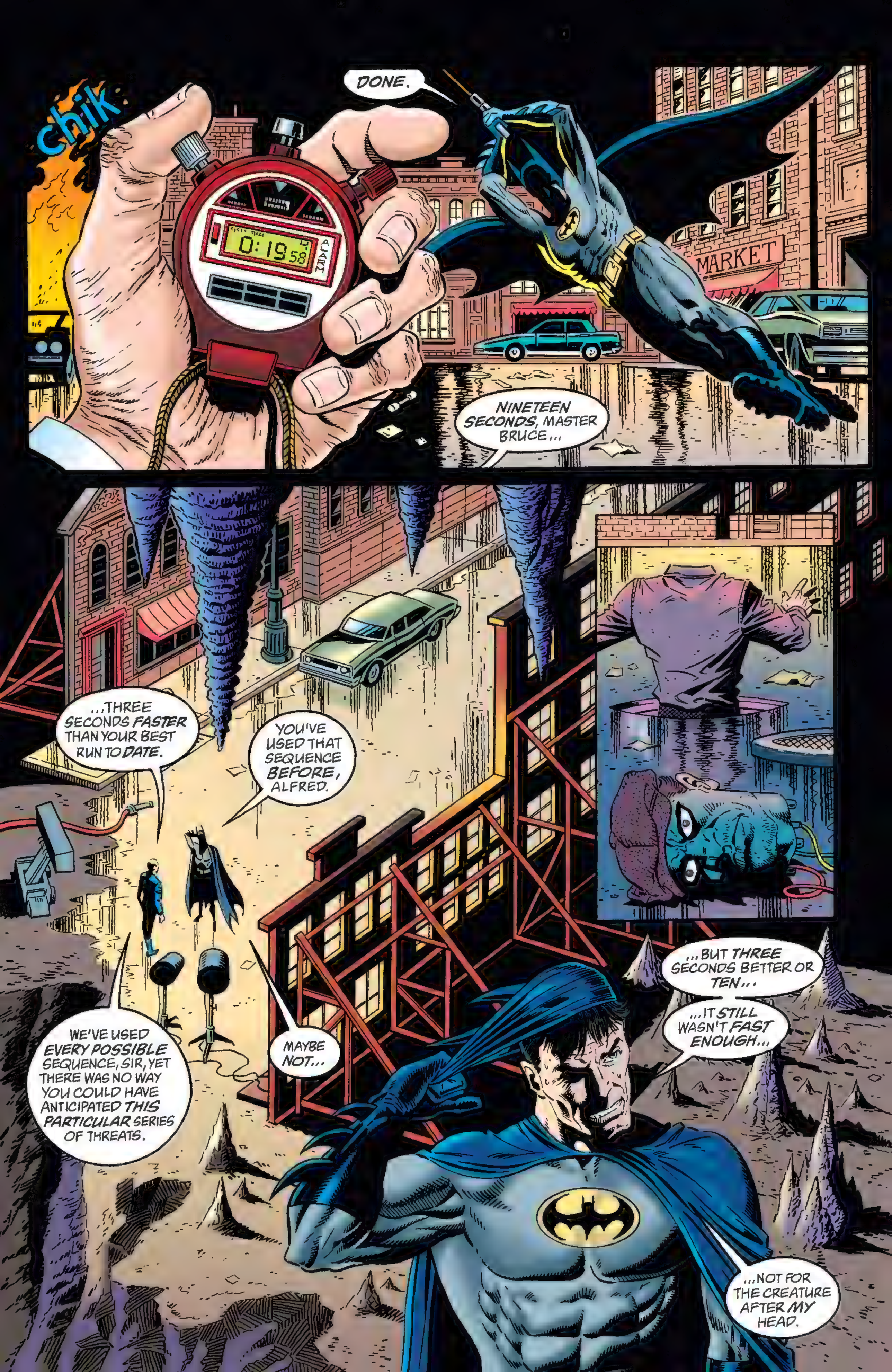
Fire.
Shatter windshield.
Hook steering wheel.
PSHAK
CHUSH
K-CHAKT
SKURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
Dive.
And pull.
SKREEEEEEEEEE
KLOOSH!
KRUMPSH!
BWAOOM!
STILL TOO EASY.

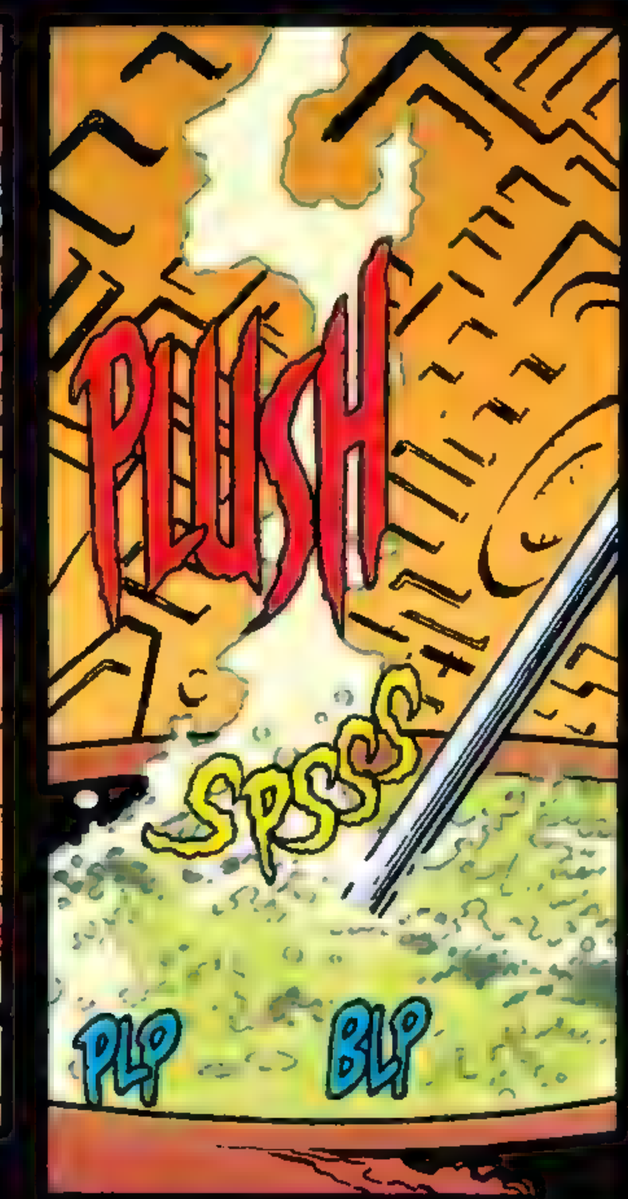

And next--

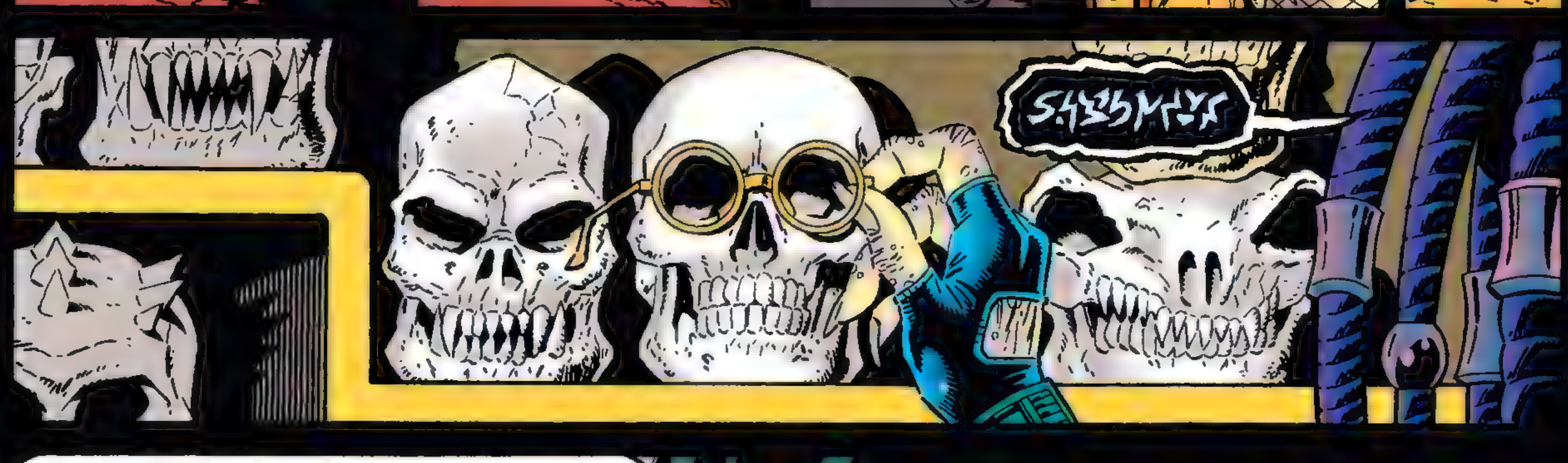

CHUNGG
The street.

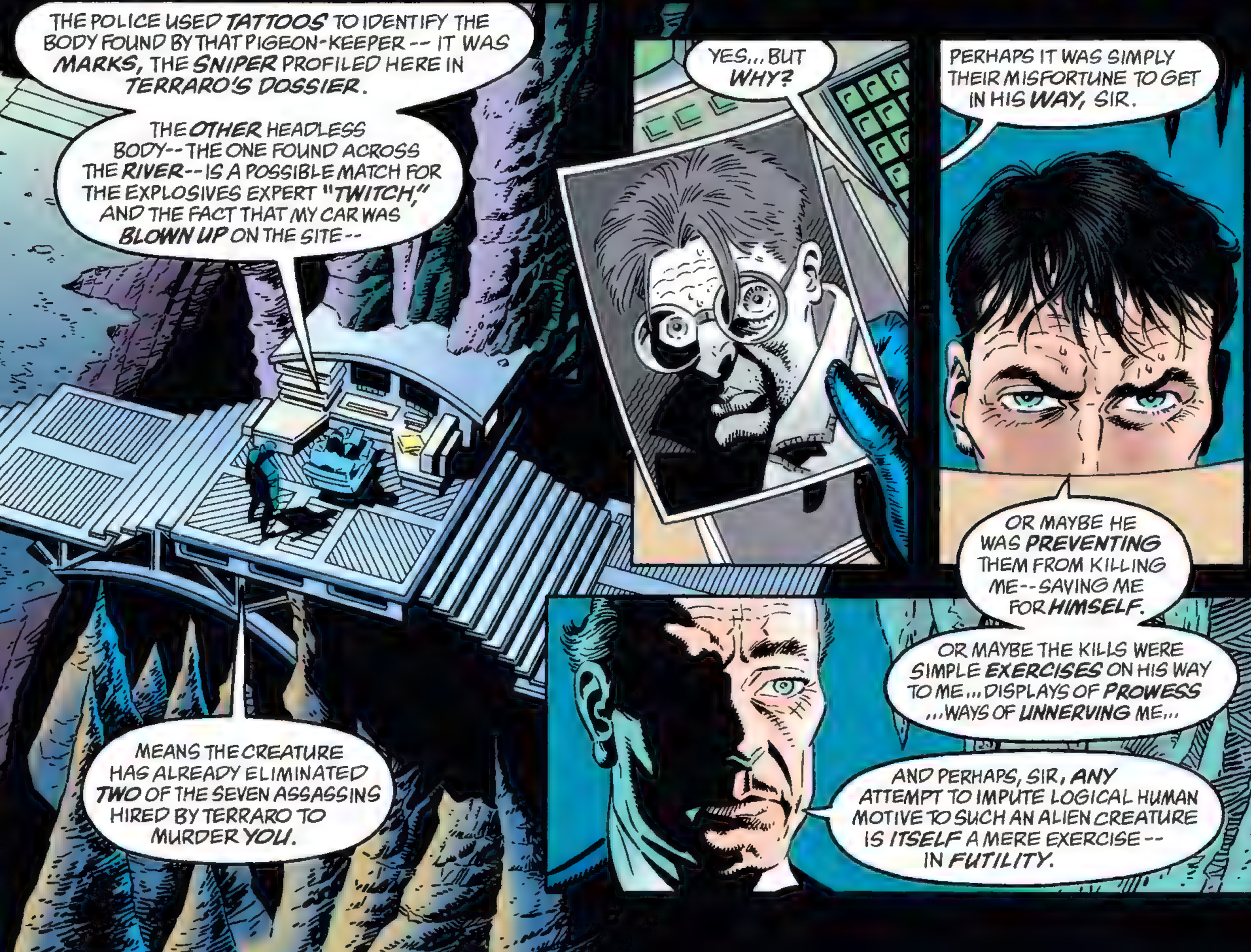

Grapnel again, straight up.
PSSHOOK

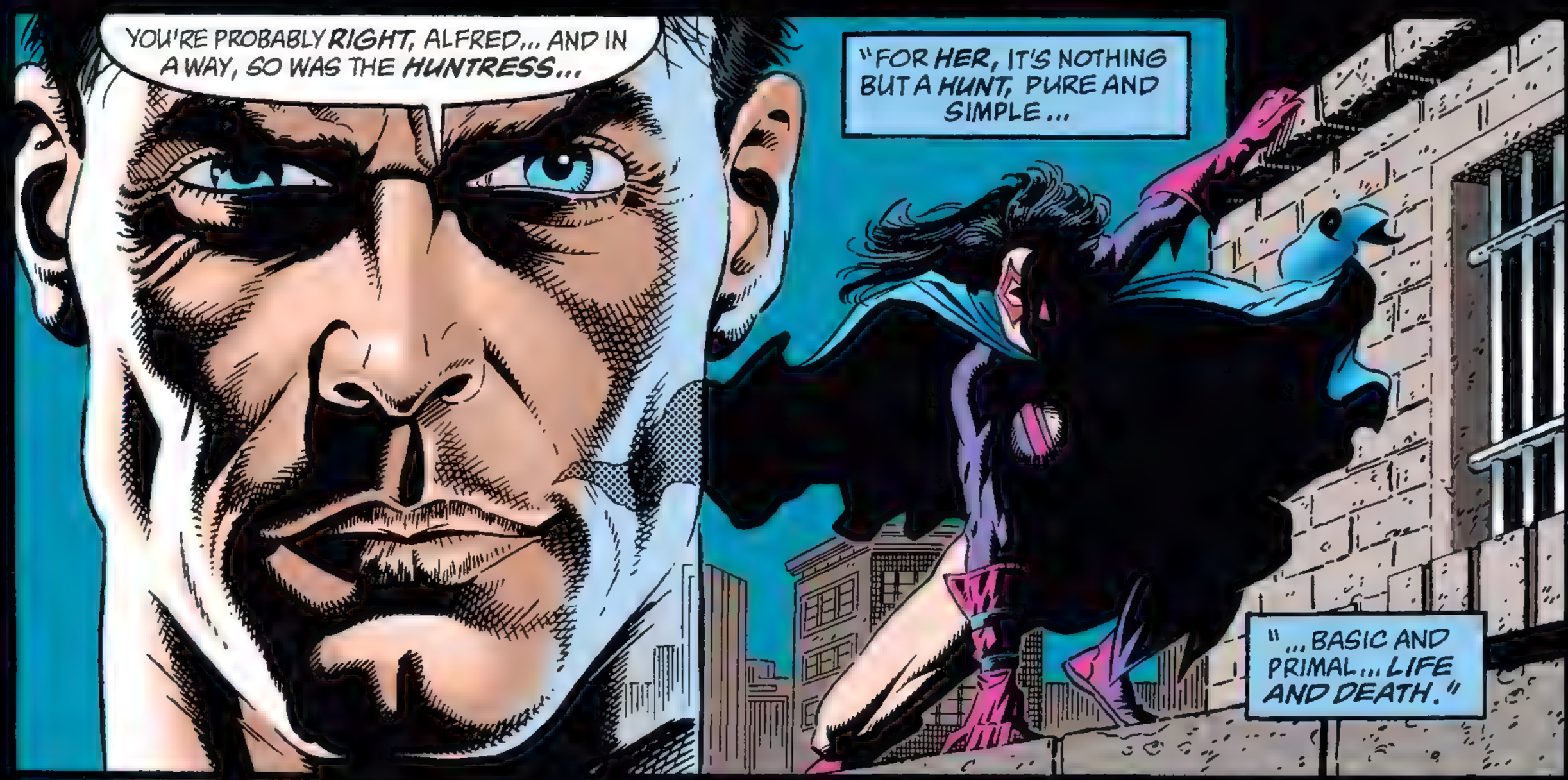

CHANK
Close.
But now the gauntlet is--
SKRRRRRRRRRR

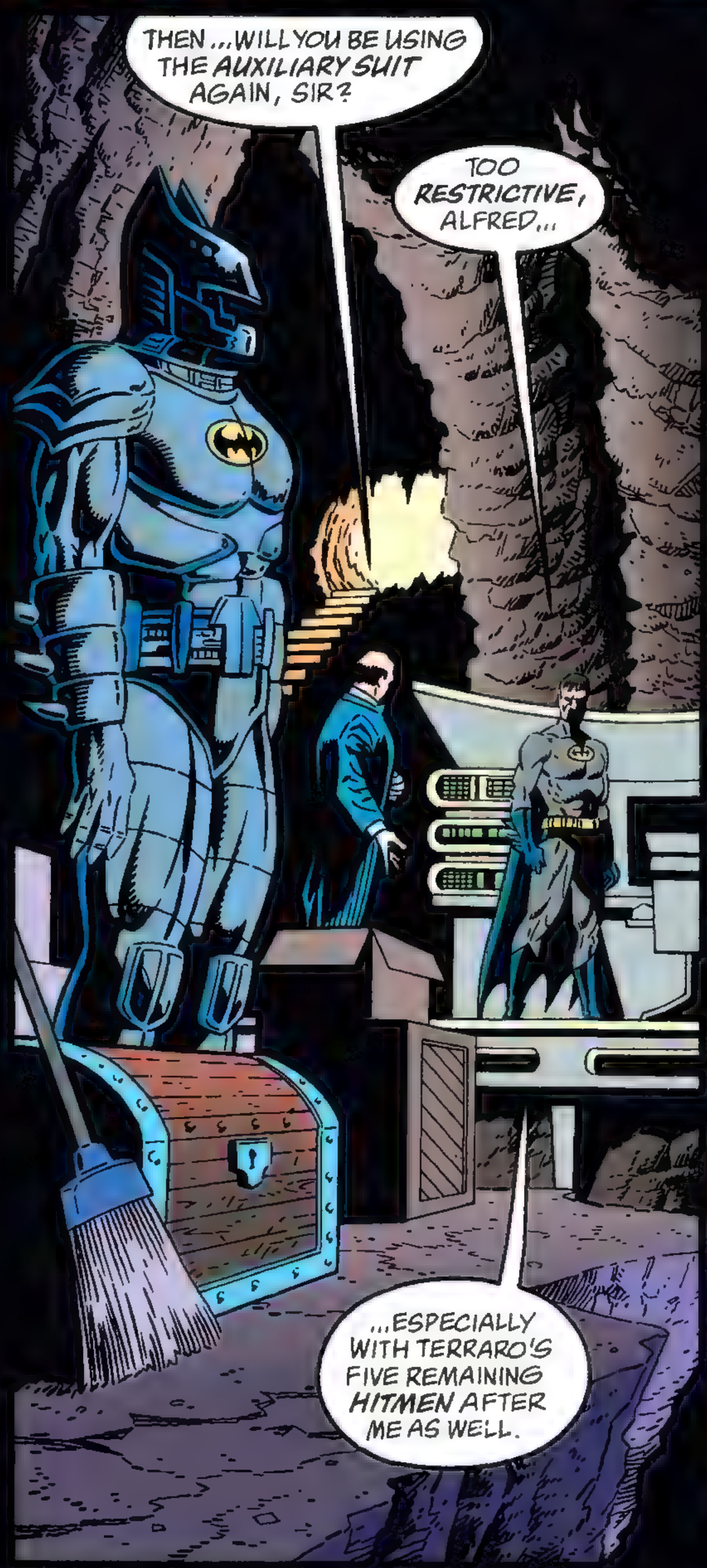

chik
DONE.
0:19 58
ALARM
MARKET
NINETEEN SECONDS, MASTER BRUCE...
...THREE SECONDS FASTER THAN YOUR BEST RUN TO DATE.
YOU'VE USED THAT SEQUENCE BEFORE, ALFRED.
WE'VE USED EVERY POSSIBLE SEQUENCE, SIR, YET THERE WAS NO WAY YOU COULD HAVE ANTICIPATED THIS PARTICULAR SERIES OF THREATS.
MAYBE NOT...
...BUT THREE SECONDS BETTER OR TEN...
...IT STILL WASN'T FAST ENOUGH...
...NOT FOR THE CREATURE AFTER MY HEAD.


PLUSH
SPSSS
PLO
BLO




THE POLICE USED TATTOOS TO IDENTIFY THE BODY FOUND BY THAT PIGEON-KEEPER -- IT WAS MARKS, THE SNIPER PROFILED HERE IN TERRARO'S DOSSIER.
THE OTHER HEADLESS BODY -- THE ONE FOUND ACROSS THE RIVER -- IS A POSSIBLE MATCH FOR THE EXPLOSIVES EXPERT "TWITCH," AND THE FACT THAT MY CAR WAS BLOWN UP ON THE SITE --
YES... BUT WHY?
PERHAPS IT WAS SIMPLY THEIR MISFORTUNE TO GET IN HIS WAY, SIR.
OR MAYBE HE WAS PREVENTING THEM FROM KILLING ME -- SAVING ME FOR HIMSELF.
OR MAYBE THE KILLS WERE SIMPLE EXERCISES ON HIS WAY TO ME... DISPLAYS OF PROWESS ...WAYS OF UNNERVING ME...
AND PERHAPS, SIR, ANY ATTEMPT TO IMPUTE LOGICAL HUMAN MOTIVE TO SUCH AN ALIEN CREATURE IS ITSELF A MERE EXERCISE -- IN FUTILITY.
MEANS THE CREATURE HAS ALREADY ELIMINATED TWO OF THE SEVEN ASSASSINS HIRED BY TERRARO TO MURDER YOU.


YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT, ALFRED... AND IN A WAY, SO WAS THE HUNTRESS...
"FOR HER, IT'S NOTHING BUT A HUNT, PURE AND SIMPLE...
"...BASIC AND PRIMAL... LIFE AND DEATH."


THEN...WILL YOU BE USING THE AUXILIARY SUIT AGAIN, SIR?
TOO RESTRICTIVE, ALFRED...
...ESPECIALLY WITH TERRARO'S FIVE REMAINING HITMEN AFTER ME AS WELL.

THIS TIME I'LL NEED SILENCE, STEALTH, AND SPEED.
THE "CREATURE OF THE NIGHT" APPROACH, SIR?
EXACTLY...
...BUT WITH IMPROVEMENTS.
THE TOOLS, SIR?
COMPETING "NAKED" AGAINST THE NEW NIGHT-CREATURE IN TOWN WOULD HARDLY BE WISE...

"...NOT WHEN *HE'S* ARMED TO THE *TEETH*..."

"...AND LOADED FOR *BAT*."

<...CHAMPION...>

I'M BEING *FOLLOWED*.

TUNNEL ENTRANCE -- ABOUT FIFTY YARDS BACK.

BUT IT'S *NOT* THE "ALIEN HEADHUNTER."

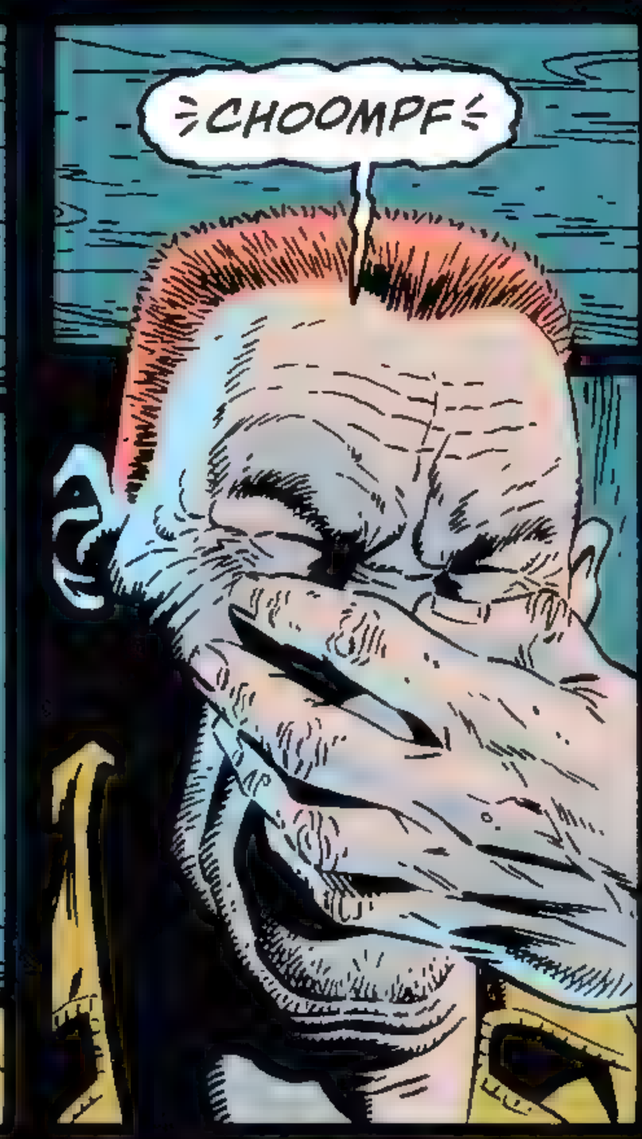
THAT THING STRUCK BEFORE I EVEN *SENSED A PRESENCE* -- AND WHILE WHOEVER'S ON ME *NOW* MAY BE *GOOD*...

...HE'S NEITHER *SILENT* NOR *INVISIBLE*.

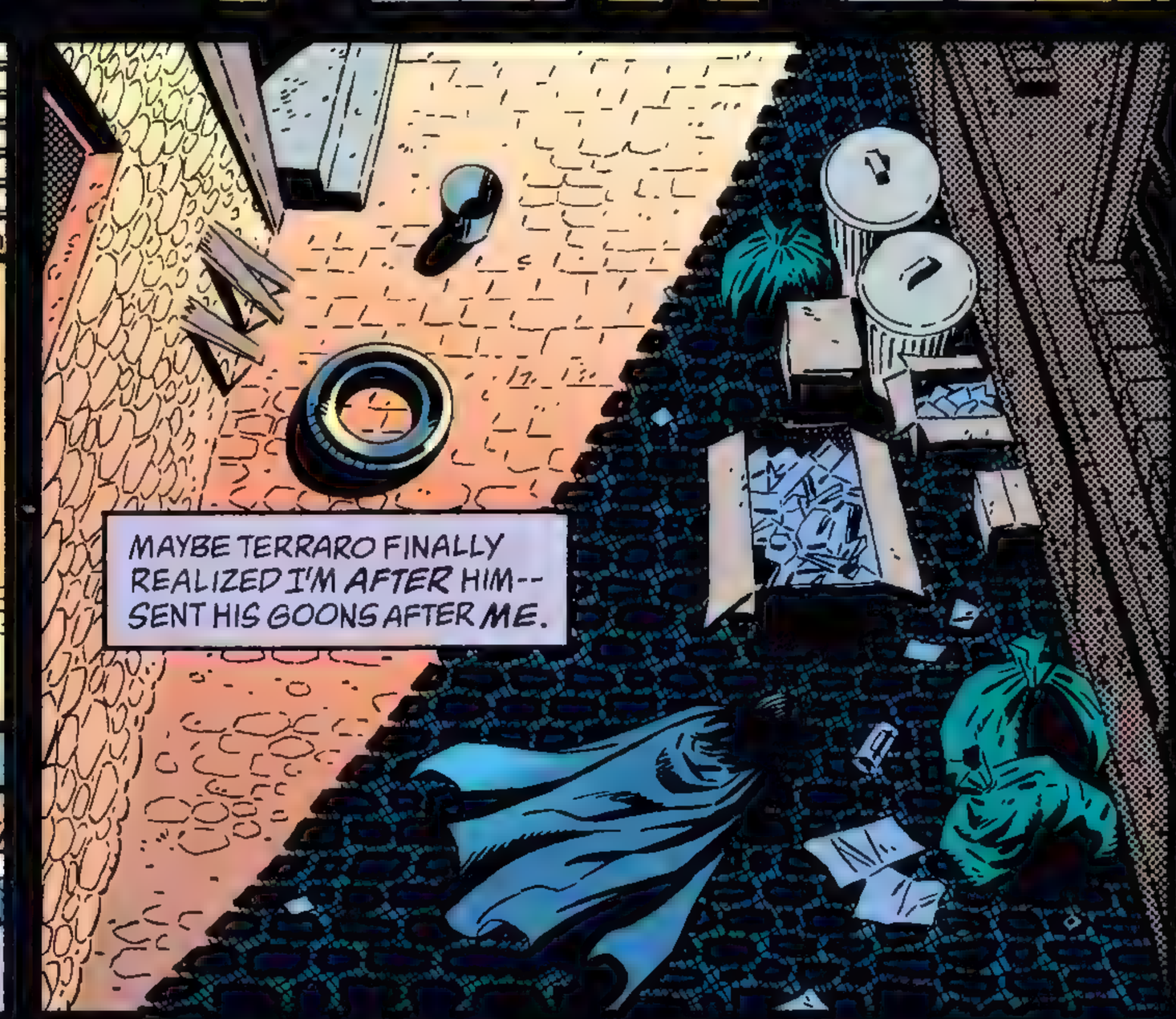
AH...

...AHH...

...AHHH...


CHOOMPF

TWO OF THEM NOW, THE OTHER ONE AT THE END OF THE ALLEY...
...AND IF I'M LUCKY, NEITHER AWARE OF THE OTHER.


MAYBE TERRARO FINALLY REALIZED I'M AFTER HIM-- SENT HIS GOONS AFTER ME.

OR MAYBE IN THE DARK AND FROM A DISTANCE I LOOK LIKE THEIR PRIMARY TARGET...
...THE BATMAN.

EITHER WAY, I CAN MAKE MYSELF BAIT...

...FOR BOTH OF THEM.

TUNK
NHNFF
AGHKEK

ASSASSINS.

MEETING IN THE *DARK*.

CHUN

AND IF THEY WERE ANY *GOOD* AT THEIR WORK, THAT WORK IS NOW *DONE*...

...FOREVER.

YES... BOTH DEAD.

MISTAKEN IDENTITIES.

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD.

BAD ENOUGH I HAVE TO SAVE MY OWN KILLERS FROM THAT CREATURE, HUNTRESS...

IT'S HIM.

...LET ALONE FROM YOU.

THE BATMAN-- SOME-WHERE IN THE SHADOWS, HIDDEN IN THE NIGHT.

I DIDN'T KILL THEM, AND YOU KNOW IT.

IN THE DARK, THEY PROBABLY MISTOOK ME FOR YOU.

I SIMPLY GOT OUT OF THE WAY-- AND THEY KILLED EACH OTHER.

NO GREAT LOSS IN ANY CASE.

LOSS OF LIFE IS ALWAYS GREAT.

ALWAYS TRAGIC.

ALWAYS AWESOME.

MY POINT EXACTLY-- SINCE THESE TWO WERE PROFESSIONAL ASSASSINS.

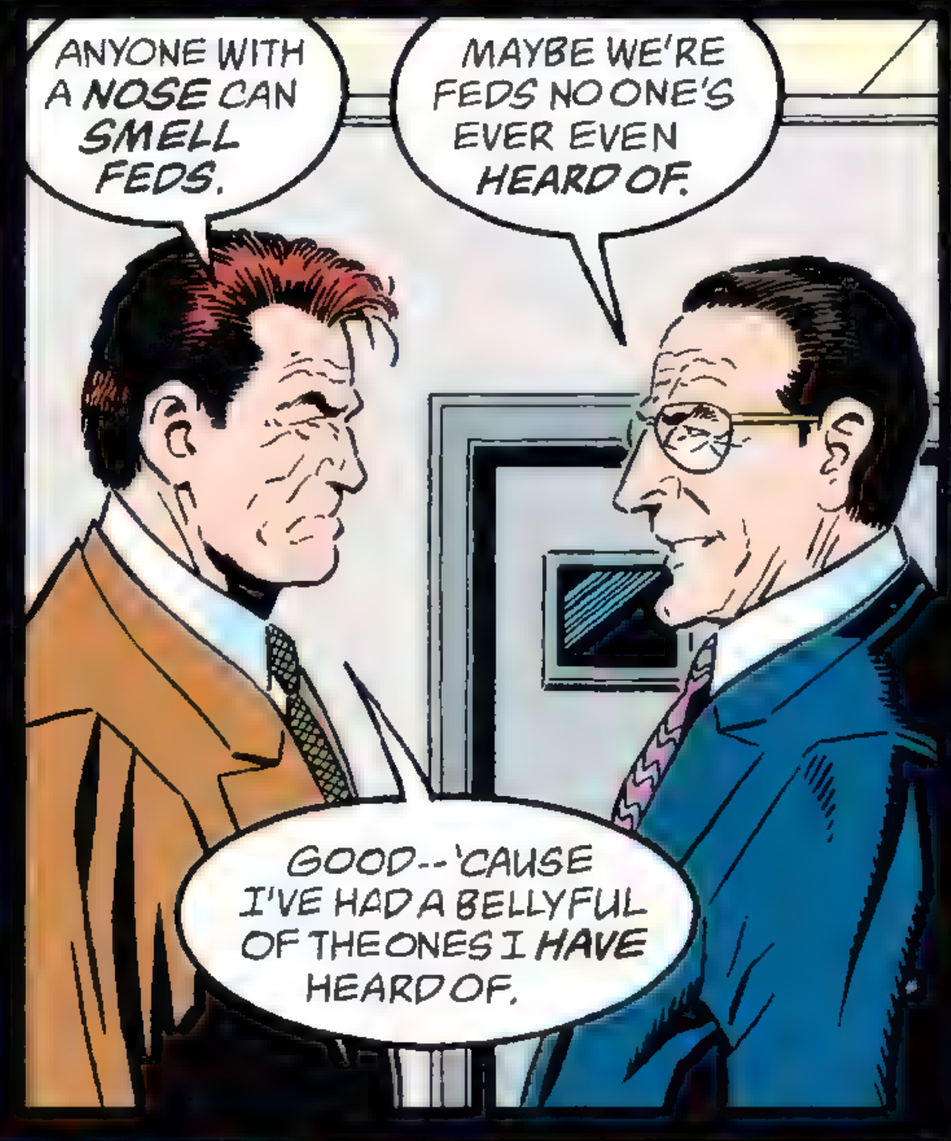
LOSS OF LIFE WAS THEIR STOCK IN TRADE--THEIR CAREERS...

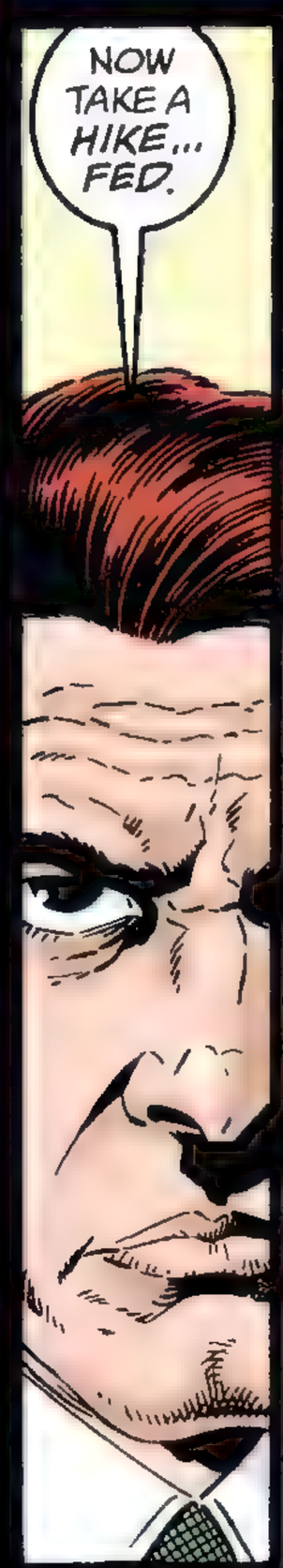
EVERY ONE OF THE LOATHSOME REPTILES IN THAT DOSSIER MAKES A LIVING TAKING LIVES.
WHICH IS WHY THEY MUST BE STOPPED--AND BROUGHT TO JUSTICE--BEFORE THAT ALIEN HUNTER SLAUGHTERS THEM.
YOU'RE CONSISTENT, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.
I MAY NEVER KNOW WHAT MAKES YOU TICK... BUT AT LEAST YOU WON'T BLOW UP IN MY FACE.
DON'T BET ON IT.
FINE.
BLOW YOURSELF TO RED MIST FOR ALL I CARE...
...BUT TERRARO'S STILL MINE.

MERCY
SPITAL
RGENCY
G-GOT TO... WARN HIM... WARN THE... BATMAN...
IT'S... H-HERE AGAIN... DAMNED THING FROM HELL...
IT'S... B-BACK...

WE NEED TO SEE COMMISSIONER GORDON IMMEDIATELY, ABOUT A MATTER OF HIGHEST SECURITY AND--
HOLD IT, OFFICER MONTOYA!
NO ONE GOES IN THERE--NOT WHILE THE COMMISSIONER'S STILL RESTING.

GUESS YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE DEALING WITH... LOCAL BOY.

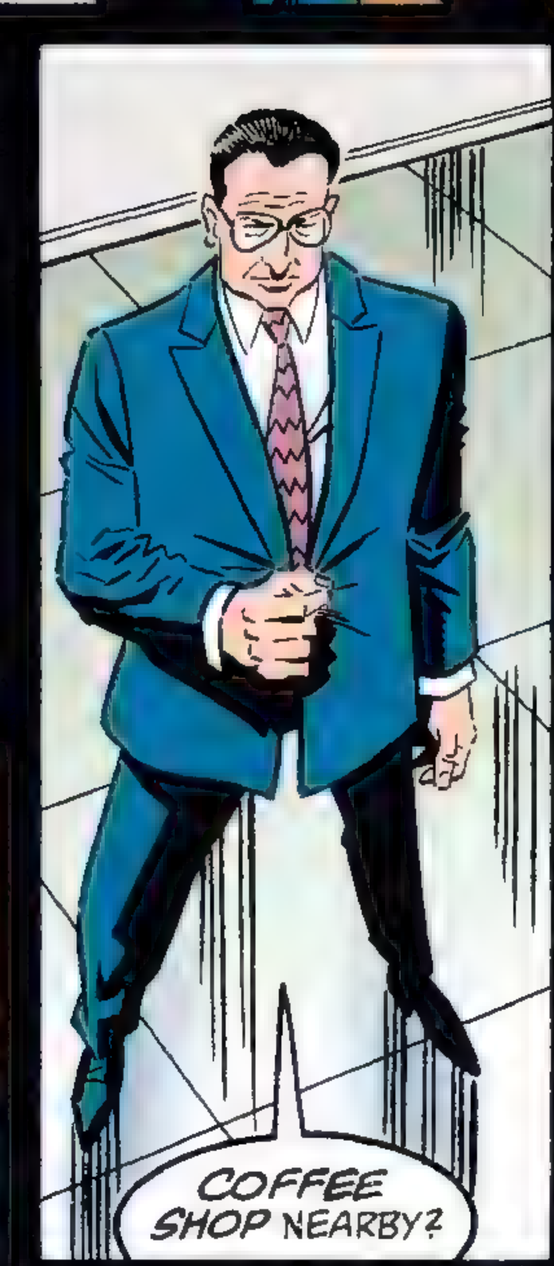

ANYONE WITH A NOSE CAN SMELL FEDS.
MAYBE WE'RE FEDS NO ONE'S EVER EVEN HEARD OF.
GOOD--'CAUSE I'VE HAD A BELLYFUL OF THE ONES I HAVE HEARD OF.


NOW TAKE A HIKE... FED.

I THINK... NOT.
SO WE ALL GOT PIECES.
DIFFERENCE IS...

...I'M WILLING TO USE MINE.

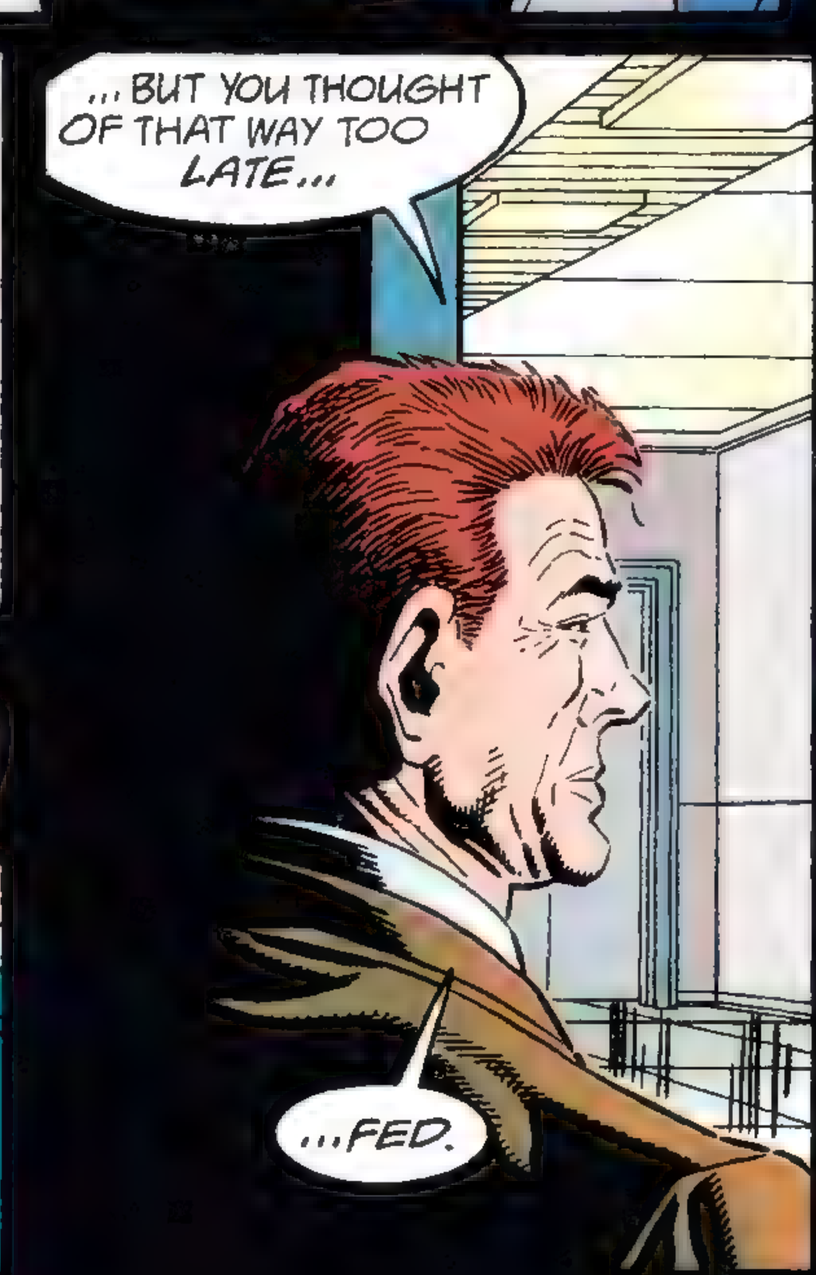
LISTEN, LOCAL BOY, WE GOT A MESSAGE FROM ABOVE THE PRESIDENT.
I DON'T CARE IF IT'S HIGHER THAN HEAVEN OR LOWER THAN HELL-- MY COMMISSIONER DOESN'T GET DISTURBED.
YOUR COMMISSIONER WILL RECEIVE OUR MESSAGE.
ONLY IF HE HEARS IT FROM ME--AFTER HE WAKES UP.

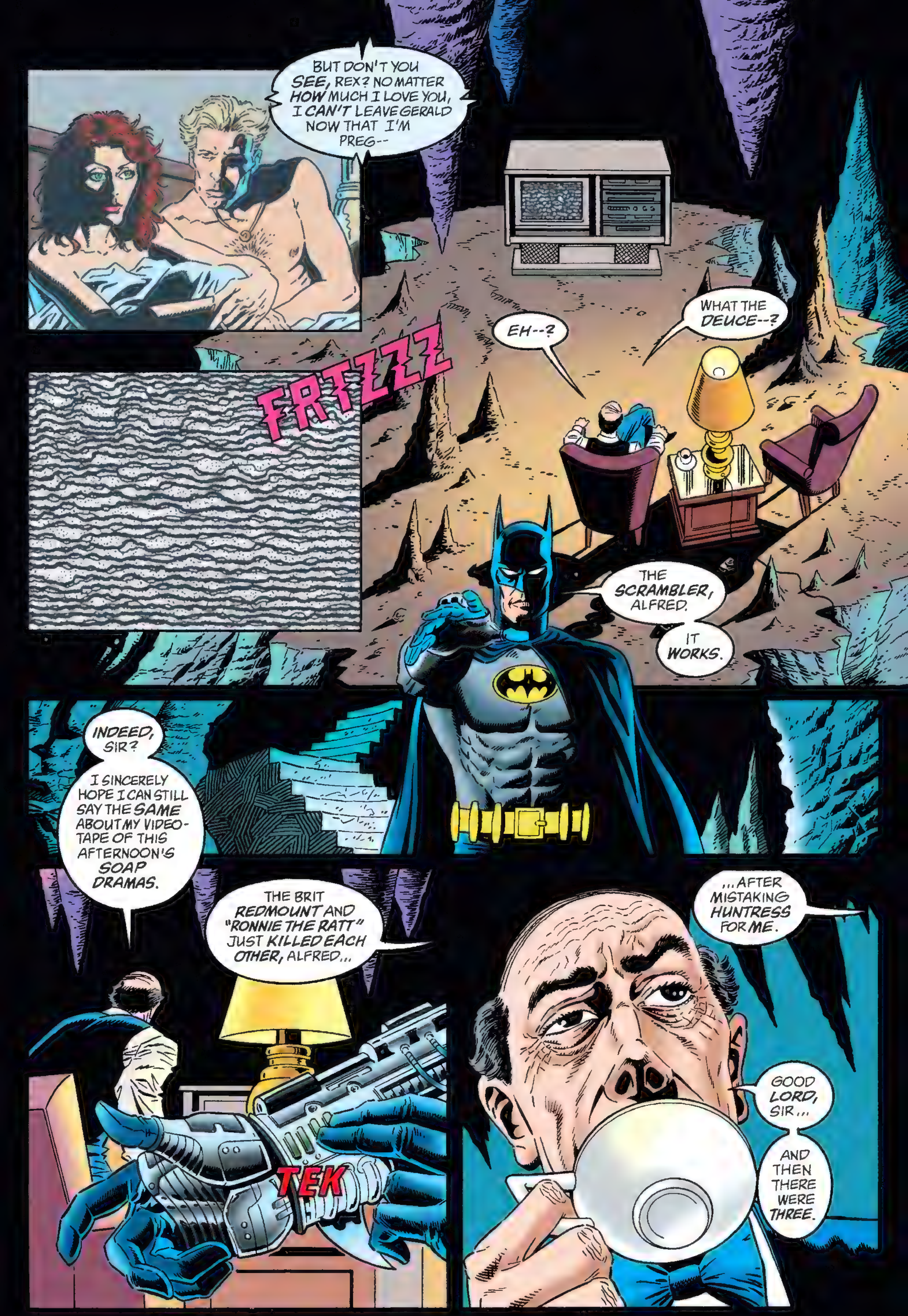

COFFEE SHOP NEARBY?

DOWNSTAIRS -- RIGHT HERE IN THE HOSPITAL.
SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR HOME TURF, EH, LOCAL B--
NAME'S STOCKER-- LIEUTENANT STOCKER.

SURE IT IS -- BUT THE SOUND OF THAT PIECE YOU WERE WILLING TO USE... WOULDN'T THAT HAVE DISTURBED YOUR COMMISSIONER'S REST?

ABSOLUTELY...
DING


...BUT YOU THOUGHT OF THAT WAY TOO LATE...
...FED.


BUT DON'T YOU SEE, REX? NO MATTER HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU, I CAN'T LEAVE GERALD NOW THAT I'M PREG--
FRIZZZZ
EH--?
WHAT THE DEUCE--?
THE SCRAMBLER, ALFRED.
IT WORKS.
INDEED, SIR?
I SINCERELY HOPE I CAN STILL SAY THE SAME ABOUT MY VIDEO-TAPE OF THIS AFTERNOON'S SOAP DRAMAS.
THE BRIT REDMOUNT AND "RONNIE THE RATT" JUST KILLED EACH OTHER, ALFRED...
TEK
...AFTER MISTAKING HUNTRESS FOR ME.
GOOD LORD, SIR...
AND THEN THERE WERE THREE.

BUT PERHAPS THE *WORST* THREE, ALFRED-- THE SICILIAN KNIFE-FREAK *SCARLATTI*... THE BIKER AND EX-WRESTLER KNOWN AS "*DEMON-MAN*"... AND THE HONG KONG TRIAD'S FAVORITE KILLER, *SONG SUNG*.

AND YOU'VE RETURNED TO THE *CAVE*, SIR...?

FOR MORE *INFORMATION*.

IF MY SCRAMBLER NULLIFIES THE CREATURE'S *ELECTRONIC CAMOUFLAGE* AS WELL AS IT BLITZED YOUR *SOAP OPERA*, I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE IT COMING AFTER *ME* WHILE I GO AFTER THE *ASSASSINS*.

BUT I NEED PLACES TO START *LOOKING*-- AND THE *COMPUTERS* CAN GIVE ME A LIST OF *TERRARO'S KNOWN HAUNTS*...

K'LIK

TEK TEK CHEKKA TEK

THEN YOU *KNOW* THAT THING ON OUR ROOF... WAS FROM *SOMEWHERE ELSE*?

IT'S BEEN HERE *BEFORE*, LT. STOCKER, OR AT LEAST ONE *LIKE* IT, BUT WE DON'T *CARE* WHERE IT'S FROM-- WE JUST WANT TO *STOP* IT.

HOW?

DETAILS ARE CLASSIFIED.

LET'S JUST SAY WE HAVE ... A *SECRET TEAM*.

IRAN-CONTRA, WATERGATE, JFK HIT, OR *ALL OF THE ABOVE*?

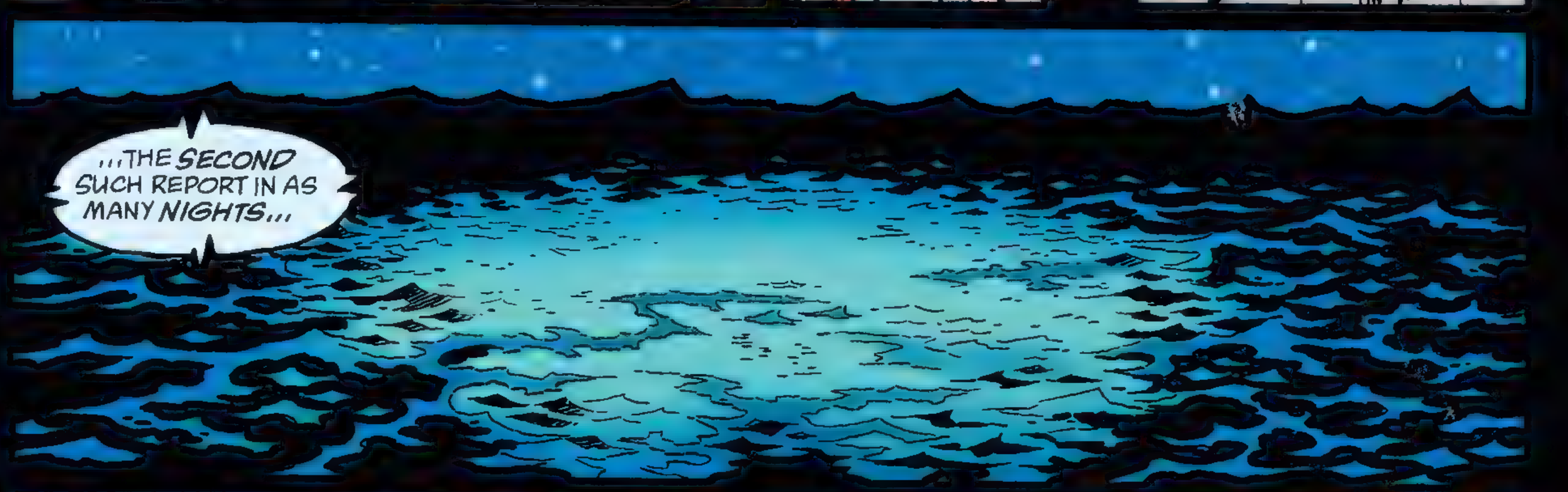
HIGH-TECH *HUNTERS*... BUT WE NEED GORDON'S *COOPERATION*.

YOU MEAN *CAPITULATION*.

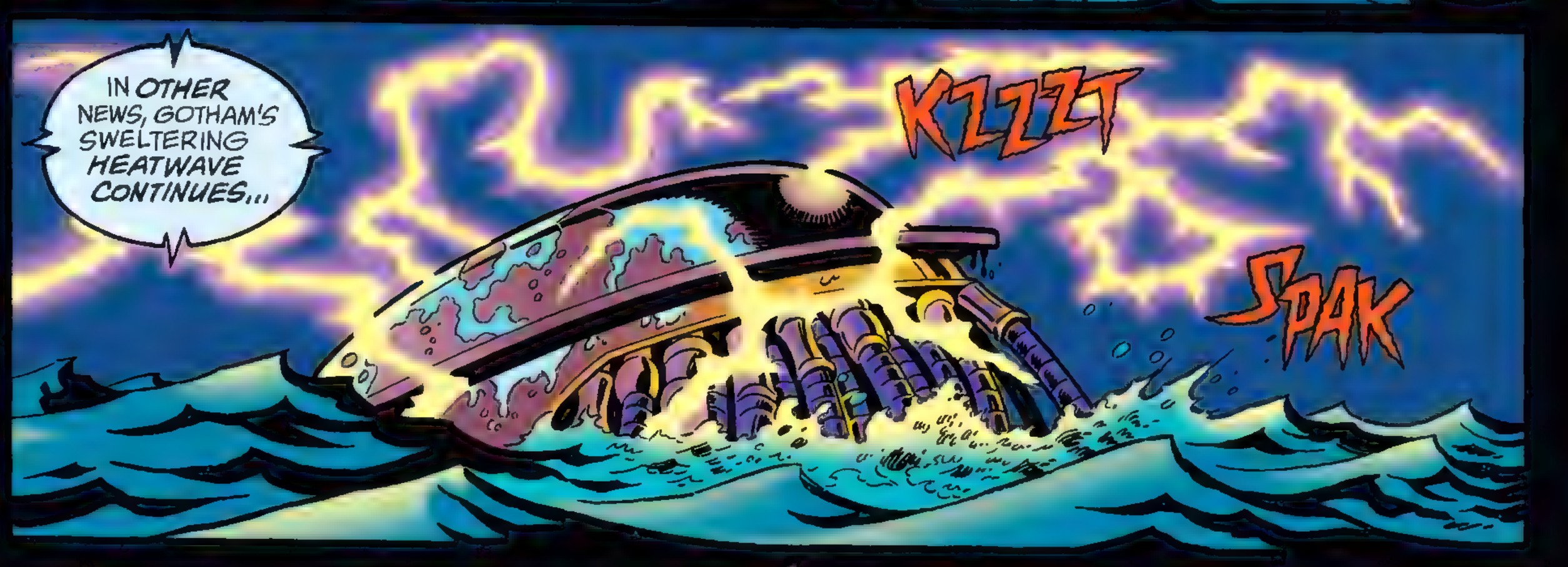
YOU WANT THE GOTHAM POLICE FORCE TO *STAND DOWN* AND LET *YOUR TEAM MOVE IN*.

OUR PREFERENCE, STOCKER, IS NOT TO INVOLVE THE MAYOR, BUT IF YOU FORCE OUR--
DON'T WORRY, I'LL DELIVER YOUR MESSAGE TO GORDON, BUT REMEMBER THIS...
WE SAW FOUR FELLOW COPS BUTCHERED BY THAT MONSTER.

STANDING DOWN WON'T COME EASY.
--SPECTACULAR METEOR COMING DOWN OVER GOTHAM RIVER...

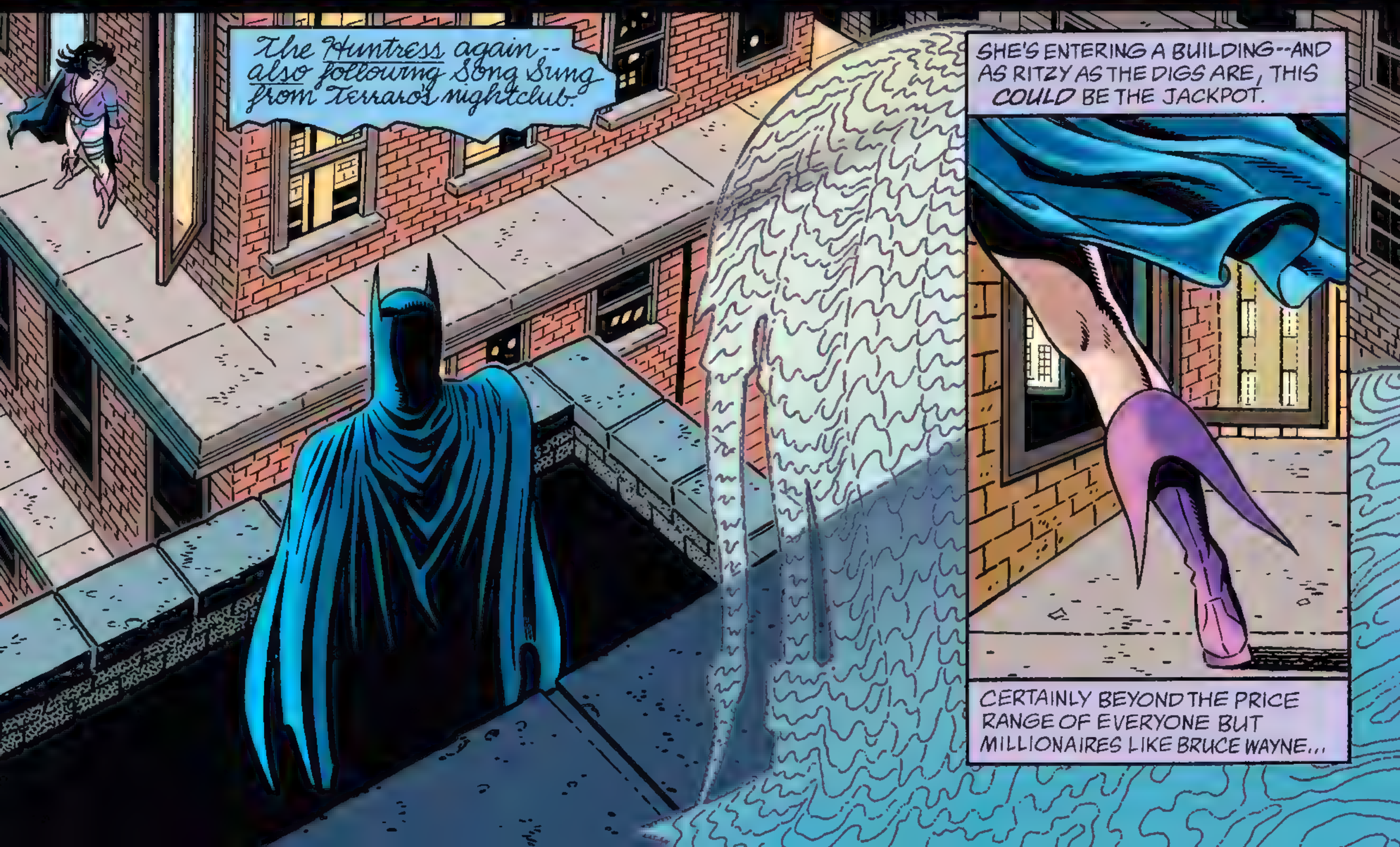

...THE SECOND SUCH REPORT IN AS MANY NIGHTS...

...AND THE USUAL UFO DEBATE HAS ALREADY BEGUN.
SPSH


IN OTHER NEWS, GOTHAM'S SWELTERING HEATWAVE CONTINUES...
KZZZT
SPAK

...CAUSING MANY RESIDENTS TO FLEE THE CITY IN SEARCH OF RELIEF.
FLLLT
SPRAKT
FWSHSH

SHE'S A DEAD RINGER FOR THE HONG KONG ASSASSIN IN THE DOSSIER...



...AND TERRARO HIMSELF.

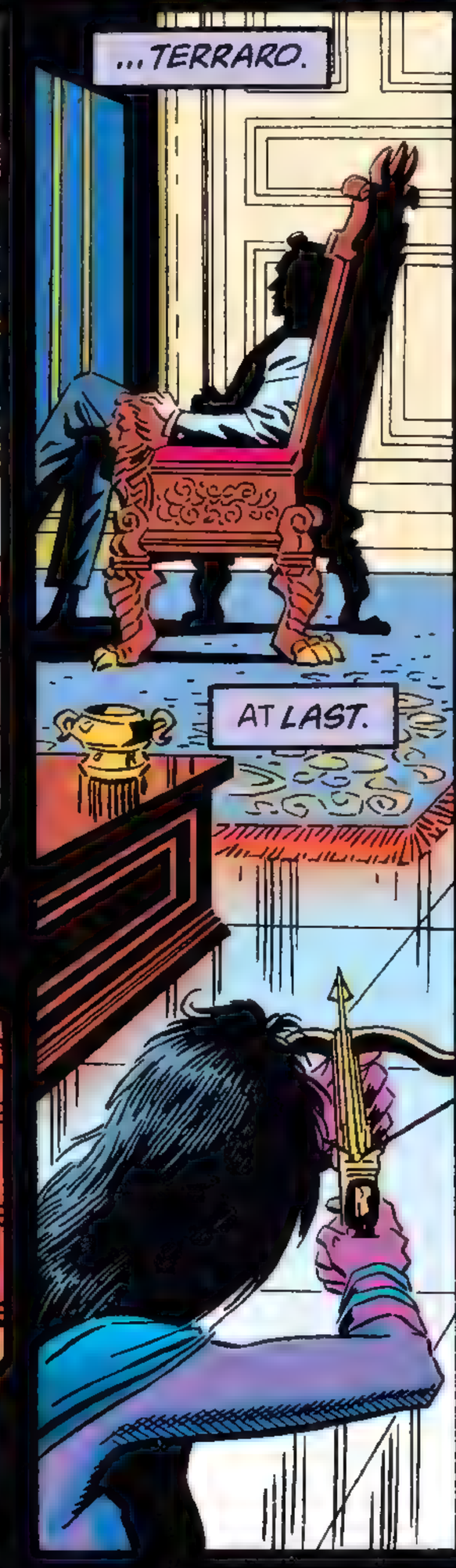
YOU FILLED THE CONTRACT?

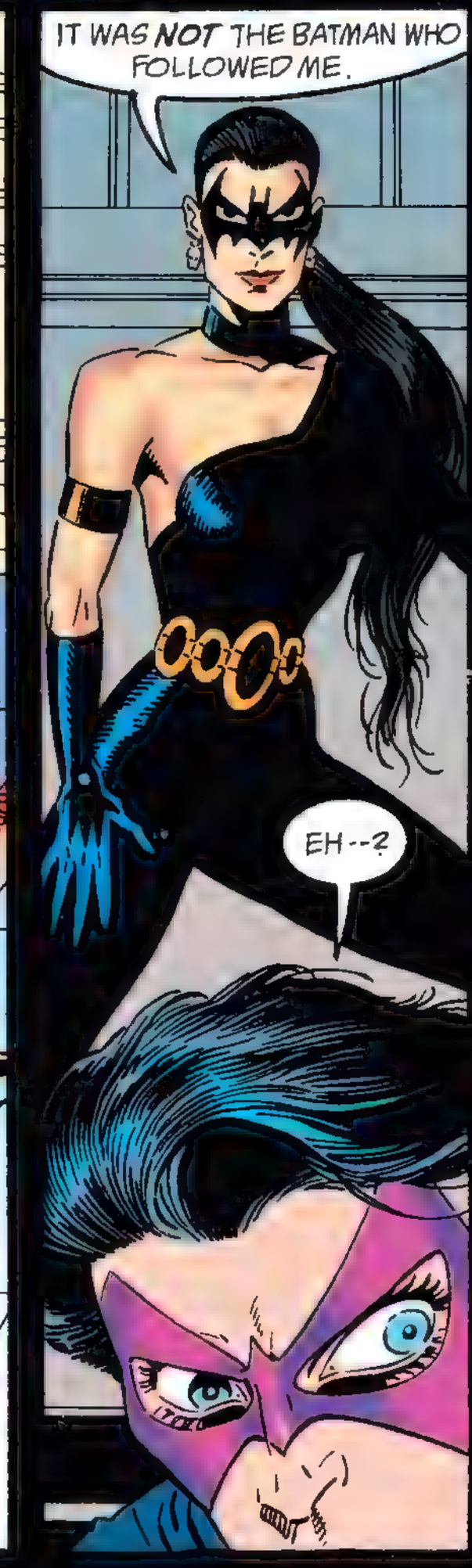
TOOK OUT THE BATMAN?

NOT YET.

BUT I'VE BEEN FOLLOWED.

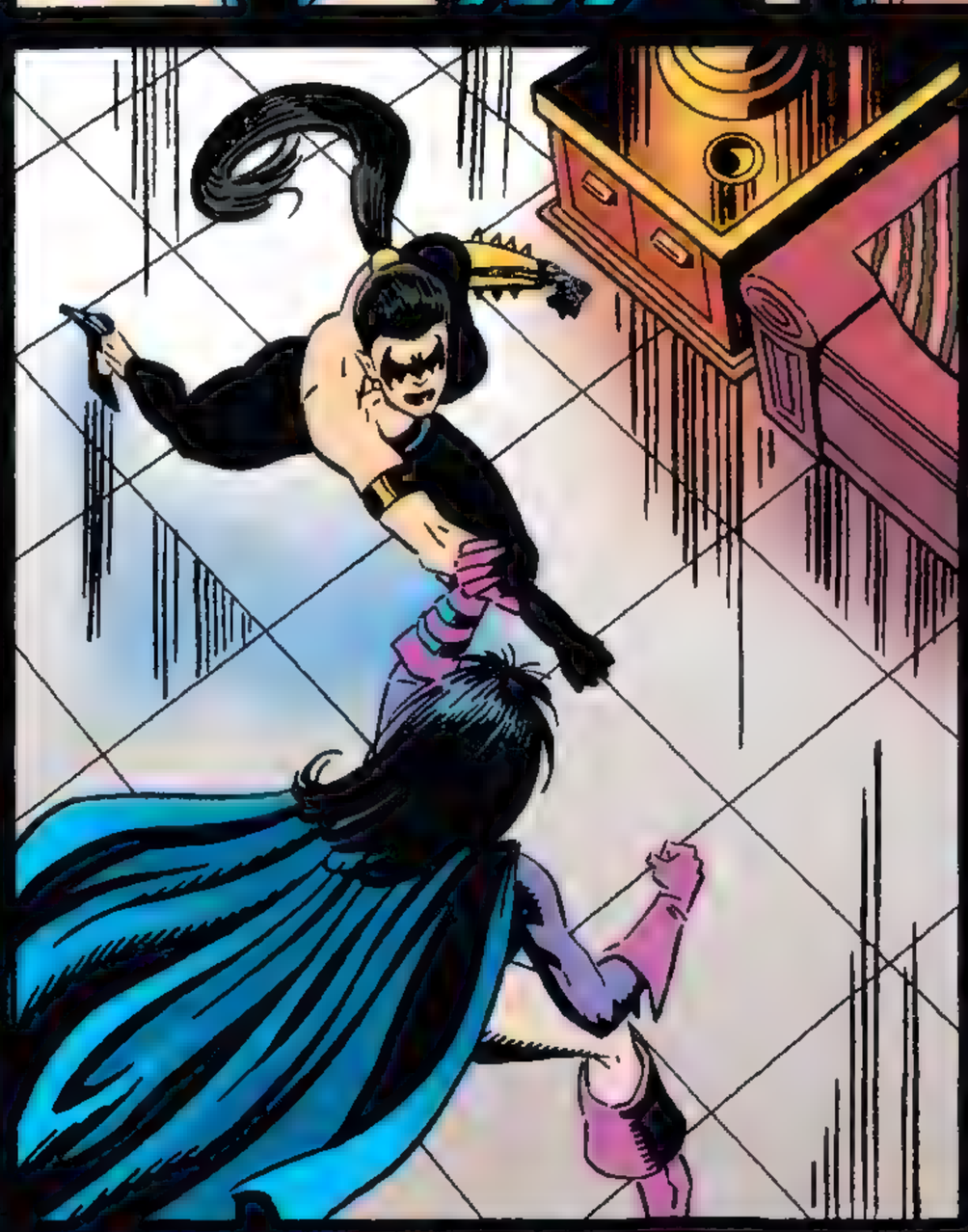
REMAIN SEATED WHERE YOU ARE-- RINGSIDE.





THE FAT LADY... AND IT'S OVER!
SHOULD'VE KNOWN NAILING TERRARO WOULDN'T BE EASY.
STUP

SWFFFF
CHUT



THRAK!

BRASH

AND HERE I THOUGHT **MY** SONG WOULD HAVE THE **BIG HIT...**

...BUT SINCE WHEN DID **BABES** GET SO--

KTAKT

--BRUTAL?

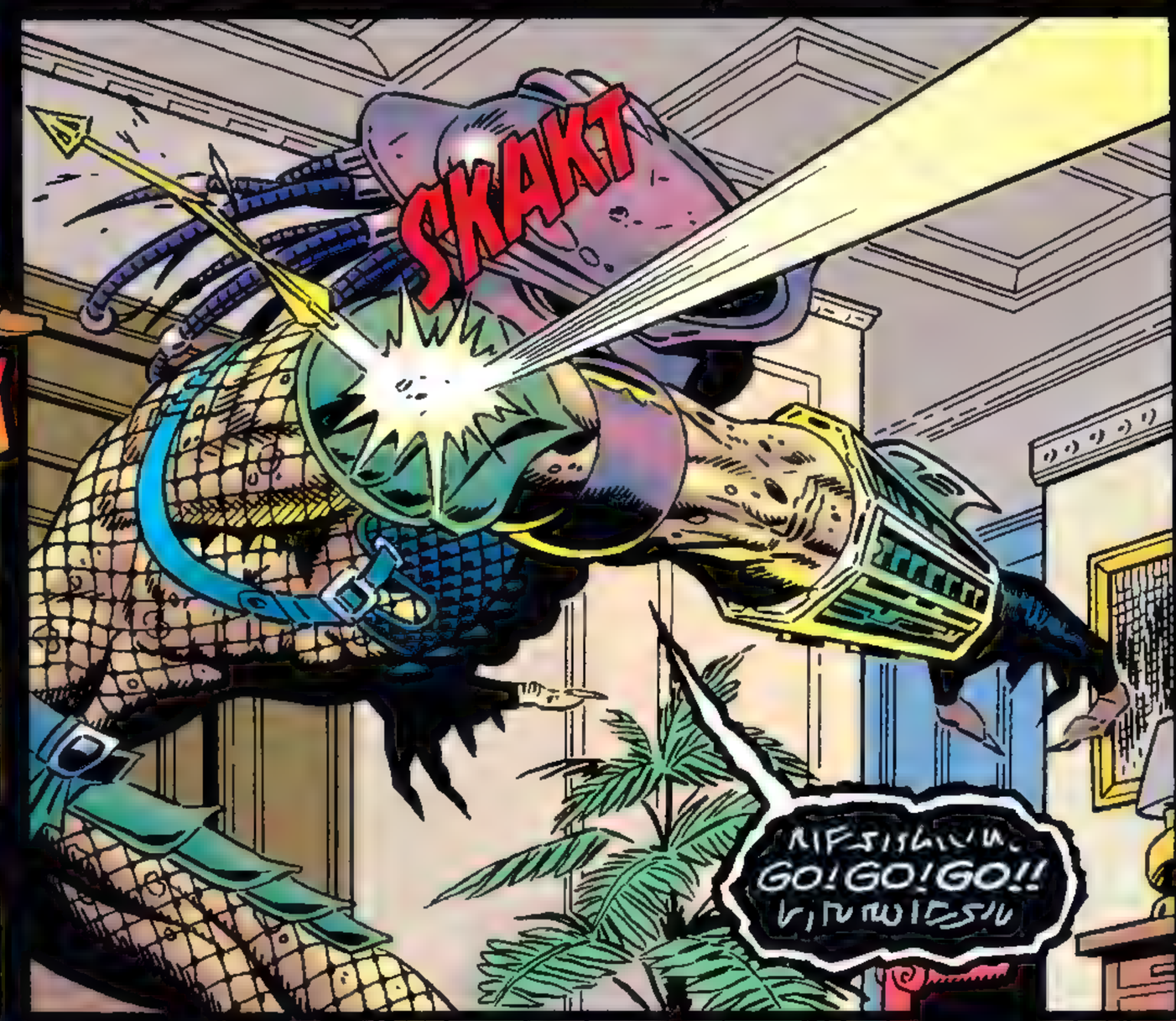
FWEJJ

SSSSSSAPT

TERRARO...

KUHKRRATCH
SHRASH
BRAK
RAKT
KRITC
It's not even bothering with its camouflage.
WH-WHAT IN THE--?
THE CREATURE...
AND FOR HIM...
CHHHUKT
...NAILING TERRARO IS A PIECE OF CAKE.

YO, HANDSOME--!
TRY A PIECE OF THIS!
TCHOK


SKAKT
GO!GO!GO!!

TCHUNK

KUTCH
Should have assumed it would follow me.

Got to trade on that obsession now.
FTAKT
Attract its attention.

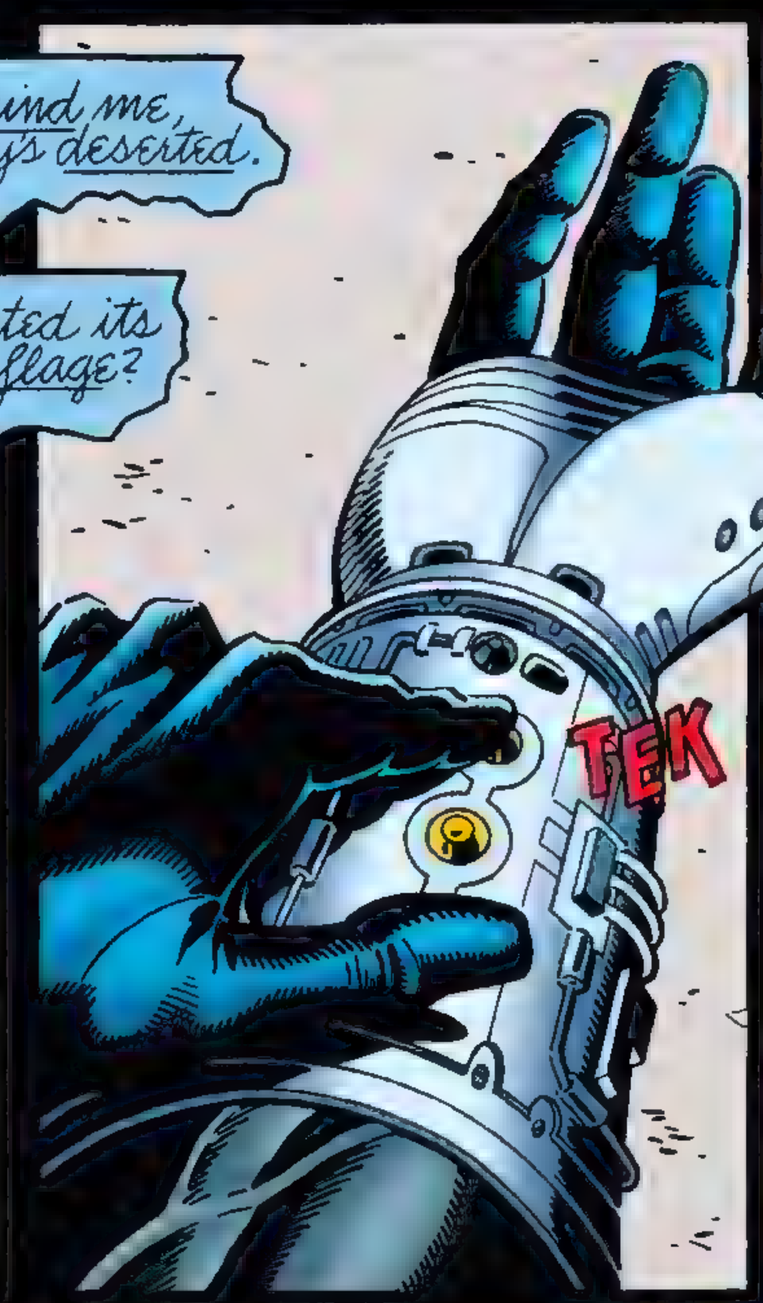
SCHAOWW
Its wrath...

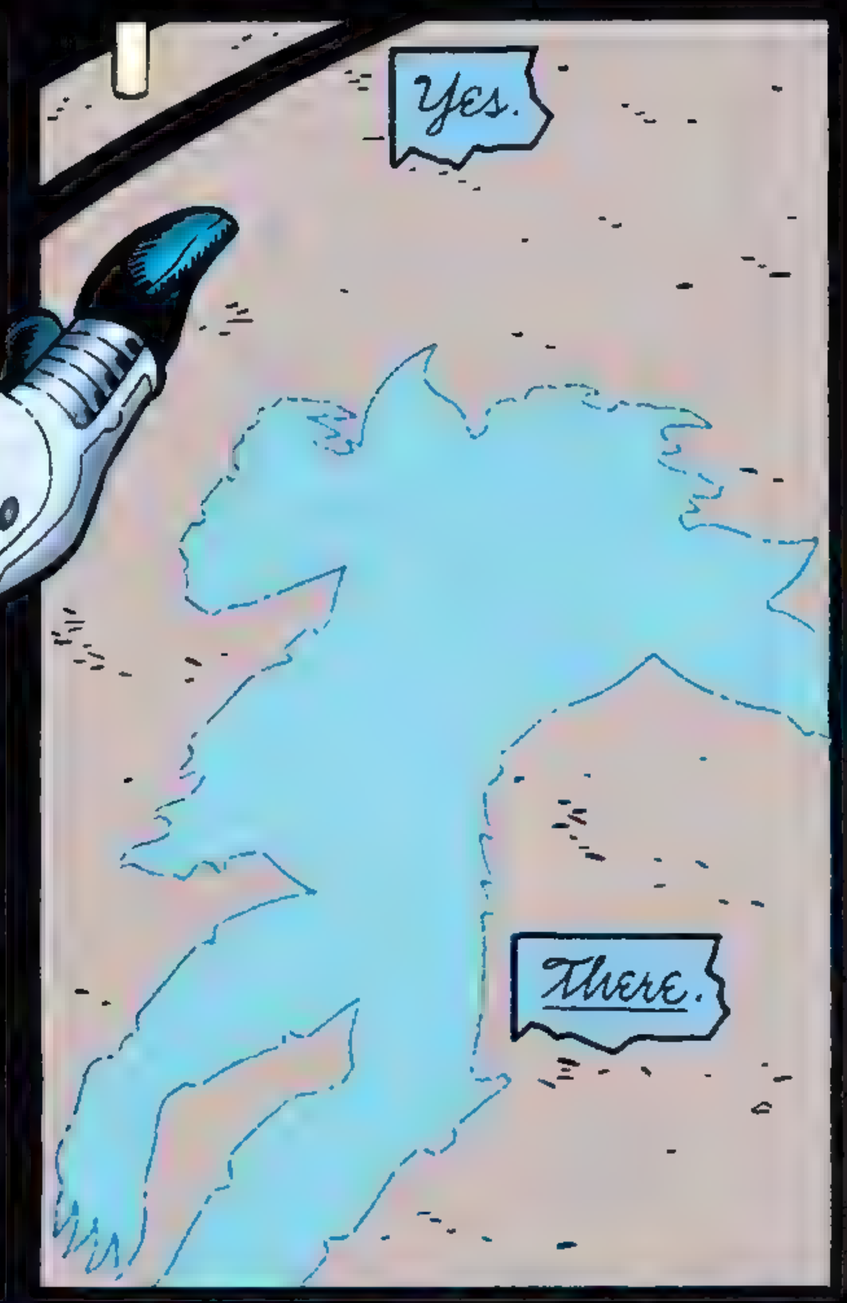
KROOM!
...and lure it away from Huntress...
...out into the night...
COME ON!!
...to some isolated turf away from everyone.
COME ON!!
THE MARK-- BATMAN...
...MAKING HIS ES--
--CUHH!
HWOKK
FADE OUT...
...AND END OF SONG.

The Blackwelt Causeway -- shut down for years.

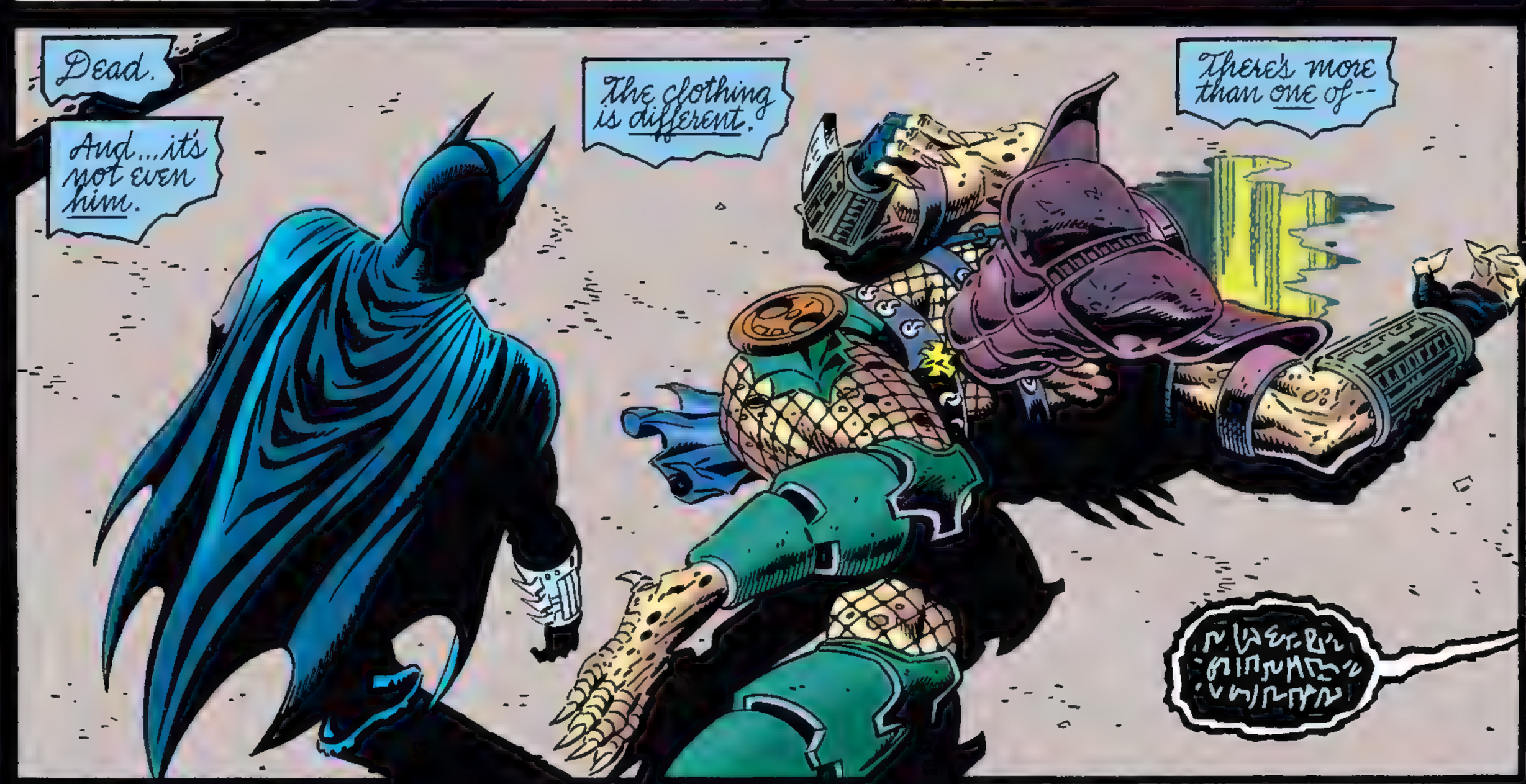
Make my stand there.

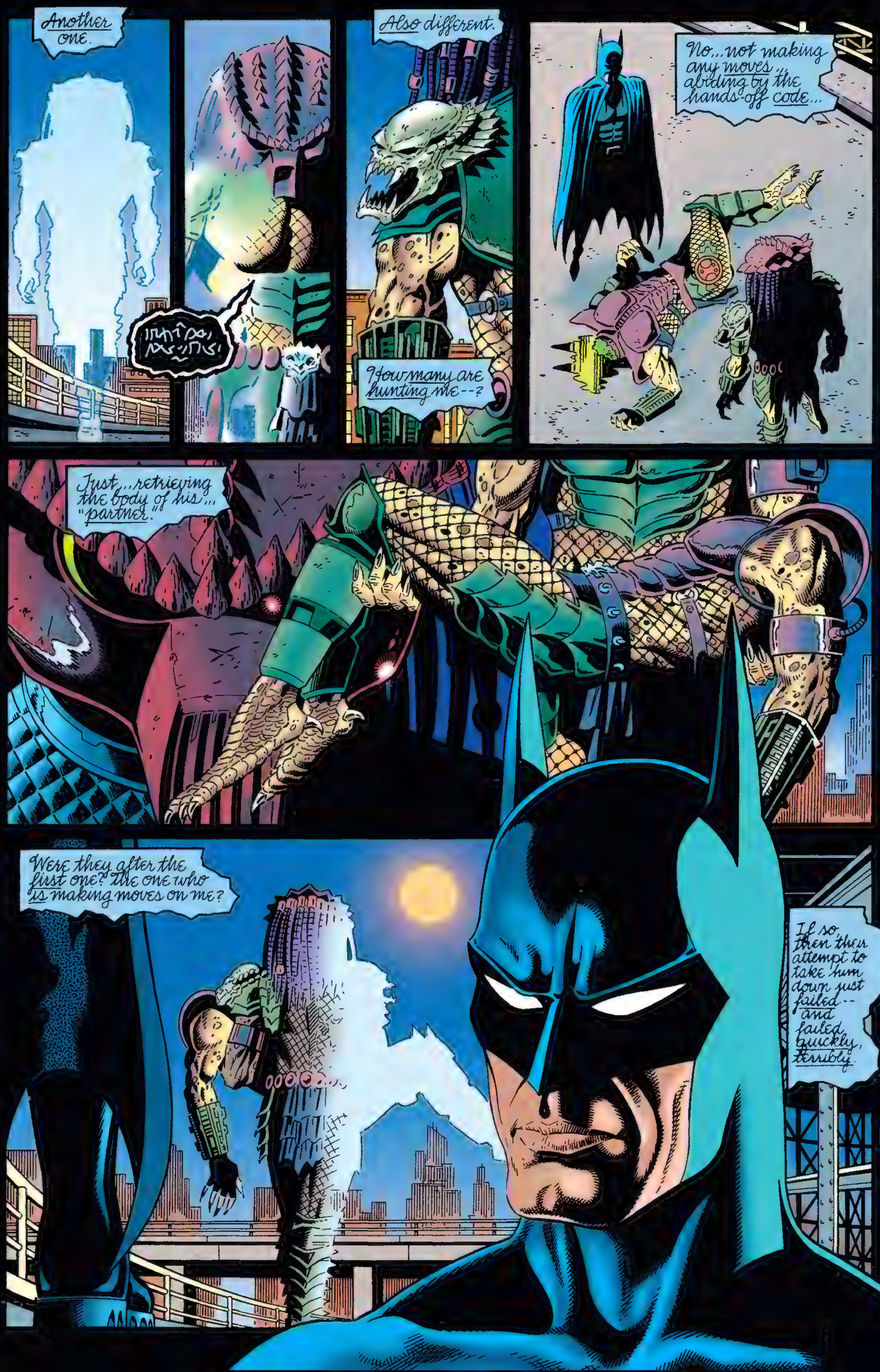
It was right behind me, but the causeway's deserted.
Activated its camouflage?


TEK


Yes.
There.

The scrambler works, but what's wrong with--
KZZT
FZZT
SPAK


Dead.
And...it's not even him.
The clothing is different.
There's more than one of--


Another one.
Also different.
How many are hunting me--?
No...not making any moves... abiding by the hands-off code...
Just...retrieving the body of his... "partner."
Were they after the first one? The one who is making moves on me?
If so, then their attempt to take him down just failed-- and failed quickly, terribly.

Which means... even against his own kind, the first one--
--is one hell of a predator.

DC
BATMAN VS. PREDATOR II
4 OF 4
BATMAN
VERSUS
PREDATOR
DARK HORSE COMICS

Still hard to believe...
TWO MORE OF THE CREATURES IN GOTHAM, ALFRED -- APPARENTLY SENT TO STOP THE FIRST ONE...
...ALTHOUGH HE'S ALREADY KILLED ONE OF THE TWO.
GOOD LORD, SIR!
ALSO --
TWO MORE OF MY HUMAN HUNTERS HAVE BEEN ELIMINATED -- SONG SUNG AND TERRARO HIMSELF.
LEAVING THE KNIFE EXPERT SCARLATTI AND THE BIKER CALLED "DEMON-MAN"...
YES -- PROVIDED THEY'RE STILL BENT ON FULFILLING A CONTRACT ISSUED BY A MAN WHO'S NOW DEAD.

AND PRESUMING THEY KNOW TERRARO IS DEAD.

WILL YOU REQUIRE THE CAR, SIR?

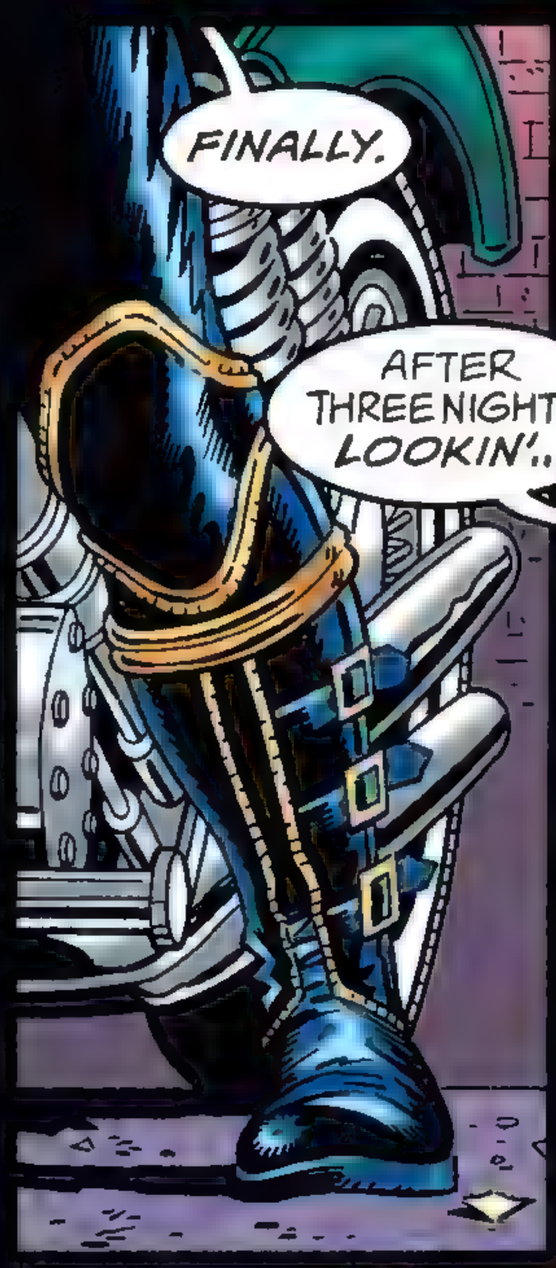
NO.

I WANT TO BE LESS CONFINED -- MORE FREE.

AND MORE EXPOSED, SIR?

TRUST ME, ALFRED...

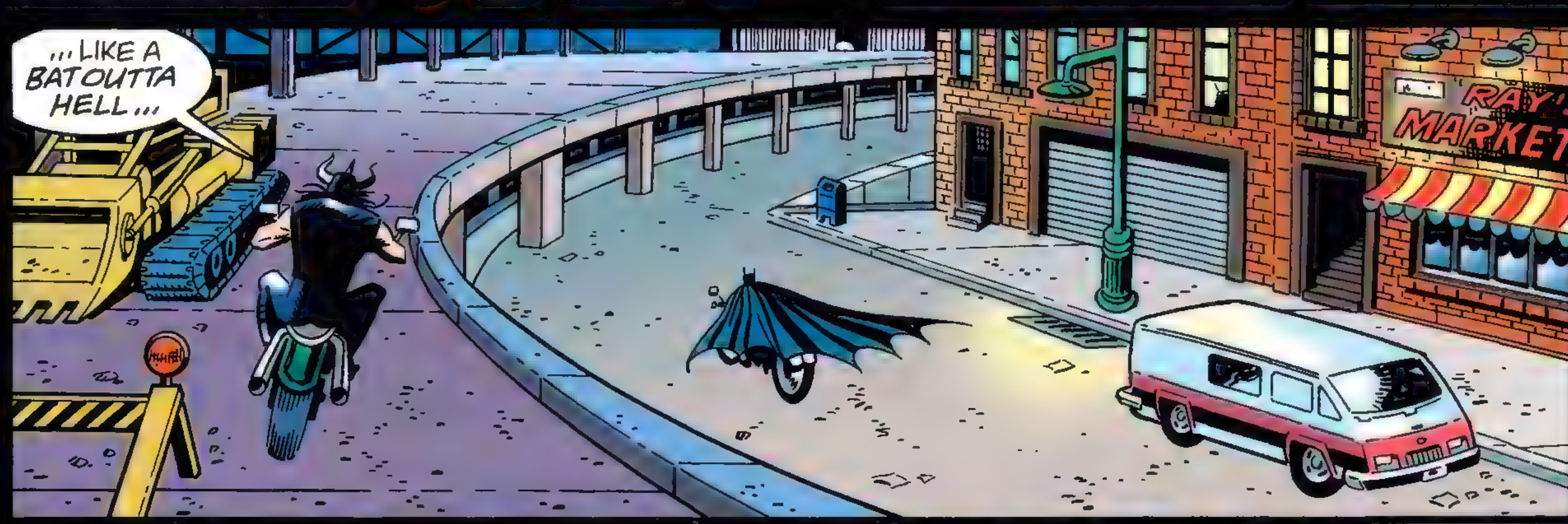
AGAINST THIS OPPONENT, BULLETPROOF WINDSHIELDS HINDER ME, NOT HIM.


FINALLY.
AFTER THREE NIGHTS LOOKIN'...

CHK CHAK

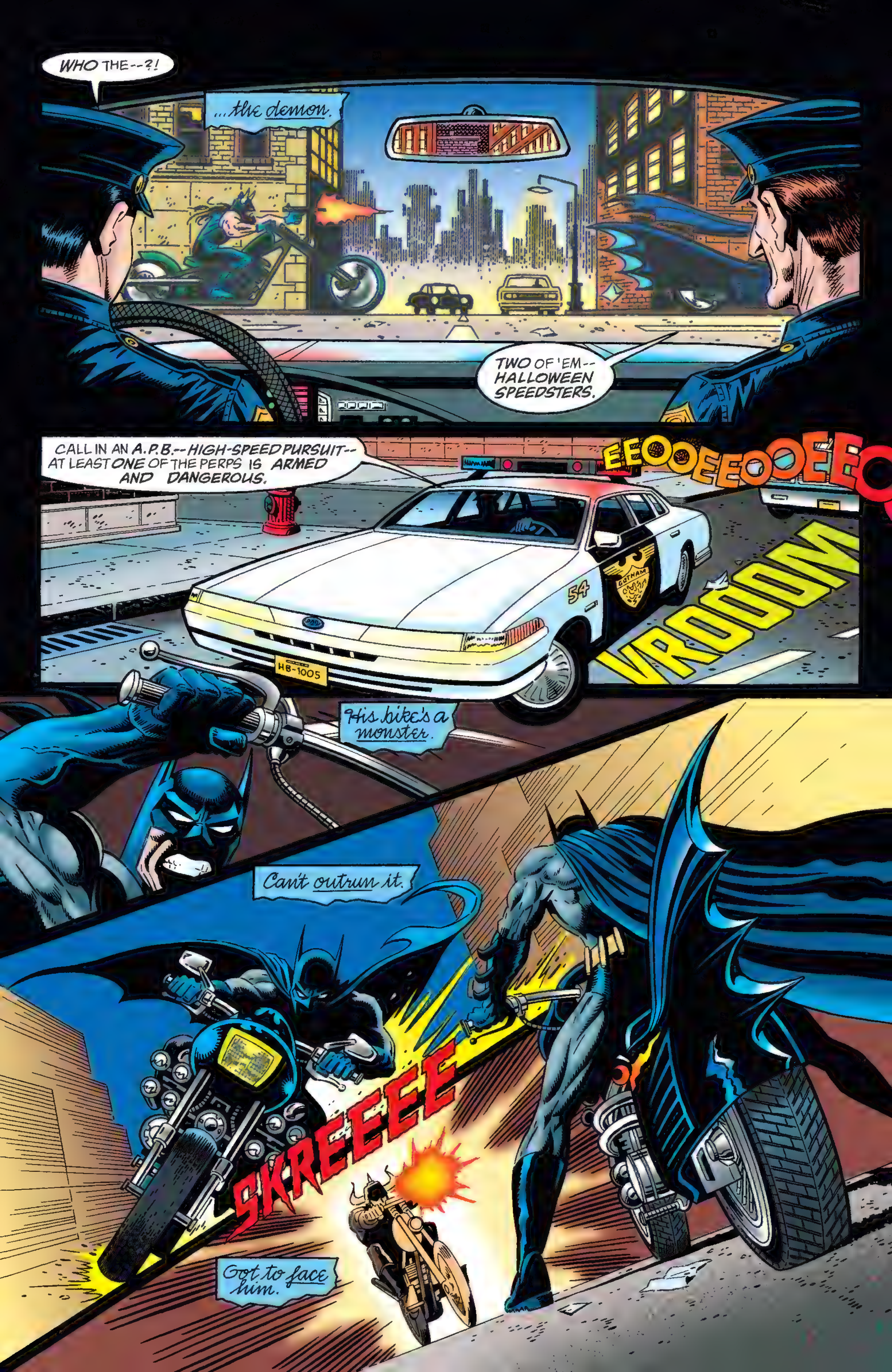
...MY FIRST PEEK AT THE MARK...
VRUM VRUMM

...AN' THERE HE GOES...


...LIKE A BAT OUTTA HELL...
RAY'S MARKET

...AN' A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART.
B-VAMP

TATATATATATAT
Behind--the biker...

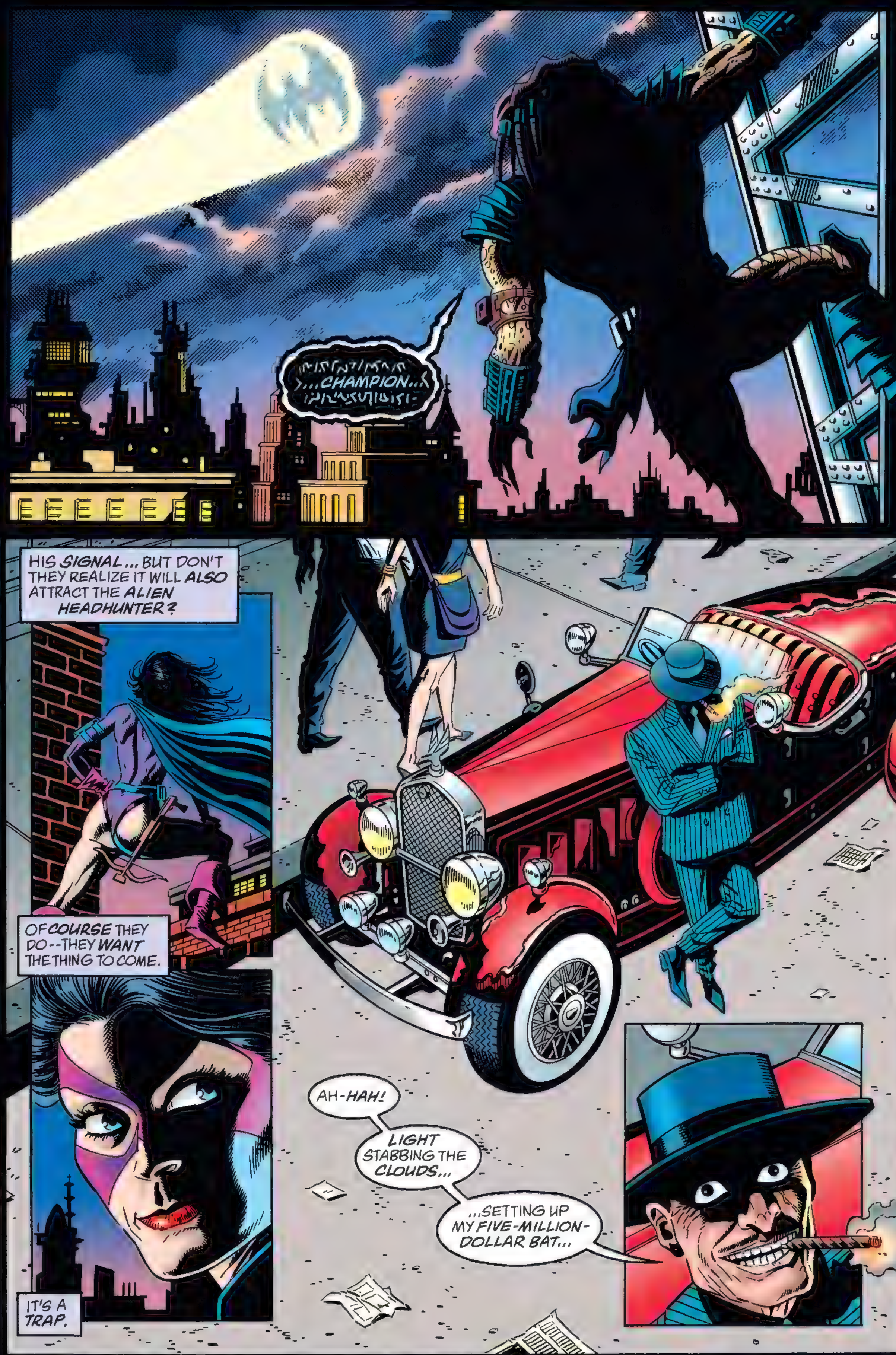

WHO THE--?!
...the demon.
TWO OF 'EM-- HALLOWEEN SPEEDSTERS.
CALL IN AN A.P.B.--HIGH-SPEED PURSUIT-- AT LEAST ONE OF THE PERPS IS ARMED AND DANGEROUS.
EEOOEEOOEEO
VROOOM
54
GOTHAM
HB-1005
His bike's a monster.
Can't outrun it.
SKREEEE
Got to face him.

Use defense...
VRAOWW
SPANG
BZAI
TAT TATATOW
SWFFF
URGH-K!
FWT WT WT
...to go on the Offense.

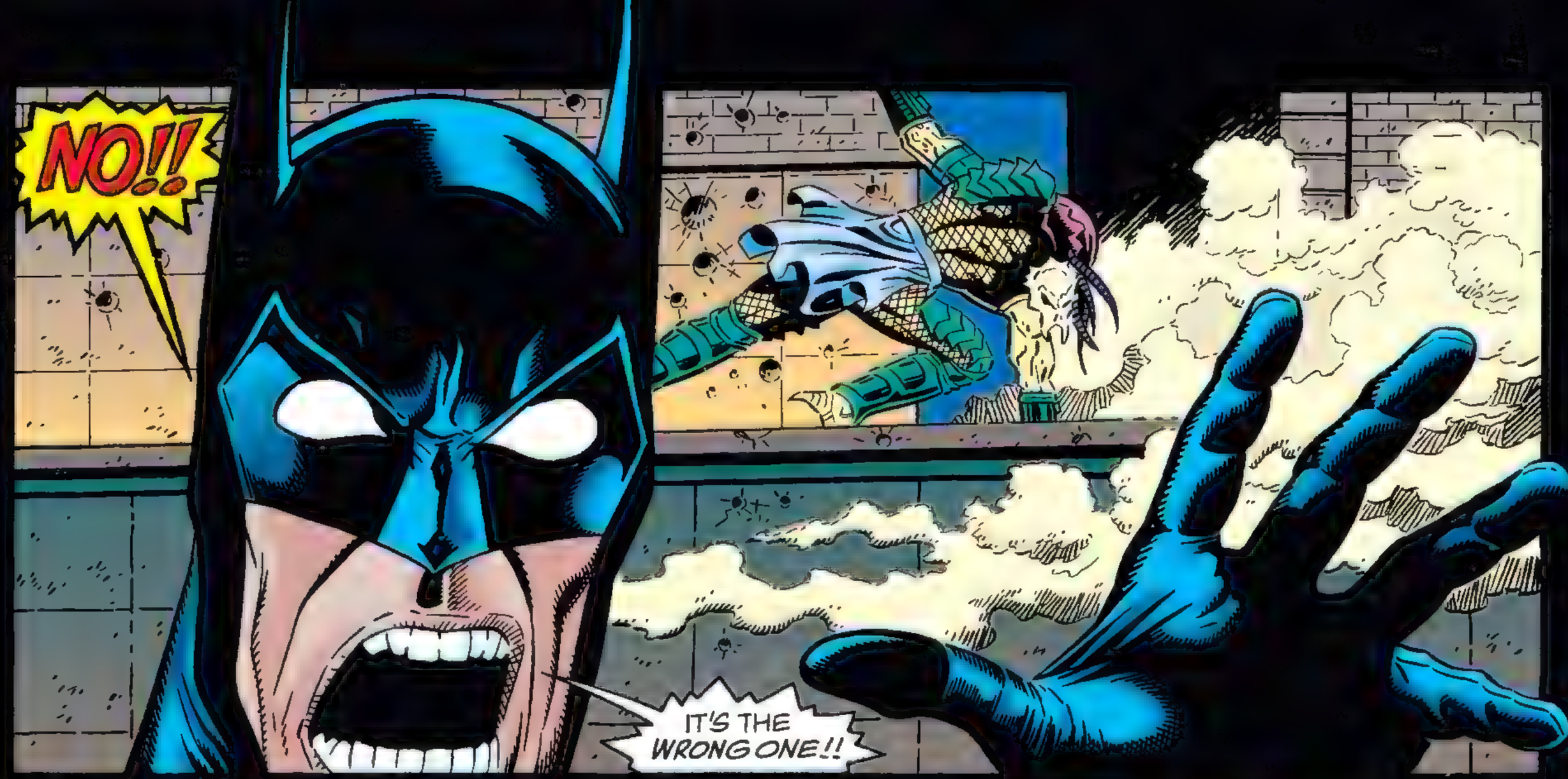
WHUMPP
SKREEETCH
LOOK OUT!!
BLASH
OH... IT WAS BATMAN. WEIRD...
YOU ASK ME, THE REALLY WEIRD ONE AIN'T MOVIN' AT ALL.
BETTER GET AN AMBULANCE FOR THE GUY WHO LOST HIS HORNS.
Even were Terraro not dead... contract canceled.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE'D BE HERE, GORDON... THAT HE ALWAYS COMES WHEN YOU--
HE DOES.
MAYBE HE'S BEEN DELAYED OR--
MAYBE HE'S DEAD-- ICED BY THE ALIEN.
I KNOW WHO LT. STOCKER IS, COMMISSIONER...
WHA--?!
...BUT WHAT ABOUT THESE TWO WITH THE MOUTHS?
WHO ARE THEY?
THEIR NAMES ARE UNIMPORTANT, PROBABLY SECRET.
FEDS-- BUT NOT THE USUAL ONES...
THEY'VE HAD EXPERIENCE WITH THE THING HUNTING YOU.
OR WITH ONE LIKE IT.
BAD EXPERIENCE.
AND THE PLAN TO USE THE SIGNAL-- IT WAS THEIR IDEA?
YOU DON'T THINK I COULD ASK--
COMMISSIONER GORDON HAS TOLD US HOW THE CREATURE STOLE THE SIGNAL-BEACON RIGHT OFF THIS VERY ROOF...

SINCE A CONNECTION BETWEEN THE SIGNAL AND YOUR PRESENCE HAS OBVIOUSLY BEEN MADE, WE WANT TO USE THAT CONNECTION TO OUR ADVANTAGE.
MORE THAN THAT.
JUST AS THE ALIEN USED THE STOLEN SIGNAL TO LURE YOU ACROSS THE RIVER, WE WANT TO USE THE REPLACEMENT SIGNAL TO LURE HIM HERE.
WHAT THEY'RE SAYING IS THEY WANT TO DANGLE YOU--LIKE A JUICY HUNK OF BAIT.
LT. STOCKER'S RIGHT, AND IF YOU'D PREFER NOT TO--
WHY HERE ON THE ROOF?
BECAUSE THE ALIEN WILL BELIEVE IT.
IT KNOWS THE SIGNAL BELONGS HERE ON THE ROOF --WHERE HE STOLE IT.
FOR MY MONEY, THERE'S A BETTER REASON...
THIS ROOF IS WHERE THAT FILTHY THING SLAUGHTERED FOUR FELLOW COPS.
ALL RIGHT, COMMISSIONER.
TURN IT ON.


...CHAMPION...
HIS SIGNAL... BUT DON'T THEY REALIZE IT WILL ALSO ATTRACT THE ALIEN HEADHUNTER?
OF COURSE THEY DO--THEY WANT THE THING TO COME.
IT'S A TRAP.
AH-HAH!
LIGHT STABBING THE CLOUDS...
...SETTING UP MY FIVE-MILLION-DOLLAR BAT...

"...FOR THE TAKING."
If the signal's been seen, the creature could be here any minute.
Time to ensure that I see him.
TEK
SPRAKT
KZZT
FTZZZ
OVER THERE--!
OPEN FIRE!!
No! It's not--
CHUN CHUN
PUH-PUH-POOM
PUH-PUH-POOM
TZING
SPAK
CH-CH-CH-CHUN
PUH-PUH-PUH-POOM

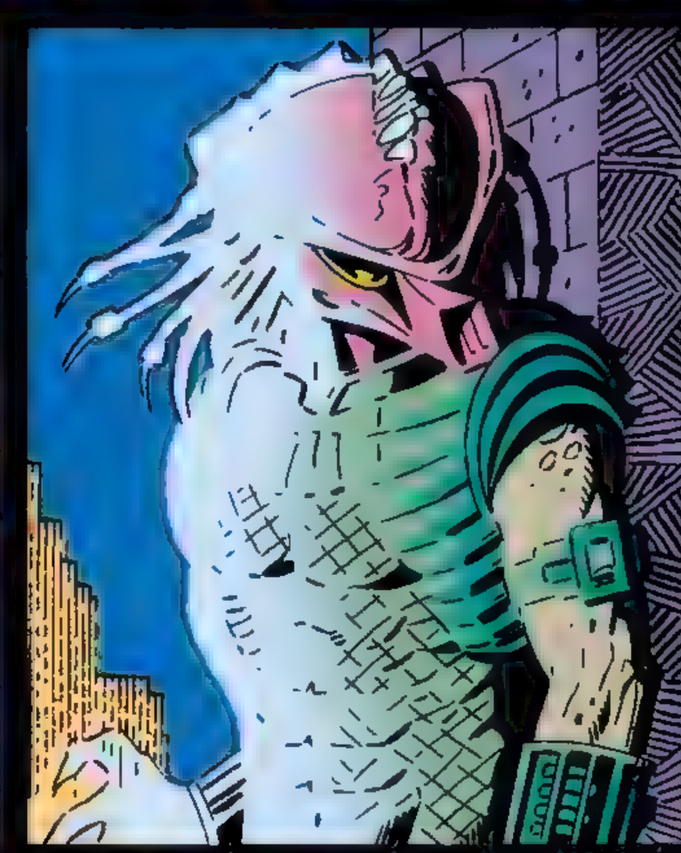

NO!!
IT'S THE WRONG ONE!!

"WRONG ONE"--?
HOLD YOUR FIRE!
NOW!!

Green blood.
STP
He was hit... maybe even--
SKFF
Her again -- the Huntress.
IT GOT AWAY?
WITH ANY LUCK, IT DID.
WHAT ARE YOU--?
IT WASN'T THE HUNTER.

IT WAS ANOTHER OF ITS KIND, TRYING TO STOP THE FIRST ONE.
NOW IT'S HURT, MAYBE DYING.
THE GOVERNMENT'S "ELITE TEAM" HAS ACTUALLY HELPED THE HUNTER.
IT'S STILL AT LARGE -- AND IT COULD BE ANYWHERE.

OUR TEAM ALMOST HAD THE THING, GORDON!
WHAT DID HE MEAN, THE "WRONG ONE" -- AND WHAT'S HE DOING OVER THERE?!
CALLING THE SHOTS -- AND DOING A BETTER JOB THAN YOU.

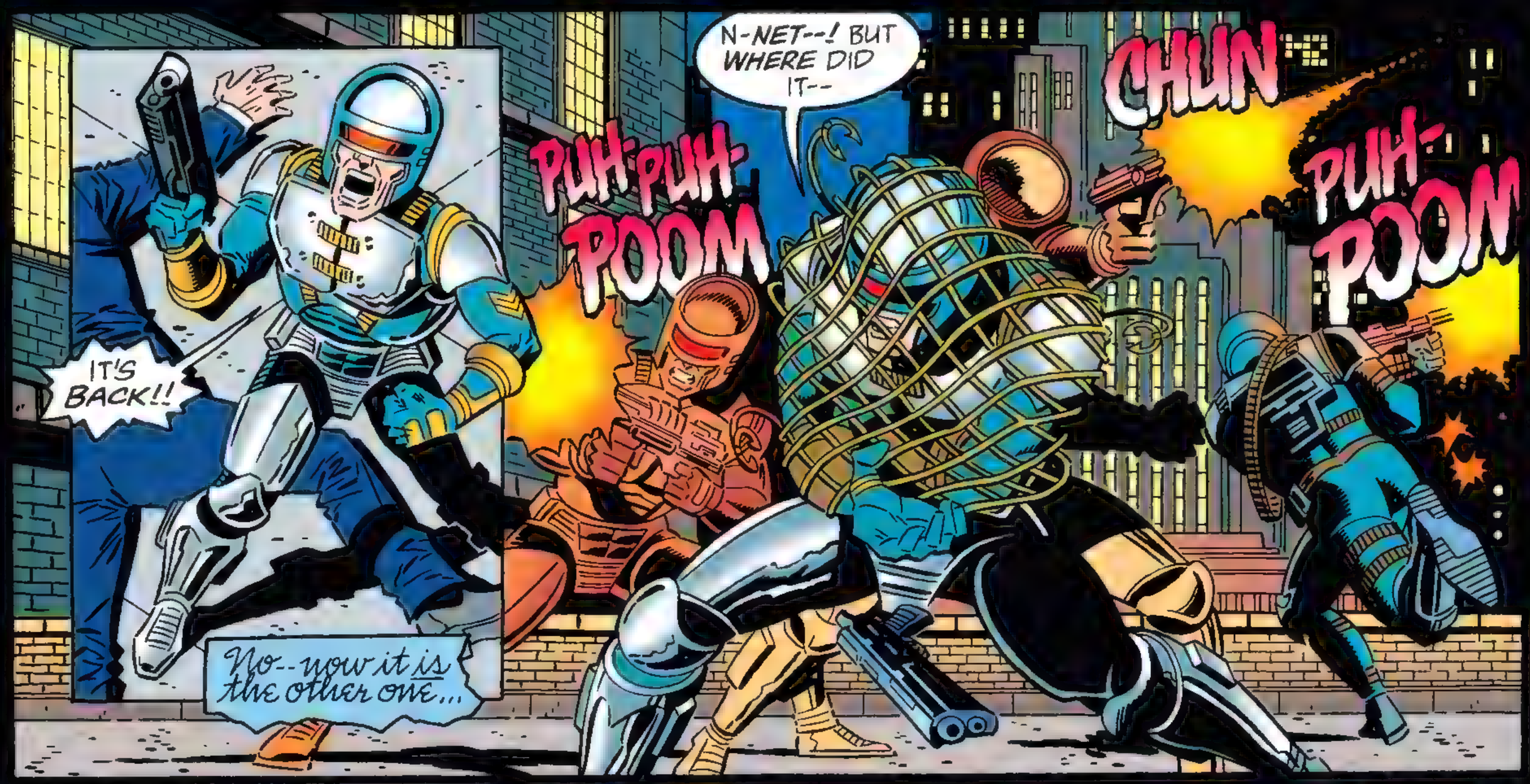


SCHARKT

SHWMMM

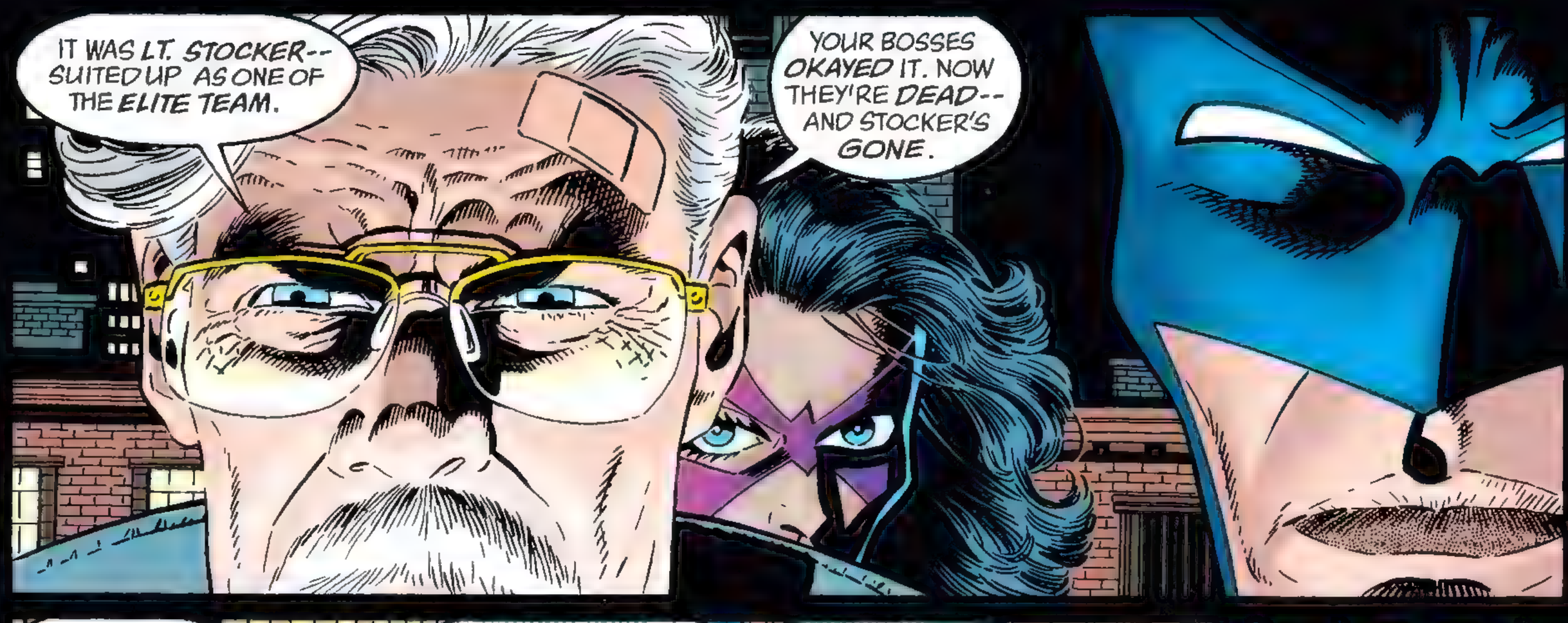
ARE YOU TELLING US THAT THE BATMAN IS IN CHARGE OF THIS OPERATION?!
HAVE YOU COMPLETELY LOST YOUR--

SHA-SHAKK

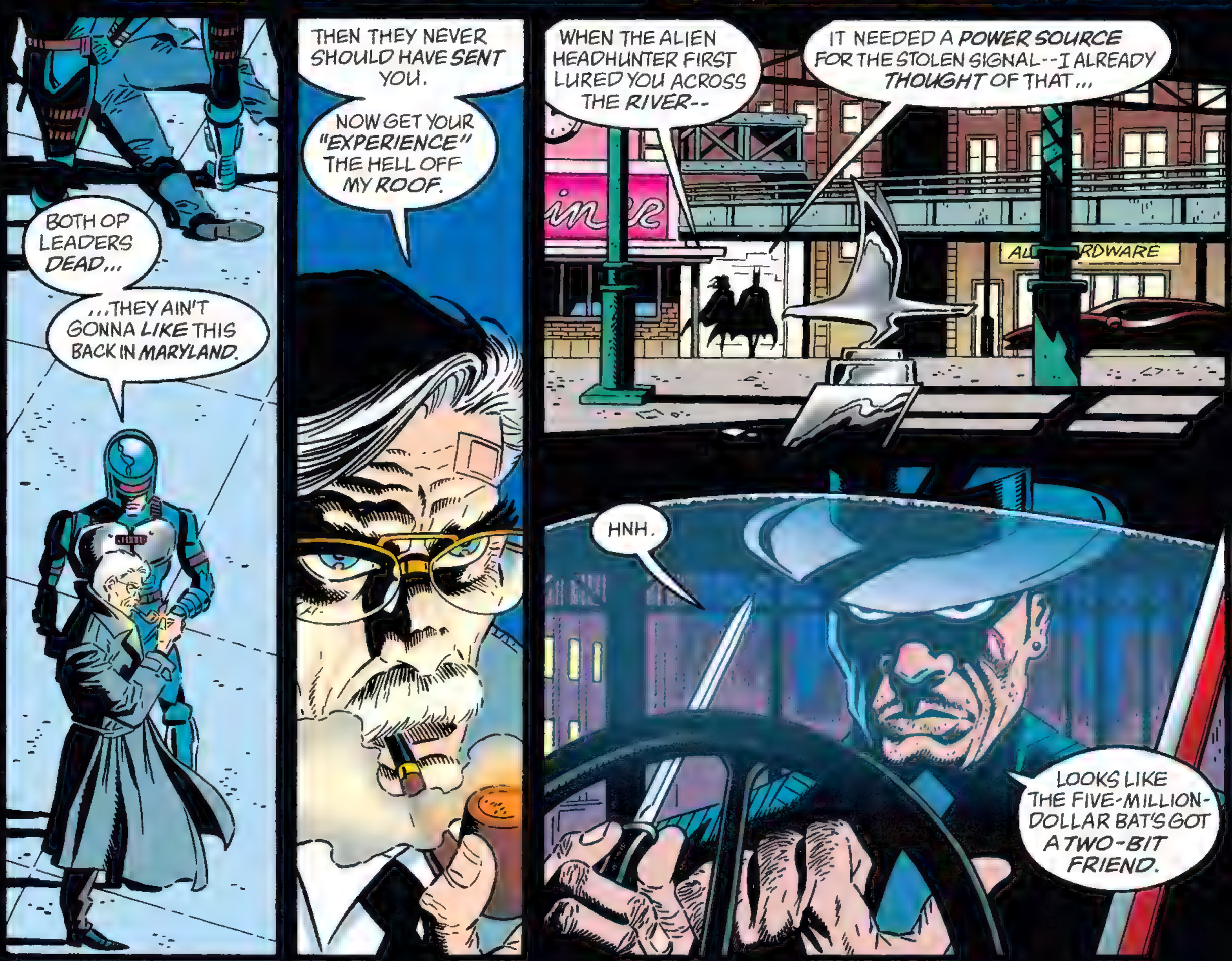

IT'S BACK!!
No--now it is the other one...
N-NET--! BUT WHERE DID IT--
PUH-PUH-POOM
CHUN
PUH-POOM

The hunter...
HELP ME!!
...and he's invisible--beyond range of my scrambler.

CAN'T SEE HIM--BUT HE'S GETTING AWAY--WITH ONE OF THE TEAM!
PUH-PUH-PUH-PUH-POOM
WHO WAS IT?! WHO DID IT GET?!
...FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN--NO ONE.
ALL PERSONNEL PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR.
THEN WHO--?


IT WAS LT. STOCKER-- SUITED UP AS ONE OF THE ELITE TEAM.
YOUR BOSSES OKAYED IT. NOW THEY'RE DEAD-- AND STOCKER'S GONE.

BETTER BAIT THAN ANY LIGHT IN THE SKY.
WE'VE GOT TO CHASE IT-- FAST-- AND I KNOW WHERE TO START.
WE CAN TAKE MY CAR... UNLESS YOU STILL REFUSE TO LET ME HELP Y--
LET'S MOVE.
NOW.

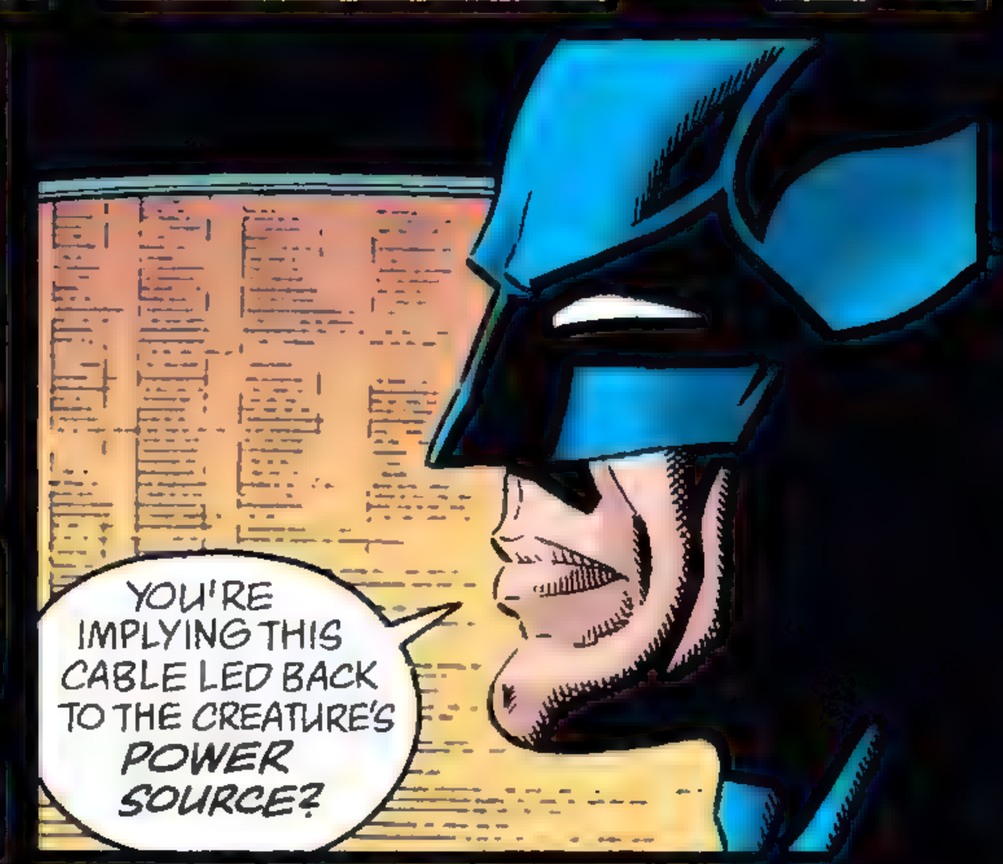

BOTH OP LEADERS DEAD...
...THEY AIN'T GONNA LIKE THIS BACK IN MARYLAND.
THEN THEY NEVER SHOULD HAVE SENT YOU.
NOW GET YOUR "EXPERIENCE" THE HELL OFF MY ROOF.
WHEN THE ALIEN HEADHUNTER FIRST LURED YOU ACROSS THE RIVER--
IT NEEDED A POWER SOURCE FOR THE STOLEN SIGNAL--I ALREADY THOUGHT OF THAT...
HNH.
LOOKS LIKE THE FIVE-MILLION-DOLLAR BAT'S GOT A TWO-BIT FRIEND.

BUT WITH ITS TECHNOLOGY, IT MAY HAVE REQUIRED NOTHING MORE THAN--
I SAW A CABLE.
STAN'S POOL PARLOR
Maybe...she can help.

NO OPPORTUNITY HERE--GOT TO FOLLOW...
...AND HOPE SHE DROPS HIM OFF SOMEWHERE SWEET.

THE CABLE WAS ATTACHED TO THE TRASHED SIGNAL-BEACON--AND IT LED OFF THROUGH THE TREES...
I WAS ABOUT TO FOLLOW IT WHEN I WAS DISTRACTED BY THE HEADHUNTER HIMSELF--

--AND FOUND YOU SWINGING UPSIDE DOWN IN THAT CLEARING.
THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME YOU DIDN'T NEED MY HELP.


YOU'RE IMPLYING THIS CABLE LED BACK TO THE CREATURE'S POWER SOURCE?

UNLESS IT WALKED TO EARTH...MAYBE EVEN BACK TO ITS HIDDEN SHIP.
She could be right.
AND YOU THINK THE SHIP IS STILL THERE--STILL HIDDEN?
I HAVEN'T A CLUE--BUT YOU'RE THE DETECTIVE, SO YOU TELL ME...

SHOULDN'T WE FOLLOW THE ONLY LEAD WE'VE GOT?
No other choice...
...not with Stocker's life hanging in the balance.
YOU MAY TAKE MY HEAD BY THE TIME IT'S OVER--
--BUT I SWEAR, MONSTER, YOU'RE GONNA PAY.
>...GONNA PAY...<
STILL HERE.
LET'S SEE WHERE THE CABLE LEADS.
WHAT ARE THEY DOING WAY OUT HERE?
WHERE DID THEY GO?
CABLE DISAPPEARS UP INTO THAT CAVE.
ANCHORED STRONG ENOUGH TO CLIMB, SO--
AHG-K-K
WHO--?
BACK IN THE WOODS --MOVEMENT ...

YEEEAHHH!!

SHIK

THERE--!

HEADLESS...

Scarfatti--the knife freak--the last of Terraros' hit men...

Leaving only his murderer...

NYAHHHRRRRRRRRRRR!

The hunter.

YOU WERE RIGHT--THE SAME CAVE...

HE'S RETREATING INTO IT--WITH SCARLATTI'S HEAD.

Unlike mine, the alien's cave is false, its walls melted and fused--in the exact size and shape of the ship waiting at its end.

A TRAP, ALL RIGHT.

BAITED WITH YOUR FRIEND STOCKER...

...SO IT MUST BE ENTERED.

AND DON'T EVEN TRY TO TELL ME YOU'RE GOING IN ALONE.

We enter lurid light.

The net--and Stocker's borrowed helmet, mercifully empty...

GET AWAY! IT CUT ME FREE--BUT ONLY TO LURE YOU INSIDE!

GET OUT WHILE YOU STILL--

SWUKT

WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE IS HE?!

CH-KLAK

A switch?

BWSHHH

Hatch closing behind us, cutting off the cave.

A rising roar...

WE'RE MOVING!

FWSHHSHH

The trap is sealed--

--and airborne.

IN-INVISIBLE... BUT YOU'VE GOT TO... F-FIND THE THING...

...AND IF IT'S GOT A... H-HEART...

...RIP IT OUT... FOR M-ME...

>MMNNFF<

KWUD

The scrambler.

TEK

Got to see it.

ZWEEEE

Got to see the face--

KZZT

SPKT

FZZT

--of my hunter.

>...GONNA PAY...<

My foe.

And now that I can see it...

SPAK

PHOOM

...got to reverse the edge...

...by cloaking my movements.

KUNK

IT LIKES EDGED WEAPONS.

SO DO I...

...AND THEY CUT BOTH WAYS.
FWZZZZ
CHICH
It's distracted--
CHUDT
--blind to rear attack.
And now it's her turn again, from the front.
TCHOK
REEAHRR!
SCUTCH
Between us, we're keeping it confused--off-balance...

Can't let up...
SKAK
FRAK
...either of us.
Got to keep pressing from both sides, until--
KLLLT
LZZT
Energy discharge--
ZZZHRAAAKZZZZZZZ
--electroshocking both of us.

It's going after Huntress...

...and I'm too stunned to move...

YO, DREAD-LOCKS!

EAT THIS, YOU SLIMY SACK OF--

SHHAA

HREHRRR

NOT... DEAD?

RRRUKT

...EAT THIS, YOU SLIMY SACK OF...

Stocker--buying us time... with his life.

But the creature is unstoppable.

Even dead on its feet... it still stands.

Ears popping--ship's still rising.
Got to shake it off... make our move...
...now.
SHUMPT
SHIP'S LURCHING ON ITS SIDE!
KTAKT
WEAPON HIT THE CONTROL PANEL --ALTERED STABILITY!
GRAB SOME-THING!

But even as the creature finally collapses--
RRUNK
IT OPENED THE HATCH--!
WE'RE BEING SUCKED OUT!!
The hunter is beaten-- but it was the final act of its prey.
We fall, only thirty yards from the river's edge... on the hard side.
It'll end within sight of the docks where it started.
We're going to die.

Wait.

Water boiling and bursting from the heart of the river.

The second ship--submerged and hidden there all along...

...its sensors triggered by the ascent of the first ship...

...which it now pursues...

...coming this way.

SAPT

=HIIIHH=

WHAT ARE YOU--?

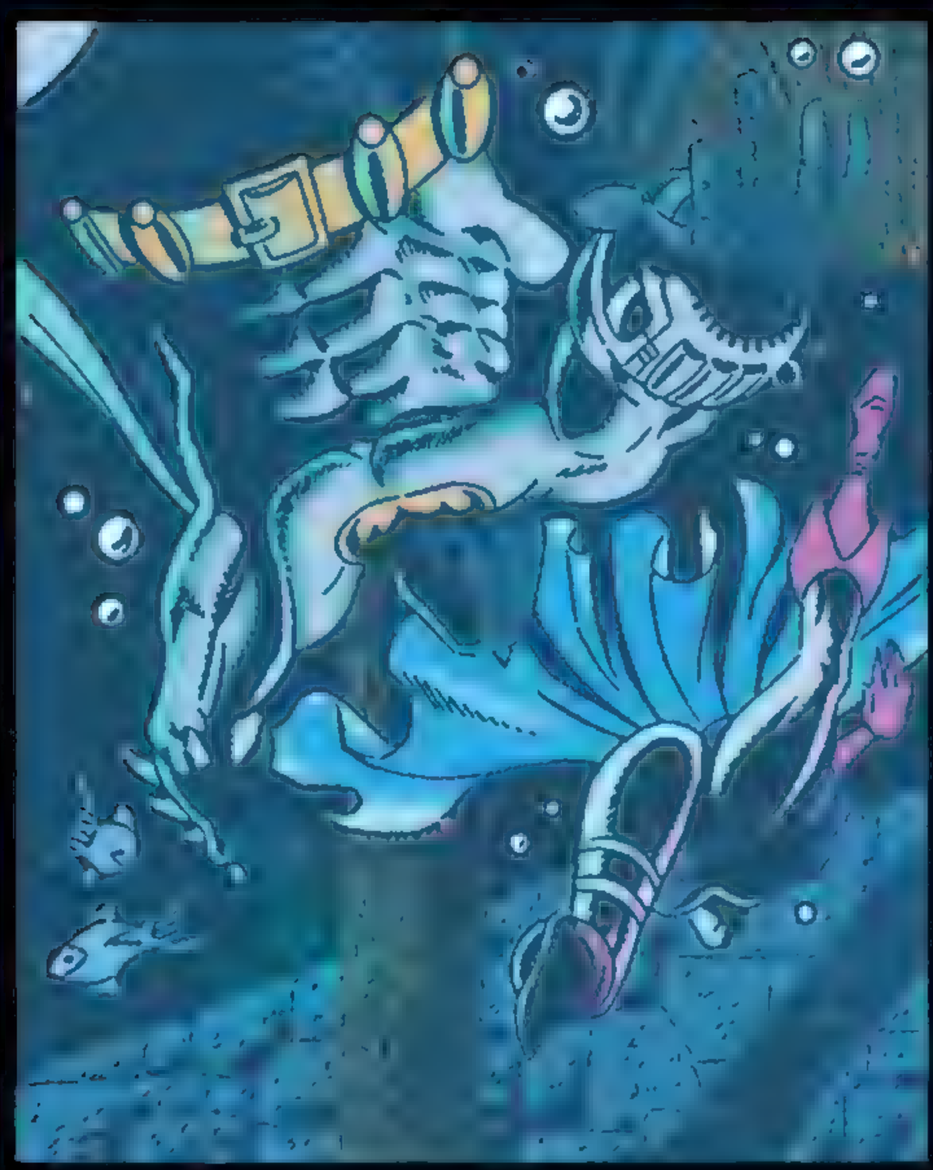
One chance to snag the ship as it rises past us...

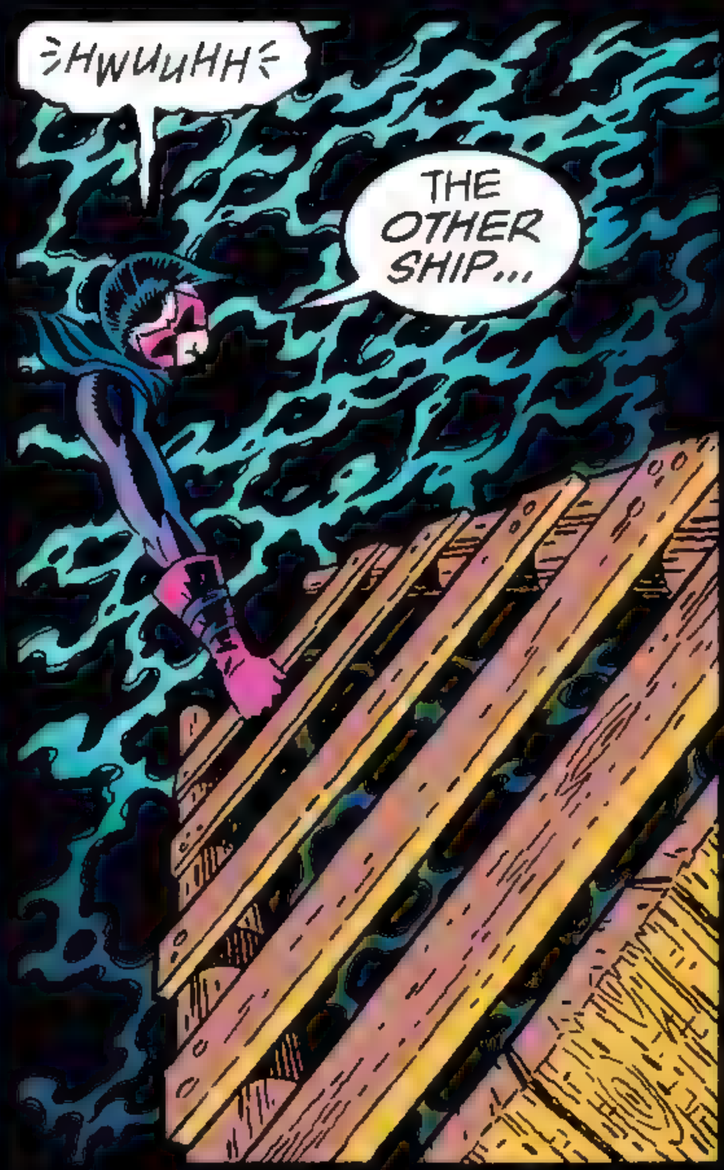
=NNFF=

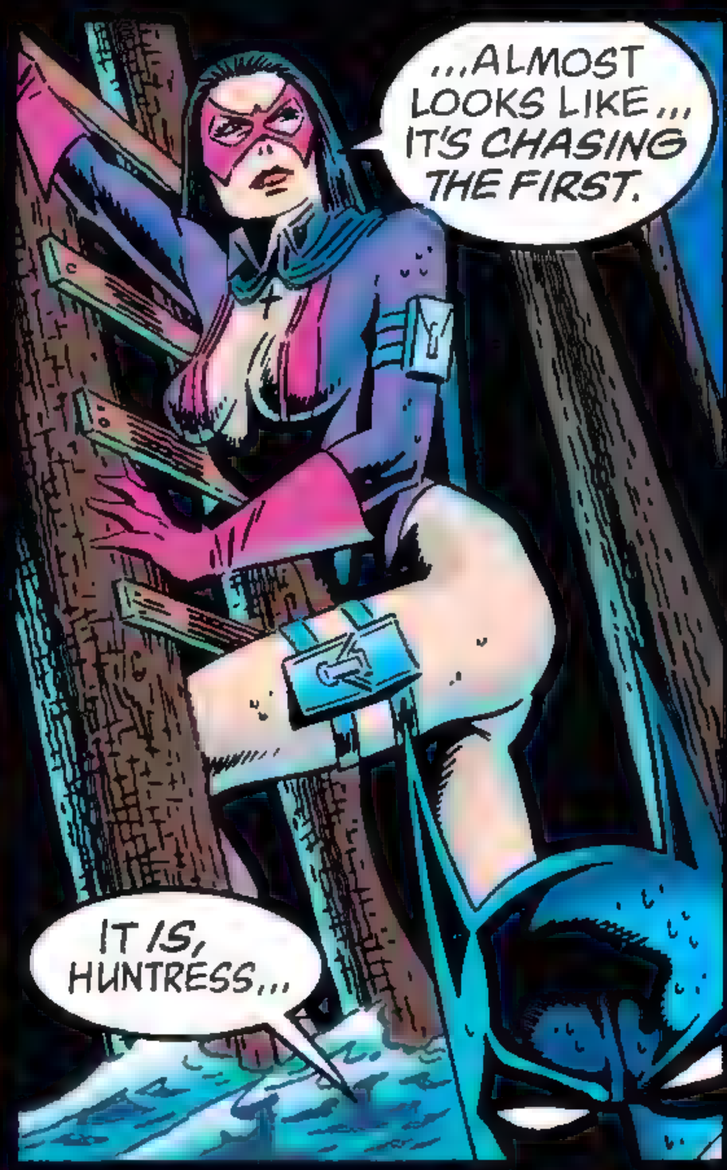
BRACE YOURSELF!

CHAK

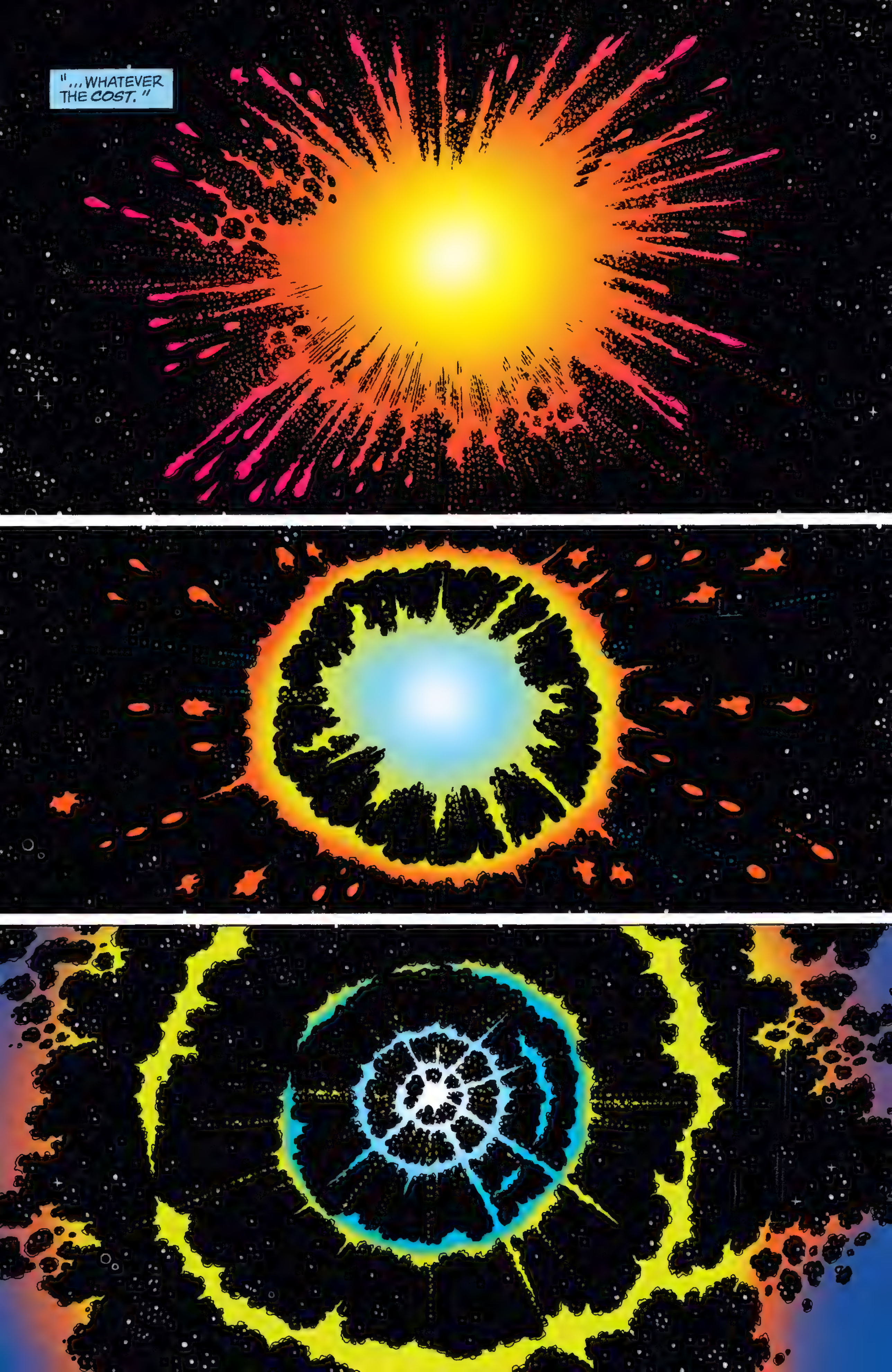
AHN! MY LEG--!
And my arm--almost wrenched from the socket...
...but got to hold on--slow our fall...
...swing under the rising ship...
...and over--
--the river.




SHWUUHH
THE OTHER SHIP...

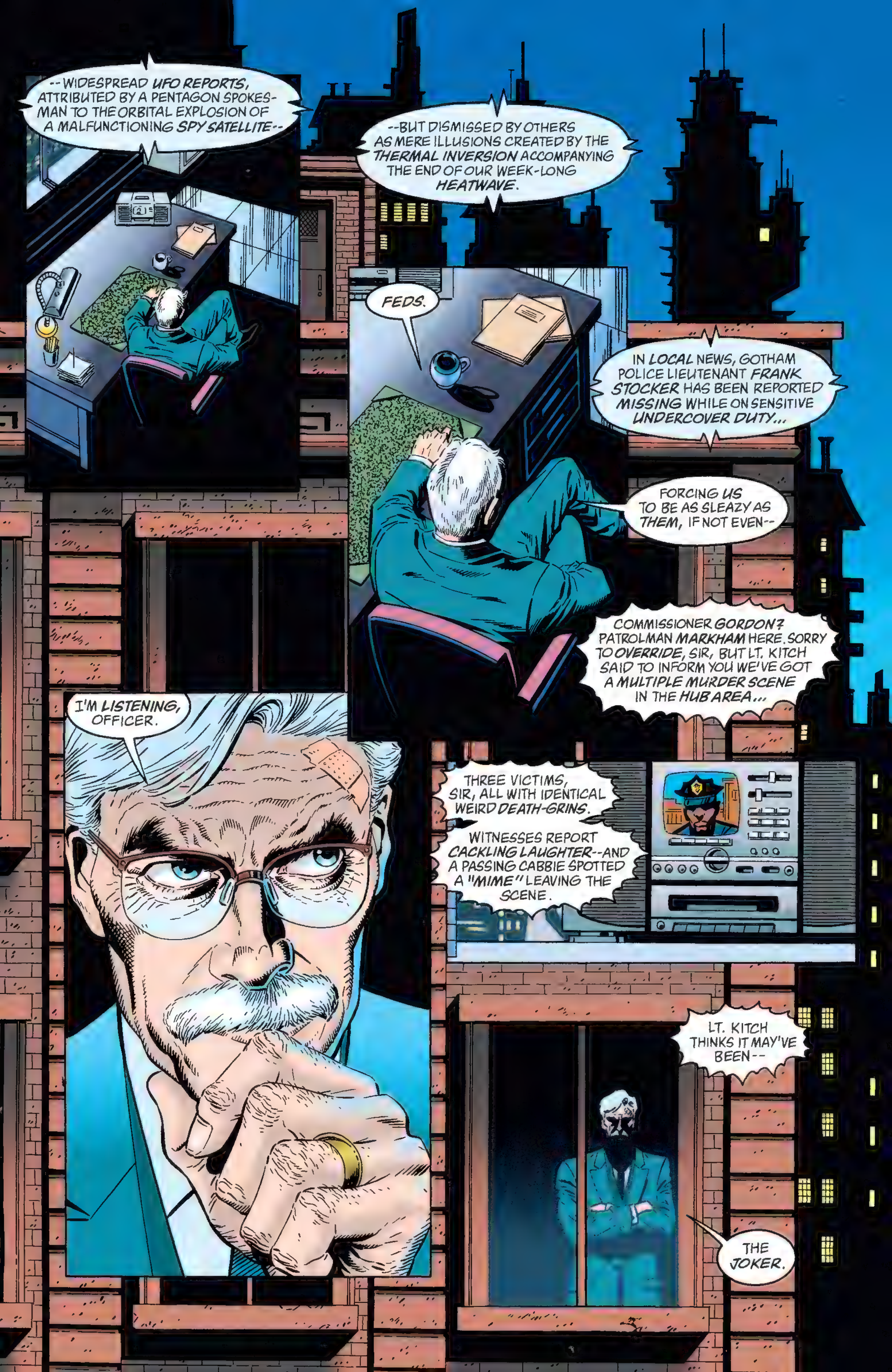

...ALMOST LOOKS LIKE... IT'S CHASING THE FIRST.
IT IS, HUNTRESS...

"...ALL THE WAY OUT INTO SPACE...
"...FULFILLING ITS MISSION...
"...AND ENFORCING ITS CODE OF HONOR...


"...WHATEVER THE COST."

THAT WAS A DOUBLE EXPLOSION-- BOTH SHIPS.

LIKE STOCKER, THE SECOND SHIP WAS WILLING TO SACRIFICE ITSELF --TO STOP THE HUNTER.


--WIDESPREAD UFO REPORTS, ATTRIBUTED BY A PENTAGON SPOKESMAN TO THE ORBITAL EXPLOSION OF A MALFUNCTIONING SPY SATELLITE--
--BUT DISMISSED BY OTHERS AS MERE ILLUSIONS CREATED BY THE THERMAL INVERSION ACCOMPANYING THE END OF OUR WEEK-LONG HEATWAVE.
FEDS.
IN LOCAL NEWS, GOTHAM POLICE LIEUTENANT FRANK STOCKER HAS BEEN REPORTED MISSING WHILE ON SENSITIVE UNDERCOVER DUTY...
FORCING US TO BE AS SLEAZY AS THEM, IF NOT EVEN--
COMMISSIONER GORDON? PATROLMAN MARKHAM HERE. SORRY TO OVERRIDE, SIR, BUT LT. KITCH SAID TO INFORM YOU WE'VE GOT A MULTIPLE MURDER SCENE IN THE HUB AREA...
I'M LISTENING, OFFICER.
THREE VICTIMS, SIR, ALL WITH IDENTICAL WEIRD DEATH-GRINS.
WITNESSES REPORT CACKLING LAUGHTER--AND A PASSING CABBIE SPOTTED A "MIME" LEAVING THE SCENE.
LT. KITCH THINKS IT MAY'VE BEEN--
THE JOKER.

YOUR SIGNAL.
BAD TIMING, BUT BACK WHERE IT BELONGS...
...AND BLAZING BRIGHTER THAN EVER.
MAYBE THE NIGHT'S GOTTEN DARKER.
YOU'RE GOING TO ANSWER IT?
I DON'T HAVE A CHOICE, HUNTRESS.
BUT AT LEAST THIS TIME... IT'LL BE A MAN-HUNT.
AS OPPOSED TO...ALIEN?
NHN.
HAPPY HUNTING.
-END-

MAGGIO CAMPANELLA

"THE TENTH DAY THE MERC HITS ONE HUNDRED.
"GOTHAM'S ALWAYS HOT IN THE SUMMER.
"BUT THIS YEAR IT BURNS.
YEAH!
YEAH!
YEAH!
BLAM BLAM
BLAM
GOTHAM CITY
AF642

LOTTO
540
DELI
Little Korea
GROCERY
"HALF THE CITY IN BROWNOUT FROM AIR-CONDITIONERS ON OVERTIME.
"NOTHIN' BUT RERUNS ON THE TUBE.
BEER Lite
OPEN
"EVERYBODY'S GOT THE FEVER.
BLAM!
"AND THEY HIT THE STREETS TO COOL OFF.
"BUT THEY ONLY MAKE IT HOTTER.
BRRRRP
BRRRP
YEEEOOOW!
BLAM
Little Korea
DELI & GROCERY
GOTHAM CITY
AF 642
2

"YEAH. ONLY TWO KINDS OF IDIOTS ON THE STREETS TONIGHT.
"THE WOLVES.
HUNH?
HEY...
R.I.P.
"AND THE SHEEP.
TNUSH!
YO!
UNNH!
UFF!
CRASH!
AGHK!
FEEEEEEEEEEE

WHUFF! WHUFF!

HUHN!

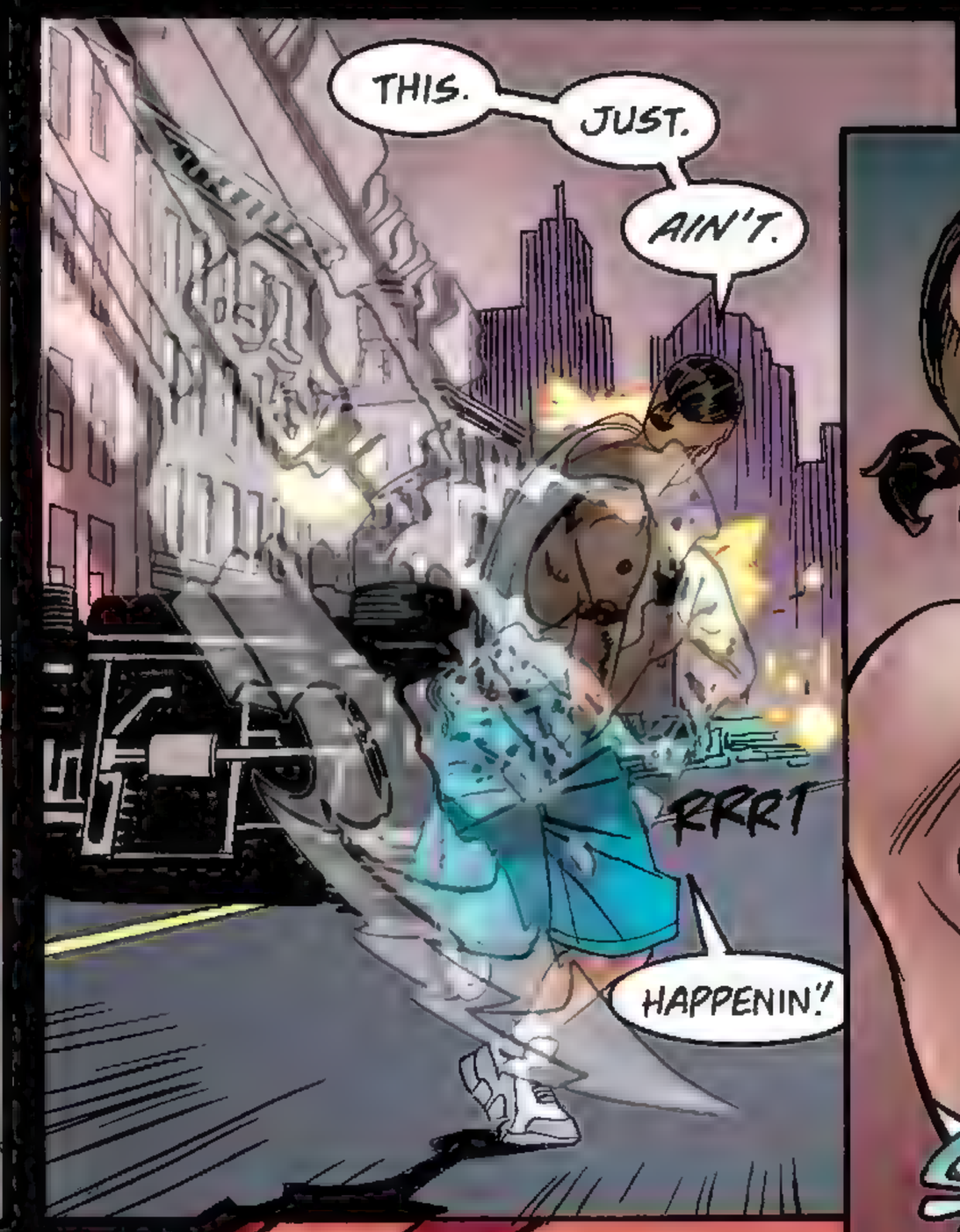
YAAAAAAAH!

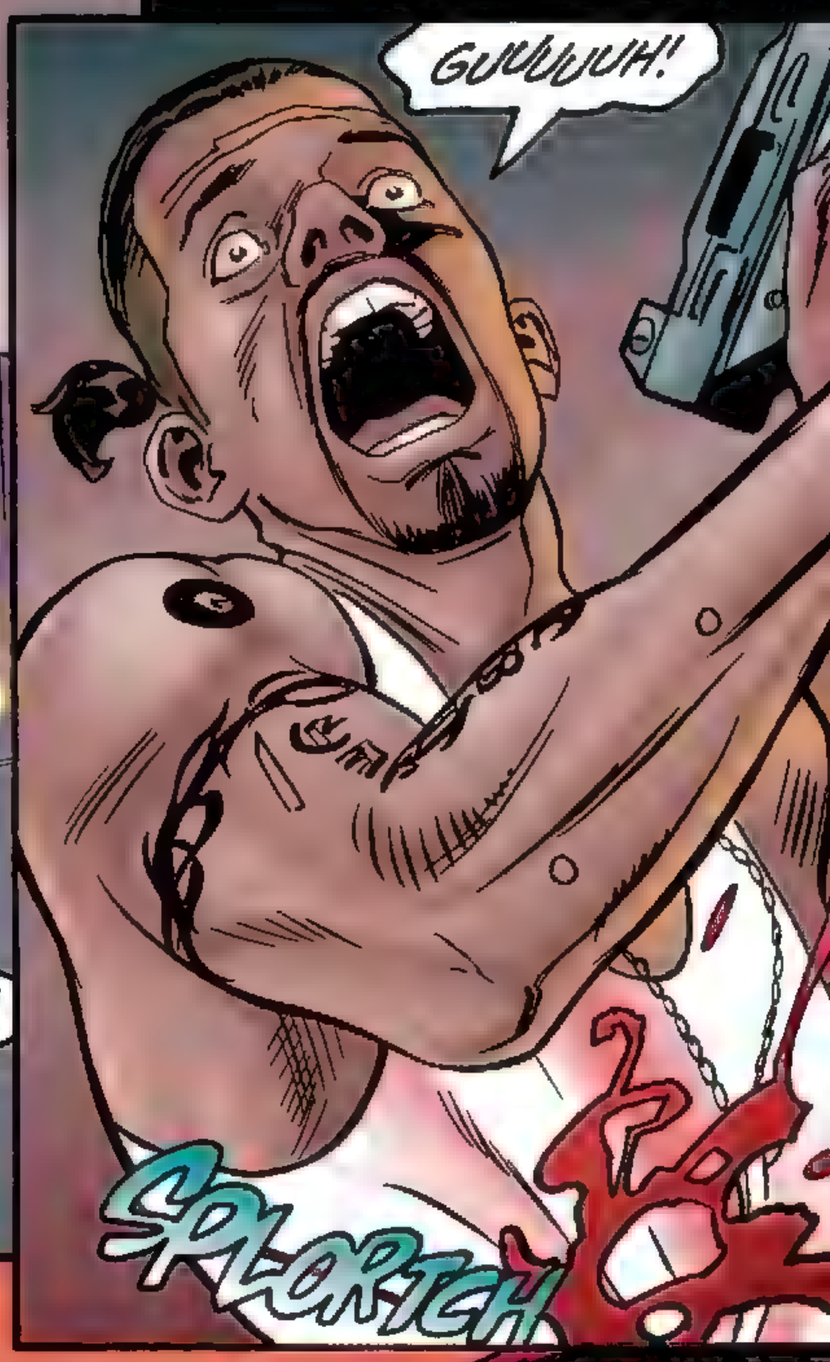
BRRT

BLAM

BHAM

-- THE HELL?





> YEAH.<

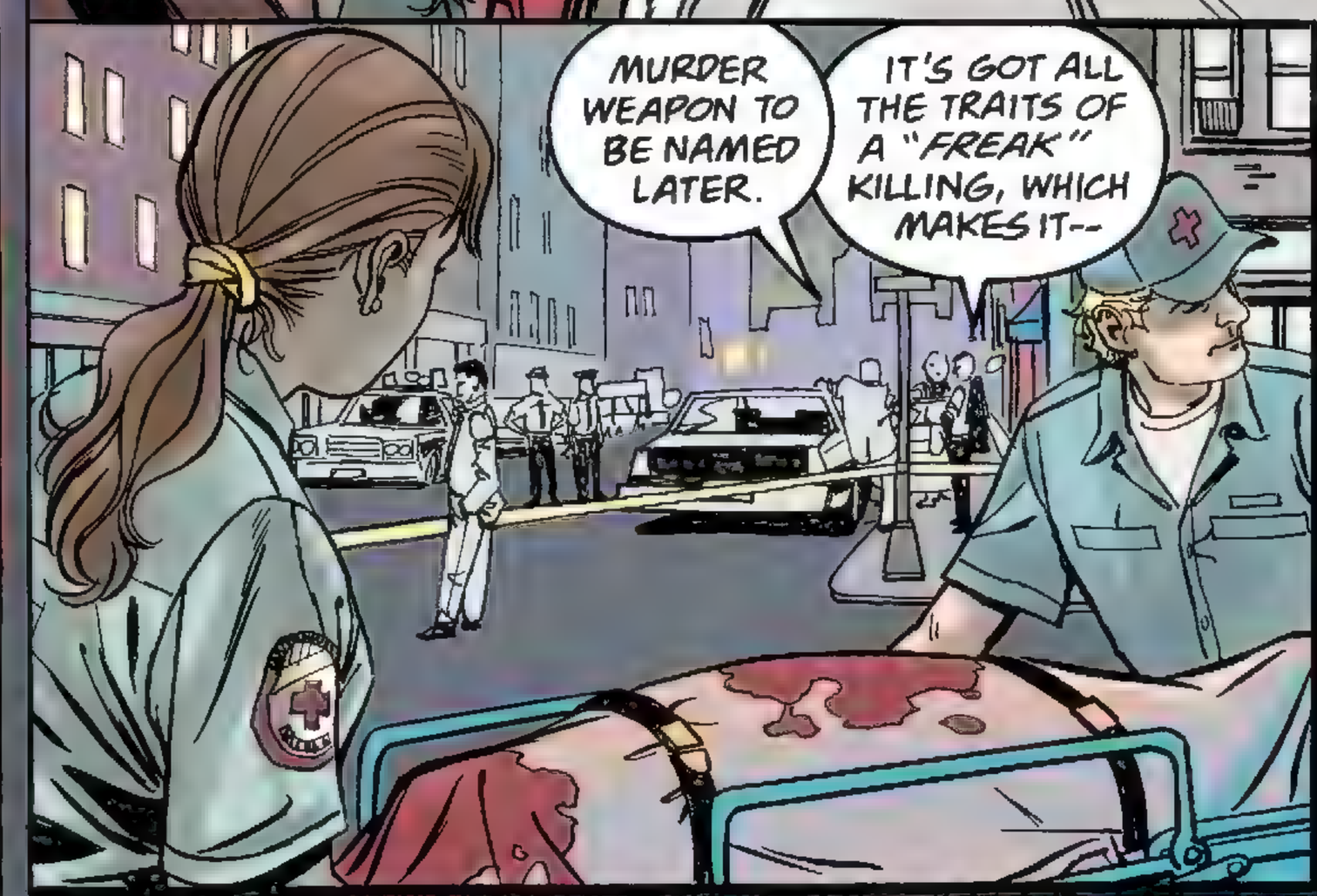
>YEAH.<

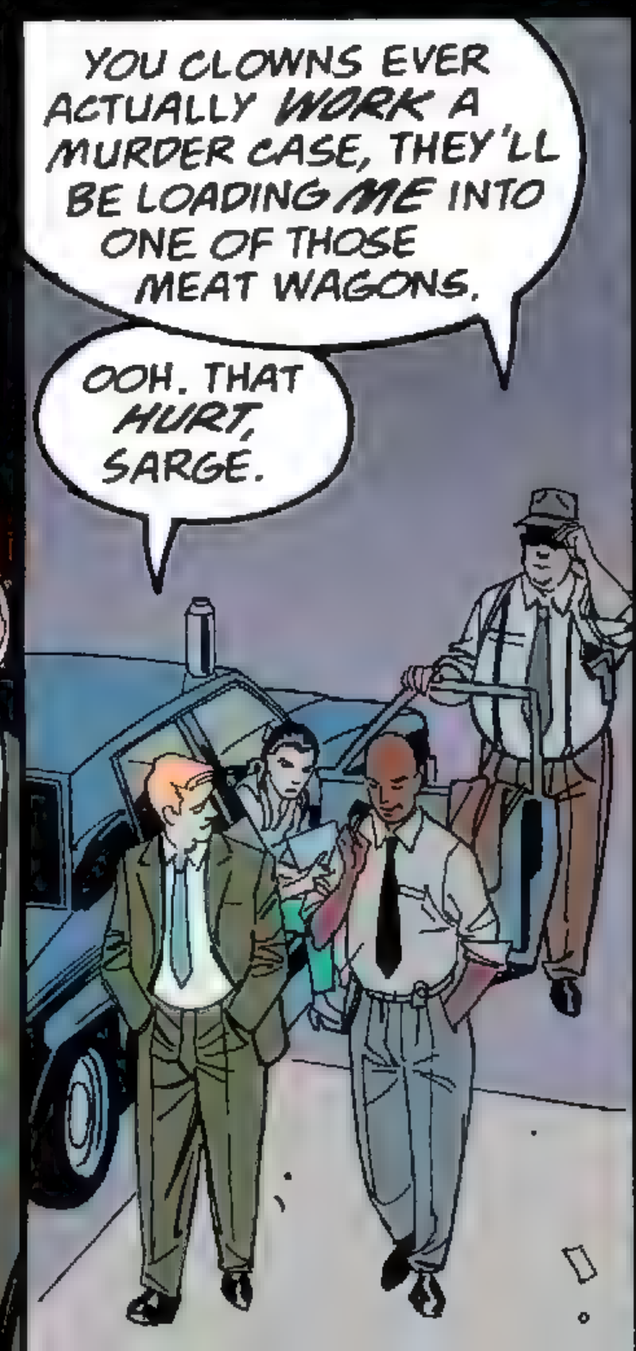
>YEAH.<

UHHHHH

"GOTHAM'S A WAR ZONE ALL YEAR 'ROUND.
"BUT SUMMERS ARE THE WORST."
AND THIS SUMMER IS THE WORST OF THE WORST, MONTOYA.
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE DRINKING COFFEE IN THIS HEAT, HARV.
ALL THESE YEARS OF ROTATING SHIFTS? I DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE--
--I NEED COFFEE LIKE I NEED AIR AND WATER.
MAYBE MORE THAN WATER.
SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING, SERGEANT BULLOCK.
1765
HOSPITAL CENTER
AMBULANCE
GIVE US THE SHORT VERSION.
MOSES AND MURPHY GRINNING LIKE JACK O'LANTERNS. THIS CAN'T BE GOOD.

THIS ONE'S BORDER-LINE.
FOUR VICS. OBVIOUS GANGBANGERS.
"YOUTHFUL OFFENDERS", MOSES.
SORRY. MURPH.

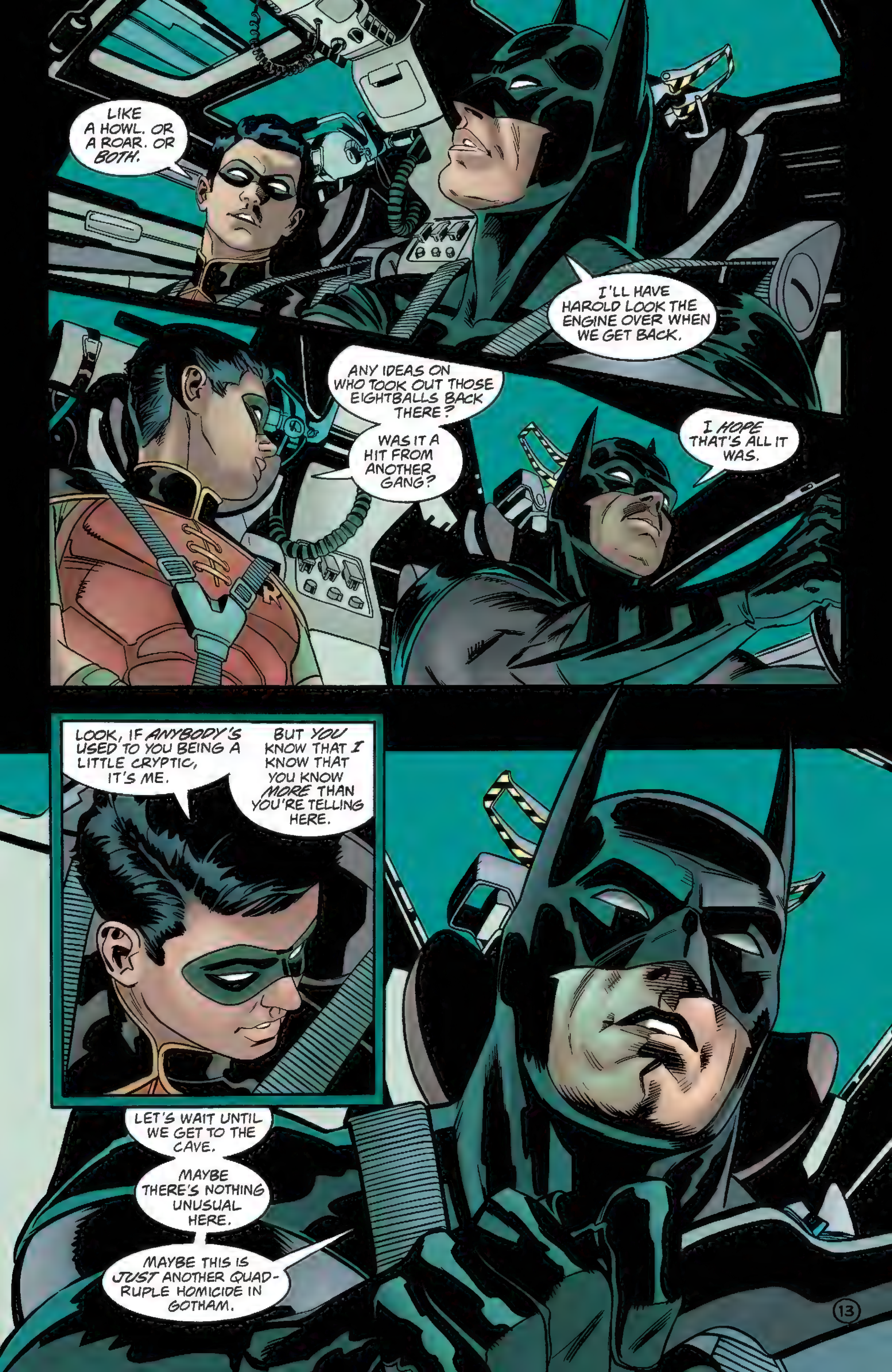


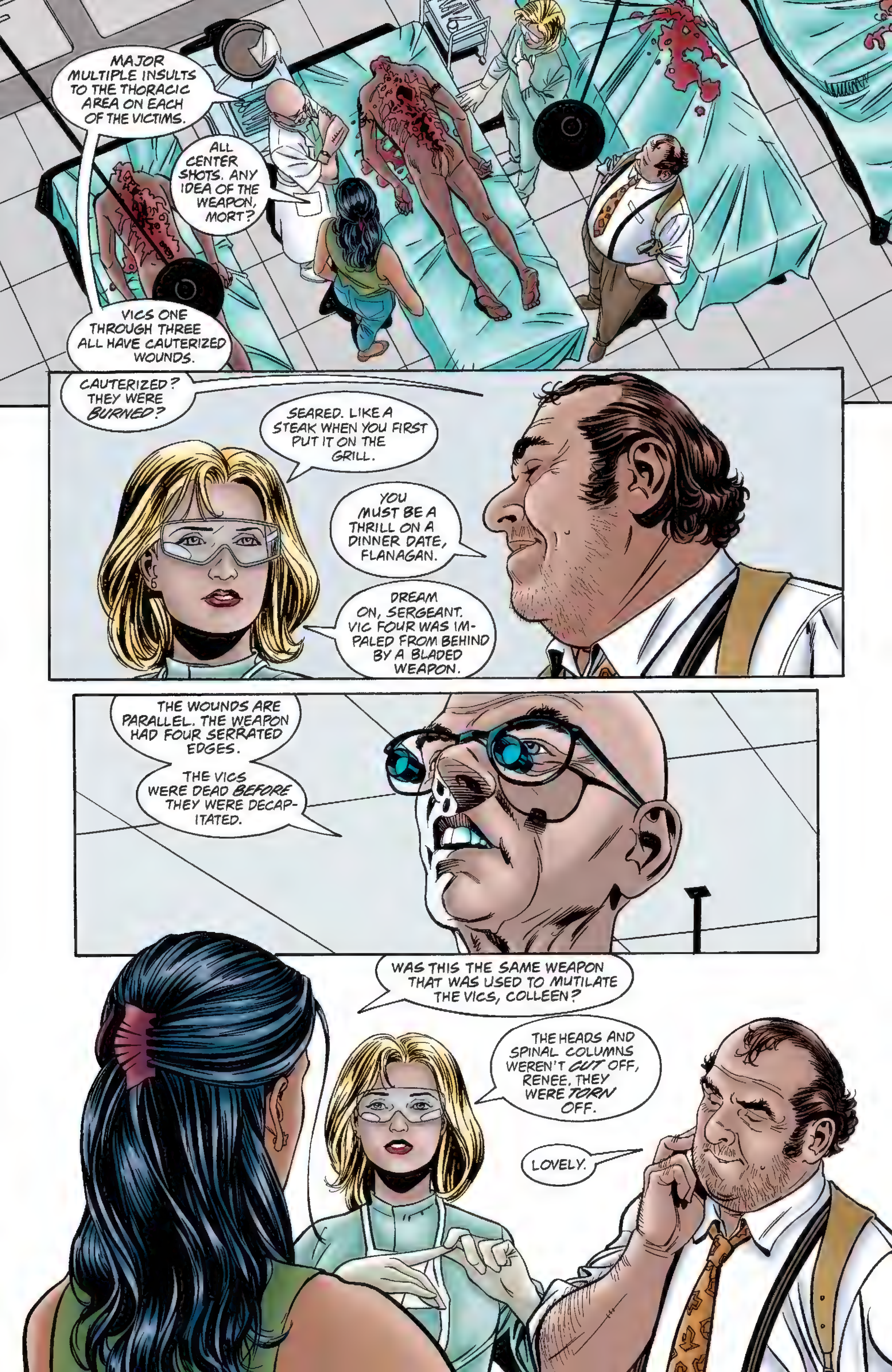


LET'S DO IT SOME PLACE COOLER.
YEAH. ALL THIS BLOOD'S GONNA DRAW FLIES WHEN THE SUN COMES UP.
ANY HUNCHES?
ONE I DON'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT.
CAN'T SAY I LIKE THE EDGE IN YOUR VOICE JUST THEN.
MAYBE I'M WRONG.
I HOPE TO GOD I AM.

BB

DID YOU HEAR SOME-THING?
LIKE WHAT?


LIKE A HOWL. OR A ROAR. OR BOTH.
I'LL HAVE HAROLD LOOK THE ENGINE OVER WHEN WE GET BACK.
ANY IDEAS ON WHO TOOK OUT THOSE EIGHTBALLS BACK THERE?
WAS IT A HIT FROM ANOTHER GANG?
I HOPE THAT'S ALL IT WAS.
LOOK, IF ANYBODY'S USED TO YOU BEING A LITTLE CRYPTIC, IT'S ME.
BUT YOU KNOW THAT I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW MORE THAN YOU'RE TELLING HERE.
LET'S WAIT UNTIL WE GET TO THE CAVE.
MAYBE THERE'S NOTHING UNUSUAL HERE.
MAYBE THIS IS JUST ANOTHER QUADRUPLE HOMICIDE IN GOTHAM.


MAJOR MULTIPLE INSULTS TO THE THORACIC AREA ON EACH OF THE VICTIMS.
ALL CENTER SHOTS. ANY IDEA OF THE WEAPON, MORT?
VICS ONE THROUGH THREE ALL HAVE CAUTERIZED WOUNDS.
CAUTERIZED? THEY WERE BURNED?
SEARED. LIKE A STEAK WHEN YOU FIRST PUT IT ON THE GRILL.
YOU MUST BE A THRILL ON A DINNER DATE, FLANAGAN.
DREAM ON, SERGEANT. VIC FOUR WAS IMPALED FROM BEHIND BY A BLADED WEAPON.
THE WOUNDS ARE PARALLEL. THE WEAPON HAD FOUR SERRATED EDGES.
THE VICS WERE DEAD BEFORE THEY WERE DECAPITATED.
WAS THIS THE SAME WEAPON THAT WAS USED TO MUTILATE THE VICS, COLLEEN?
THE HEADS AND SPINAL COLUMNS WEREN'T CUT OFF, RENEE. THEY WERE TORN OFF.
LOVELY.

I'M ACCESSING THE REPORTS FROM THE MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE.
ANYTHING ON THE MURDER WEAPONS?
MORE QUESTIONS THAN ANSWERS THERE.
WHAT LOOKED LIKE GUNSHOT WOUNDS ARE MORE LIKE DEEP BURNS.
WE HAVE SOME STABBING WOUNDS MADE BY A BLADE THAT LEFT NO RESIDUE IN THE CUTS.

EVERY BLADE LEAVES PARTICLES BEHIND.
LOOK AT THE TIME-TABLE.
HUH?
THE PERPETRATOR GUNNED DOWN FOUR ARMED MEN AND REMOVED SIGNIFICANT PORTIONS OF THEIR BODIES AND LEFT THE SCENE.
IN UNDER FIVE MINUTES.
THIS ALL SEEMS TOO FAMILIAR, SIR.
I KNOW, ALFRED.
COULD IT BE--
-- THAT WE HAVE VISITORS ONCE MORE?
LET'S WAIT UNTIL IT'S CONFIRMED.
IN GOD WE TR
WHAT ARE YOU GUYS TALKING ABOUT?
WILL SOMEBODY TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON?
16

STAY COOL, BOYS. THE BOSS WANTS YOU T'STAY COOL.
'COURSE FOR THE BOSS THAT'S EASIER SAID THAN DONE.
YOU WANNA LEND A HAND, CHILLY?
NO CAN DO, FRIDGE. MY JOB'S WATCHIN' THE RENT-A-COPS.
EVERYBODY QUIT THE CLOWNING.
AND CAREFUL WITH THAT EQUIPMENT.
IF IT MALFUNCTIONS THE ONLY THING WE'LL WALK OUT OF HERE WITH TONIGHT WILL BE THE CHANGE IN THE VENDING MACHINES.
HEY, JUST TALKIN', MR. FREEZE.
DON'T.

AND HERE IT IS.

THE MOTHER OF ALL ROBBERIES.

THE GOTHAM TRUST AND SECURITIES MAIN VAULT. IMPREGNABLE AND UNAPPROACHABLE... *UNTIL* TONIGHT.

FRIDGE, GET THIS FENCE OUT OF THE WAY.

SNOWY AND FROST, GET THE GUN SET UP.

THIS IS THE KEY TO *HAPPIER* DAYS.

ANY *CRETIN* CAN USE FIRE OR EXPLOSIVES TO GET INTO A SAFE. ANY SAFE BUT *THIS*.

TO OPEN THIS DOOR WOULD REQUIRE A BLAST LARGE ENOUGH TO BRING THIS ENTIRE *BUILDING* DOWN ON OUR HEADS.

BUT *WE* SHALL USE SCIENCE.

THE SCIENCE OF SUBTHERMAL DYNAMICS, TO BE EXACT.

STAND BACK.

THAT STEEL DOOR IS AN EXCELLENT CONDUCTOR.

IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE THE DOOR REACHES THE OPTIMUM TEMPERA-TURE OF--

FRISSSSSS!

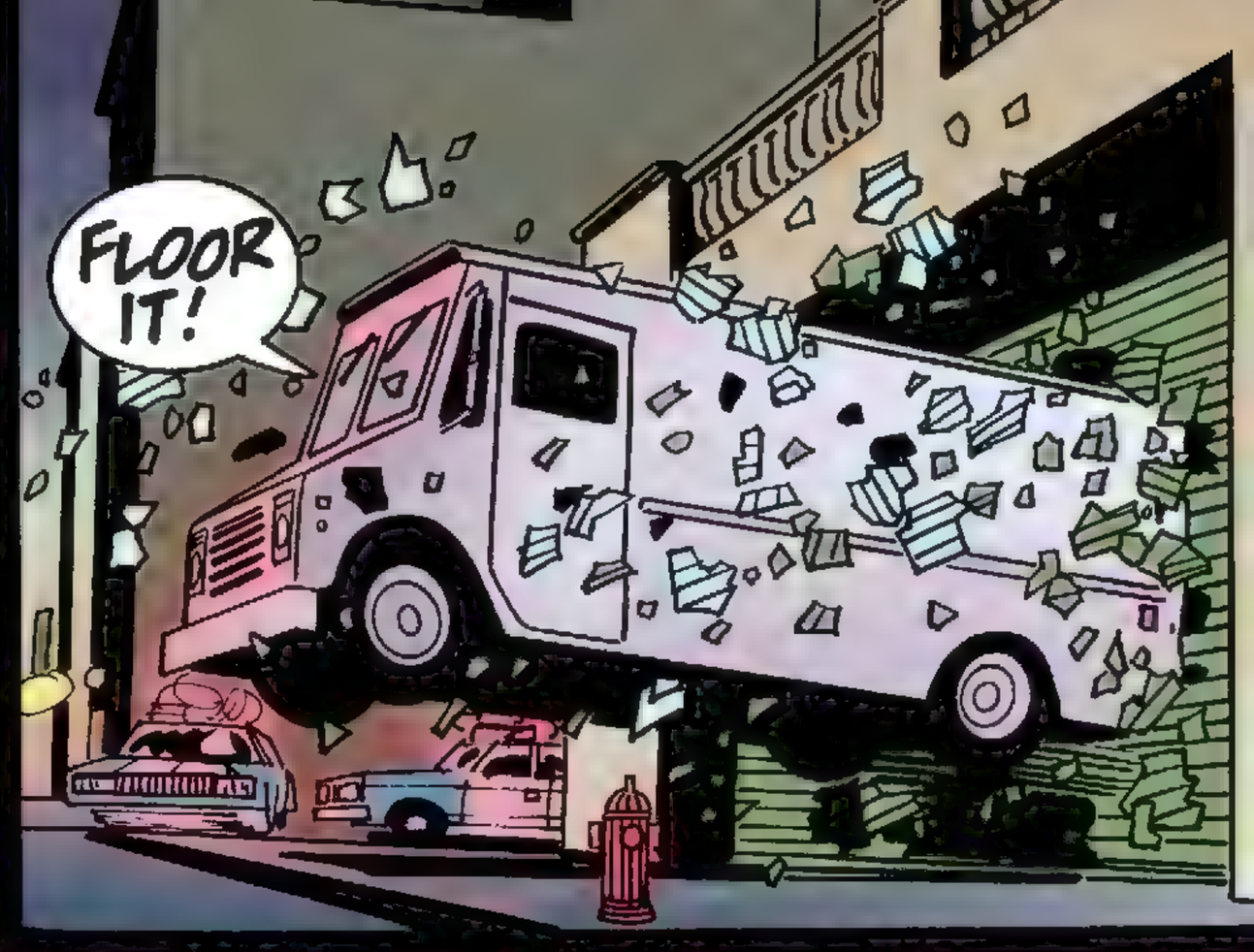
--ABSOLUTE ZERO.

IF YOU WOULD BE SO KIND.
WHAM!
WOO.
DAMN, THAT'S COOL, MR. FREEZE.
YES. ABSOLUTELY COOL, SNOWY.

NOW WHAT?
BRRLLING! BRRLLING!
OW!
I FEEL YOUR PAIN.
WHAT'S WITH THE PHONE?
IT'S SECURITY CENTRAL CALLING IN. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO CHECK IN WITH THEM EVERY THIRTY MINUTES.
OKAY-- TALK. BUT NO HEROICS.
THIS IS DANIELS. YEAH, FARELLI WAS ON THE JOHN AND I WAS OUT BY ACCOUNTING.
NO PROBLEM, EVERYTHING'S FINE HERE.
TALK TO YOU IN THIRTY. 'BYE.
GOOD BOY...
GOTHAM TRUST DIDN'T USE THE CODE PHRASE.
I'LL MAKE THE CALL.

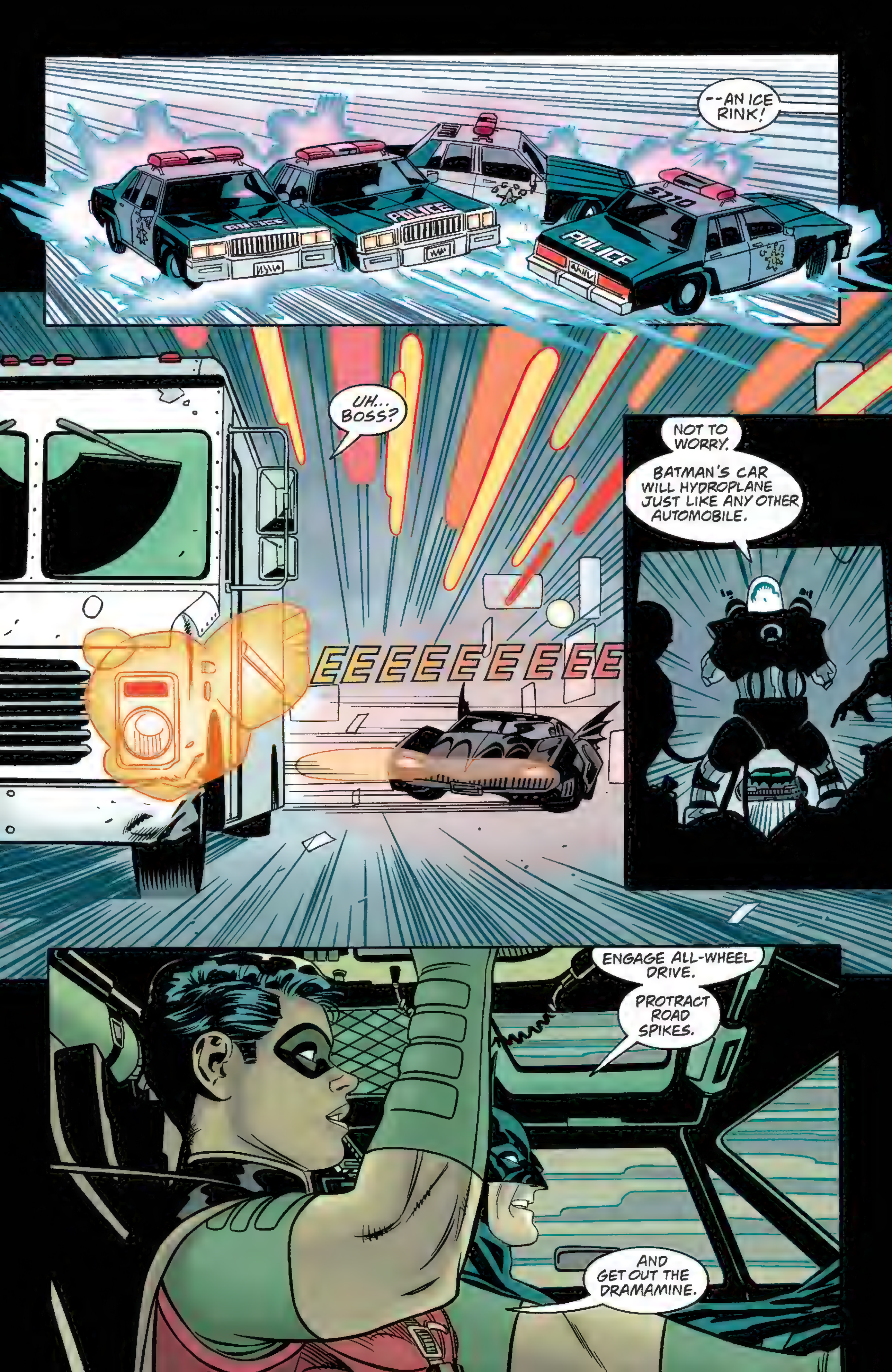
WE LIE LOW UNTIL THE CASH COOLS OFF. THEN IT'S OFF TO A MORE PLEASANT CLIMATE.
BIMINI SOUNDS GOOD.
OR THE CAYMANS.
I WAS THINKING OF BAFFIN BAY.
YOU PLANNED THIS ONE TO A "T," MR. FREEZE.
THERE WAS A HITCH WHEN THE SECURITY OFFICE CALLED, BUT I HANDLED IT.
"A HITCH"?
CHILLY, YOU IDIOT.
EMERGENCY SERVICE

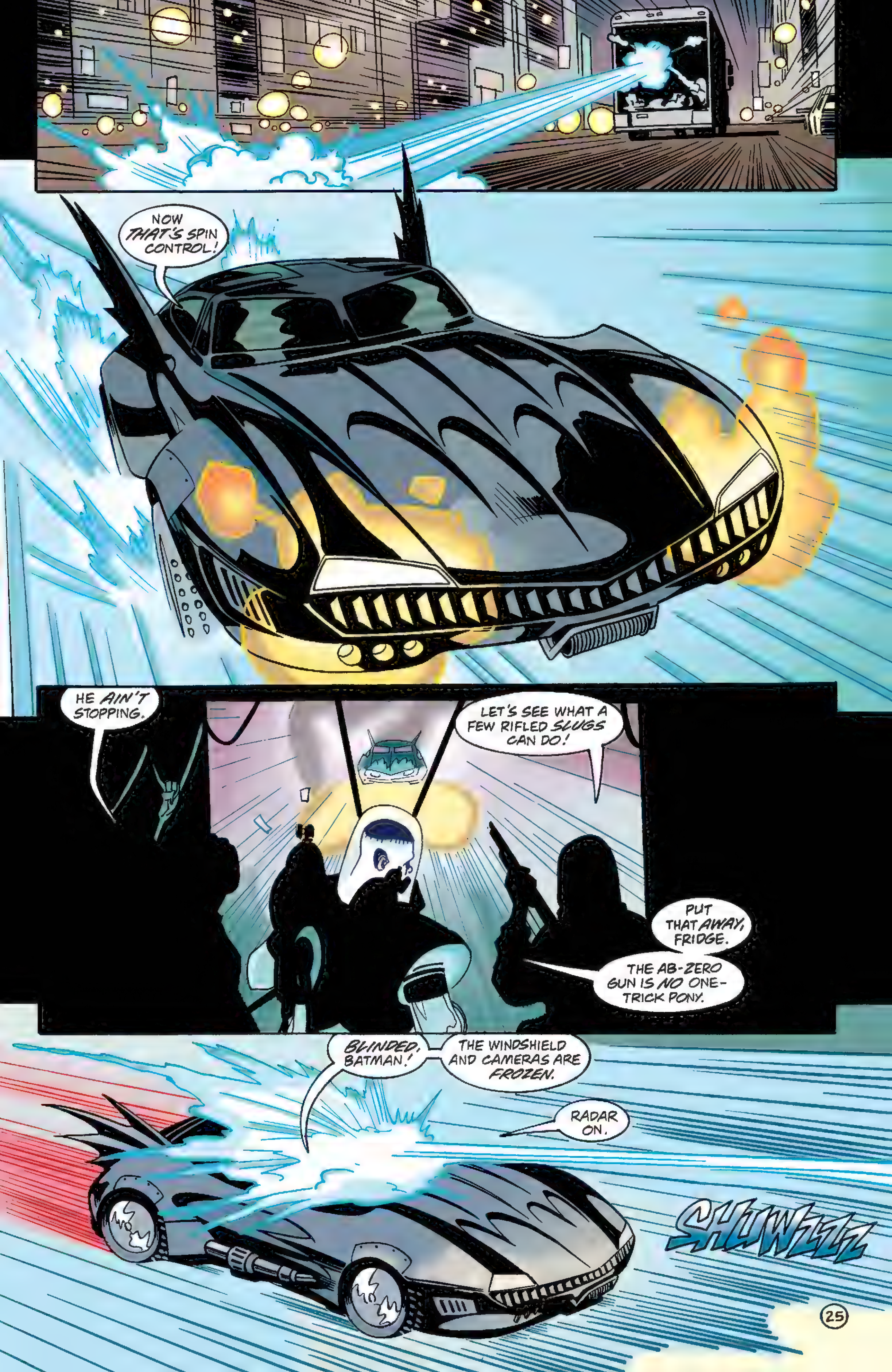
WHAT'S THIS?
DUNNO.
POLICE

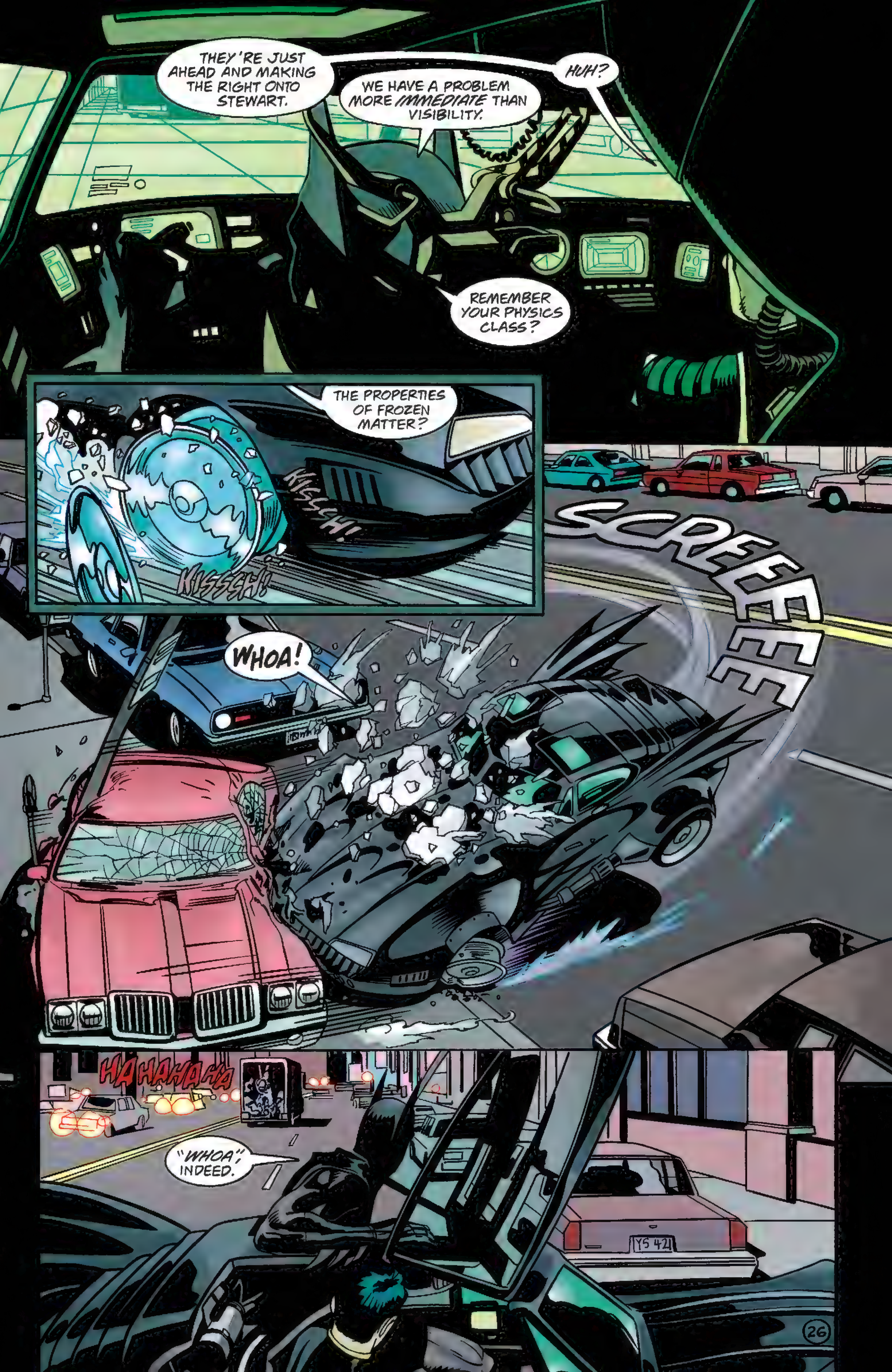

FLOOR IT!

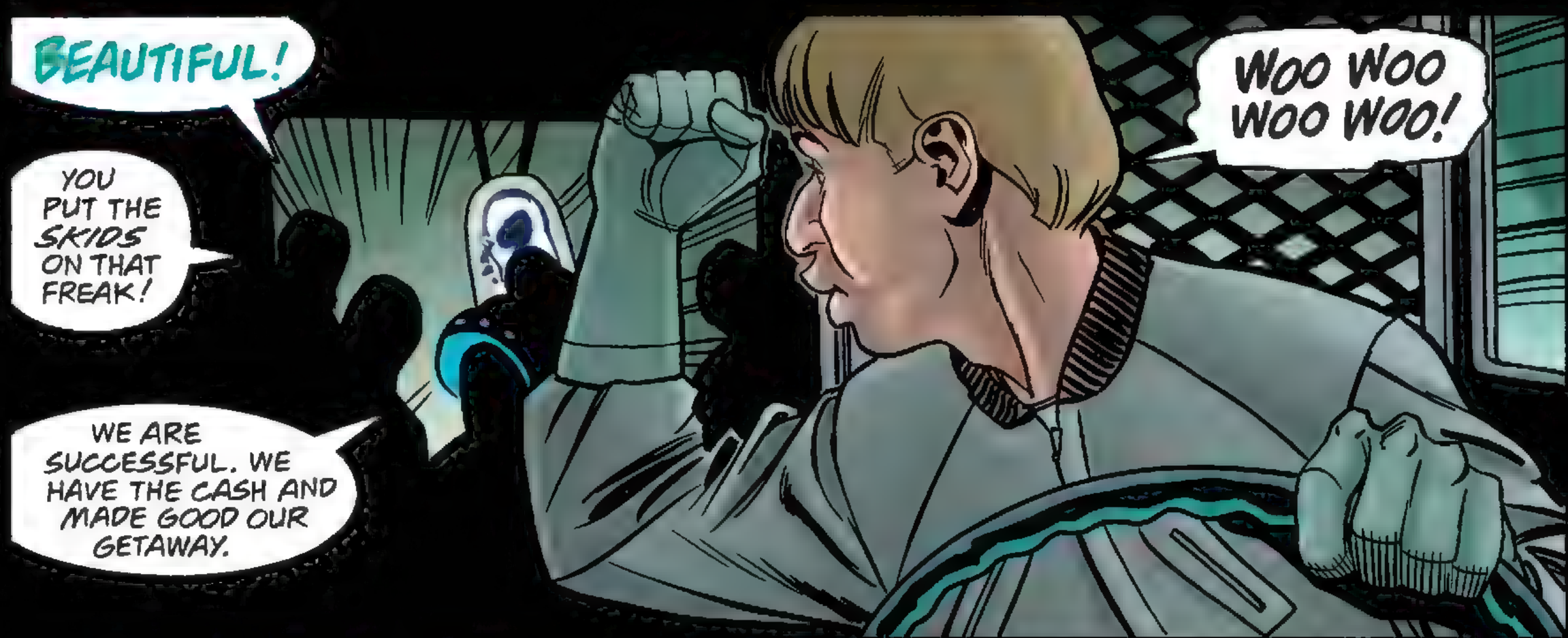
POLICE
EMERGENCY SERVICE
POLICE
5071
5413
G.C.P.D.
2470
POLICE
FIRE
1066
G.C.P.D.

MUST BE A HUNNERD COPS HERE, MR. FREEZE.
THIS WAREHOUSE ON WHEELS AIN'T GOT THE PEP FOR A GET-AWAY.
THAT WILL NOT BE A PROBLEM. FINLAY BOULEVARD IS ABOUT TO BECOME--
23


--AN ICE RINK!
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
S710
UH... BOSS?
EEEEEEEEEE
NOT TO WORRY.
BATMAN'S CAR WILL HYDROPLANE JUST LIKE ANY OTHER AUTOMOBILE.
ENGAGE ALL-WHEEL DRIVE.
PROTRACT ROAD SPIKES.
AND GET OUT THE DRAMAMINE.


NOW THAT'S SPIN CONTROL!
HE AIN'T STOPPING.
LET'S SEE WHAT A FEW RIFLED SLUGS CAN DO!
PUT THAT AWAY, FRIDGE.
THE AB-ZERO GUN IS NO ONE-TRICK PONY.
BLINDED, BATMAN!
THE WINDSHIELD AND CAMERAS ARE FROZEN.
RADAR ON.
SHWEEZ


THEY'RE JUST AHEAD AND MAKING THE RIGHT ONTO STEWART.
WE HAVE A PROBLEM MORE IMMEDIATE THAN VISIBILITY.
HUH?
REMEMBER YOUR PHYSICS CLASS?
THE PROPERTIES OF FROZEN MATTER?
KISSSH!
KISSSH!
SCREEEEEE
WHOA!
HAHAHAHA
"WHOA", INDEED.
YS 421


BEAUTIFUL!
YOU PUT THE SKIDS ON THAT FREAK!
WE ARE SUCCESSFUL. WE HAVE THE CASH AND MADE GOOD OUR GETAWAY.
WOO WOO WOO WOO!

OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER.
27

IS IT BEYOND REPAIR?

I SUPPOSE THAT'S UP TO HAROLD.

ITS TRADE-IN VALUE IS SHOT, THAT'S FOR SURE.

WE'LL GET AN EARLIER MODEL OUT OF MOTHBALLS. UNTIL THEN THE SUBWAY ROCKET WILL SERVE.

OUR PRIORITY NOW IS STILL THE EIGHTBALL MURDERS.

WITH FREEZE ON THE LOOSE? THAT'S MORE DANGEROUS THAN A GANG HIT.

WE'RE STILL NOT SURE IT'S GANG-RELATED.

BUT YOU CAN BEGIN A SEARCH FOR FREEZE'S BOLTHOLE. HE'LL STAY IN GOTHAM UNTIL THE HEAT'S OFF.

WHERE DO I START?

THAT'S EASY.

"SOMEPLACE REFRIGERATED."

duh-duh-duh- DO WE HAVE TO DO THIS HUH-HUH-HERE?

Eskimo Jack
FROZEN FOODS
NOT AN UNREASONABLE QUESTION.
PERHAPS YOU COULD ALL GO OUTSIDE AND COUNT THE MONEY IN A NICE WARM ROOM.
I WILL SIMPLY SIT IN HERE AND YOU CAN BRING ME MY FAIR SHARE.
CUH-CUH-CAN WE?
WHEN HELL GETS A HOCKEY FRANCHISE.
COUNT THE MONEY, FROST.
KROOM!
WHUH?

I CAN'T SEE A THING!
IT HAS TO BE THE BATMAN. THE POLICE DON'T MAKE ENTRANCES LIKE THAT.
THEN WHERE IS HE?
I SEE HIM!
I SEE... SOMETHING, ANYHOW!
HA!
THAT CONNECTED!
WUK!

OH MY--

DAMAGGIO

"WHAT WE GOT IS YOUR 'GOOD NEWS/BAD NEWS' DEAL HERE.

"WE HAVE FOUR DEAD BODIES AND NOT ONE SOLID CITIZEN.
"EVERY STIFF HERE HAS A JACKET GOING BACK TO JUVIE.
"AND THEY LEFT THE LION'S SHARE OF THE HAUL FROM THE GOTHAM TRUST JOB LAST NIGHT.
"THAT'S THE GOOD NEWS.

"THEY WERE KAKKED THE SAME WAY AS THOSE GANGBANGERS THE OTHER NIGHT.

"HEAD AND SPINAL CORDS REMOVED LIKE YOU'D BONE A FISH.

"NONE OF THE WOUNDS MAKE SENSE.

"NOT A STANDARD STAB OR GUNSHOT.

"VERY, VERY WEIRD, EH?

"WHAT KIND OF WEAPONS DO THIS?

"WHAT KIND OF WEIRDO?

"WE GOT SOME WHOLE NEW BREED OF BAD GUY IN GOTHAM.

"AND WE GOT A MYSTERY.
"THESE GUYS PULLED THE TRUST JOB AS PART OF FREEZE'S CREW.
"SO WHERE'S HE?
HEY, HERE'S A CLEAR ONE, KEEGAN. FULL HAND.
FLASH!
"AND THAT'S ALL YOUR BAD NEWS, MONTOYA."

MAYBE YOU'RE THINKING TOO HARD, HARV.
HUH.
THIS COULD BE A "THIEVES FALL OUT" THING. FREEZE DECIDES HE LIKES THE ONE WAY SPLIT INSTEAD OF FIVE.
FREEZE IS A STONE MENTAL CASE, BUT YANKIN' OFF HEADS AIN'T PART OF HIS ACT.
AND WHY DID HE LEAVE THE LOOT?
YOU THINK FREEZE WAS HERE WHEN THIS HAPPENED?
AND IF HE WAS, WHY WAS HE SPARED?
THAT'S WHY THEY PAY US THE BIG MONEY, MONTOYA.
YEAH.
AND AT LEAST YOU GOT ONE OF YOUR WISHES.
HUH?
YOU GOT OUTTA THE HEAT FOR A WHILE.

"DAMN THIS WEATHER."
IT HIT ONE HUNDRED TODAY.
7

THE MERCURY RISES AND THE CRIME RATE FOLLOWS. THE CITY REACHES A BOILING POINT AND THE MORGUE FILLS WITH BODIES.
FEELING A LITTLE DRAMATIC TONIGHT, COMMISSIONER?
YOU'VE GOT SOME NERVE TALKING DRAMATICS.
YOU KNOW WHAT WE'VE GOT ON OUR HANDS HERE, JIM.
THE MUTILATIONS. THE LACK OF PHYSICAL EVIDENCE. NO WITNESSES.
WE HAVE A "VISITOR."
SO GOTHAM BECOMES A HUNTING GROUND AGAIN.
IT LOOKS THAT WAY.

WE'VE GOT MORE THAN OUR SHARE OF PSYCHOS AND MASS MURDERERS AND GENERAL WEIRDNESS IN THIS TOWN.
BUT I HAVE TO ADMIT, THIS STUFF GIVES ME THE CREEPS.
I ONLY WISH WE KNEW MORE ABOUT THESE VISITATIONS.
I'M A COP. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ONE AND ALWAYS WILL BE.
PART OF ME WANTS TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON. PART OF ME WANTS ANSWERS.
BUT NOT THIS TIME.
THIS TIME I'D RATHER NOT KNOW THE ANSWERS.
I'M SORRY I EVEN KNOW THE QUESTIONS.
DID YOU HEAR ENOUGH?
YOU--
IT'S MY FAULT.
I TOLD YOU TO STAY UP HERE.
I DIDN'T MAKE IT CLEAR THAT YOU SHOULDN'T LISTEN IN.

WHY ARE YOU KEEPING ME AWAY FROM THIS ONE? YOU *KNOW* WHO KILLED FREEZE'S GANG.

NOT *EXACTLY.*

THESE MURDERS RELATE TO A COUPLE OF EARLIER CASES. ONES YOU *WON'T* FIND IN MY FILES.

THE KILLER IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN *ANY* I'VE EVER FACED.

THEN YOU *DO* KNOW WHO IT IS.

YOU'RE NOT BEING *HONEST* WITH ME.

I'M TELLING YOU THE TRUTH WHEN I SAY THAT I *DON'T* KNOW.

THIS ISN'T MAKING ANY SENSE.

AND I'M NOT PREPARED TO TELL YOU ANY MORE. BUT I *DO* NEED YOUR HELP.

"YOU CAN STAY ON THE CASE UNTIL WE FIND MR. FREEZE."

YOU'RE IN EARLY, TOM.

BET YOUR BUTT, ZIGGY.

CREAM DREAM
MY PROFITS RIDE THE HEAT INDEX, AND TODAY'S GONNA BE A SCORCHER.
I CAN SELL A TRUCKLOAD OF ICE-POPS BY NOON AND--
HEY!
WHAT'S THIS?
I LEAVE THE TRUCK HERE OVERNIGHT TO CHARGE UP AND SOMEBODY DUMPS MY STUFF.
DON' LOOK AT ME, TOM.
WELL, I AIN'T PAYIN' FOR THIS STUFF.
YOU GUYS ARE SUPPOSED TO WATCH THE TRUCKS AND--
quk!
CREAM
DREAM

YOU AND I ARE GOING FOR A RIDE.
NOD IF YOU UNDERSTAND.
qih! qih! qih!
EXCELLENT.
THIS IS A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH FOR ME. DO NOT EVEN CONSIDER CROSSING ME.
I'LL TELL YOU WHERE TO GO--
"--AND TIME IS A FACTOR."
HEY, MR ICE CREAM MAN!
STOP!
I WANNA ICE-POP!
NO STOPS. WE'RE ALMOST THERE.
CREAM

AH99 JAEGER ATTACK

THE AH-99 JAEGER ATTACK/ SUPPRESSION POLICE HELICOPTER.

A FULL ARRAY OF RADAR OPTIONS.

TWIN 30 MM TADS LINKED CHAIN GUNS.

A GROCERY LIST OF MISSILE CHOICES.

WAYNETECH

CLASSIFIED

ARE YOU GOING HUNTING OR GOING TO *WAR*, SIR?

EACH TIME WE ENCOUNTER ONE OF THESE THINGS WE LEARN A LITTLE MORE.

I THINK I CAN FIND OUR "*VISITOR*" AND CONVINCE HIM TO LEAVE GOTHAM BEFORE HE KILLS AGAIN.

A MORE PRO-ACTIVE APPROACH.

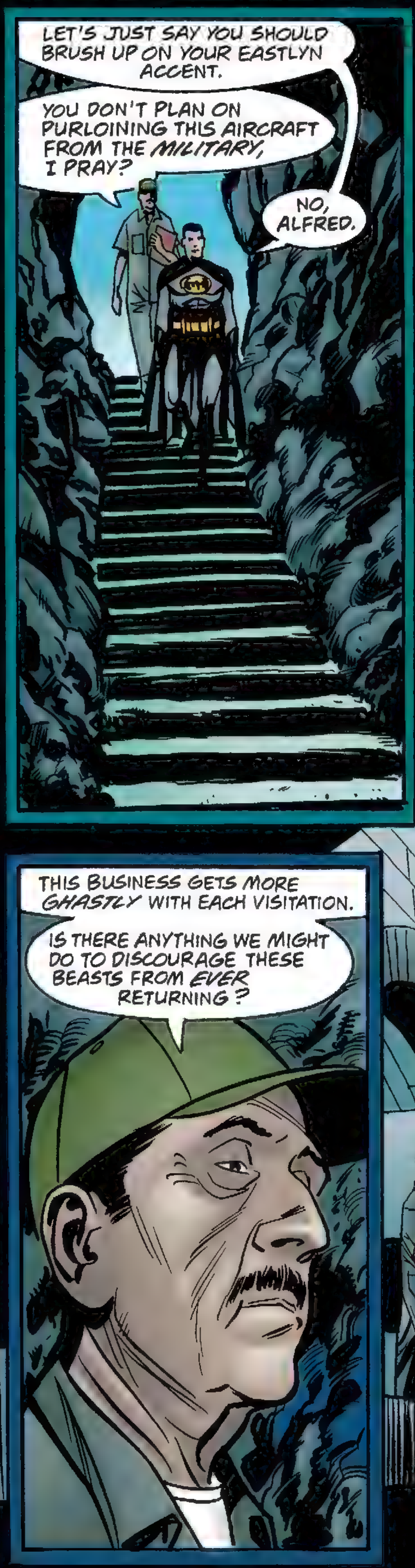
WE'VE DISCUSSED THIS *BEFORE*. THE ADDITION OF AIRCRAFT TO YOUR FLEET OF VEHICLES IS IN-FEASIBLE.

NOT A *PERMANENT* ADDITION, ALFRED.

SIR?

WE'RE GOING TO *BORROW* ONE. I'LL HAVE NEED OF YOUR THESPIAN SKILLS.

YOU MEAN MY *LARCENOUS* SKILLS, DON'T YOU?

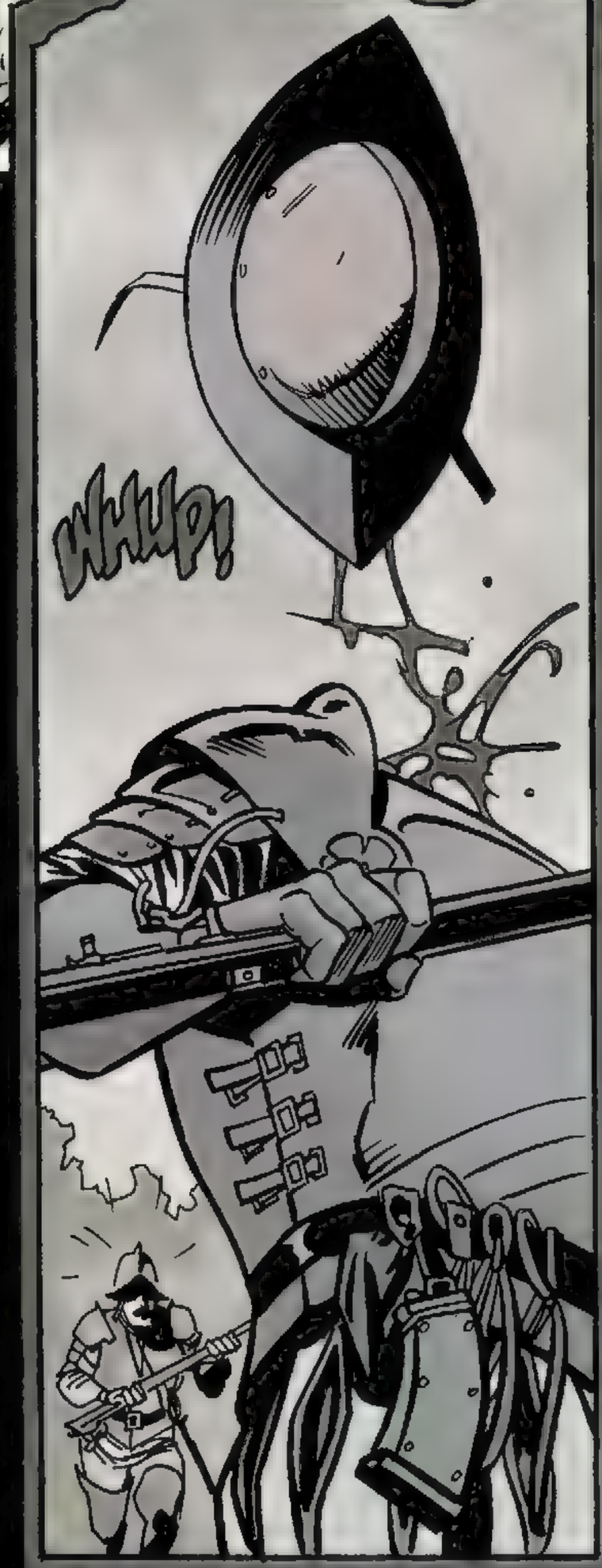

LET'S JUST SAY YOU SHOULD BRUSH UP ON YOUR EASTLYN ACCENT.
YOU DON'T PLAN ON PURLOINING THIS AIRCRAFT FROM THE MILITARY, I PRAY?
NO, ALFRED.

WE'LL BE STEALING IT FROM MYSELF.
SIR?
WAYNETECH BUILT A PROTO-TYPE VERSION FOR POLICE USE. IT'S AT THE BRISTOL WAREHOUSE.

THIS BUSINESS GETS MORE GHASTLY WITH EACH VISITATION.
IS THERE ANYTHING WE MIGHT DO TO DISCOURAGE THESE BEASTS FROM EVER RETURNING?

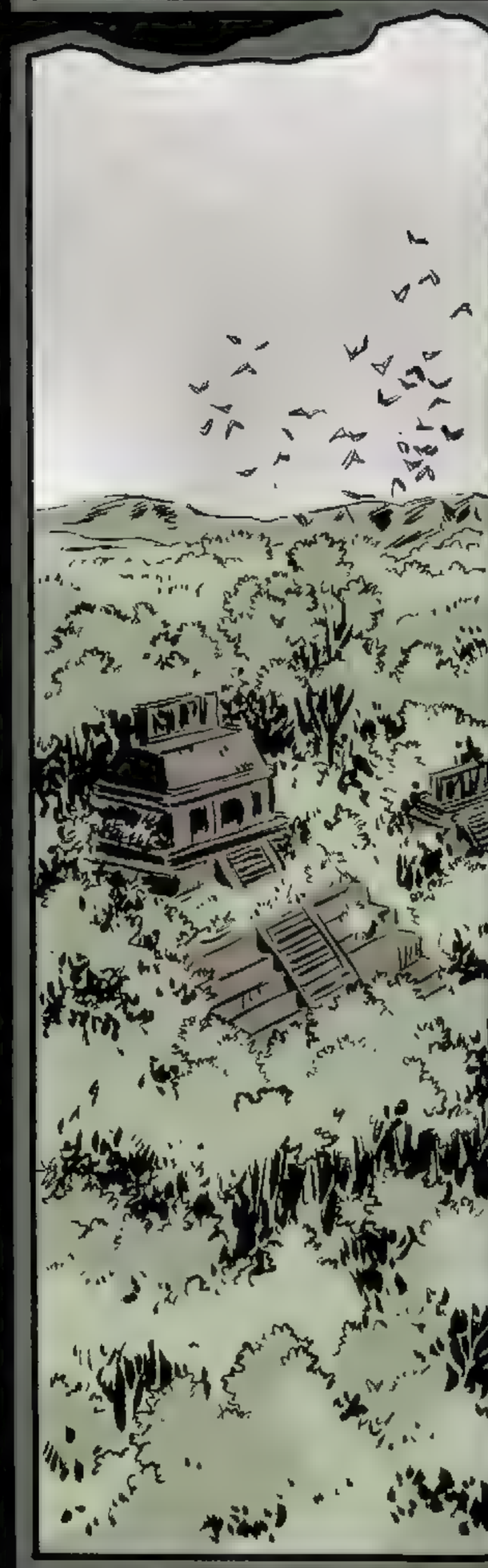
WE'RE SPORT FOR THEM, ALFRED.
IT SEEMS EACH TIME I DEFEAT ONE IT SIMPLY CHALLENGES ANOTHER.

"WHATEVER THEY ARE, THEY FOLLOW A STRICT CODE OF HONOR.

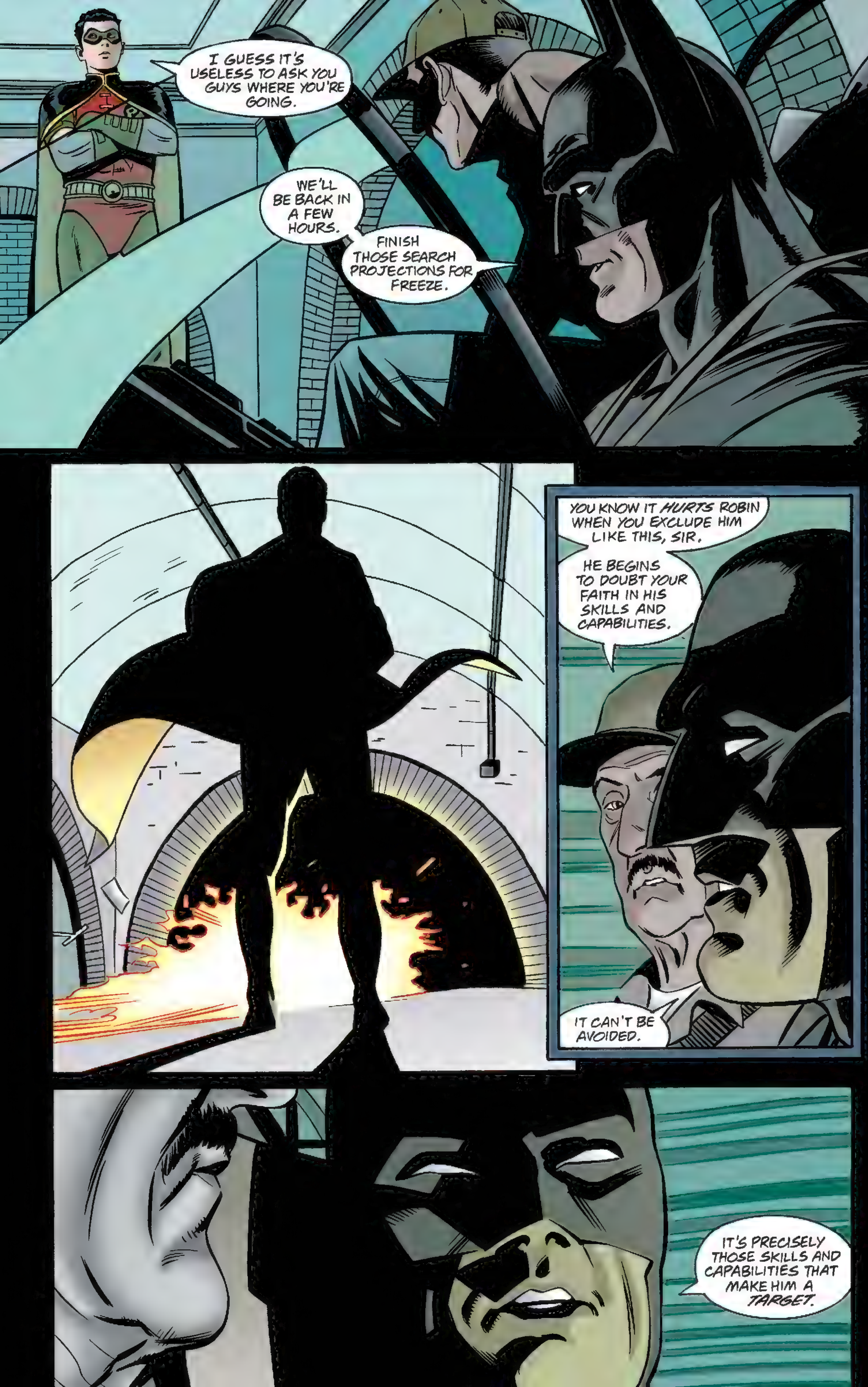

WHUP!

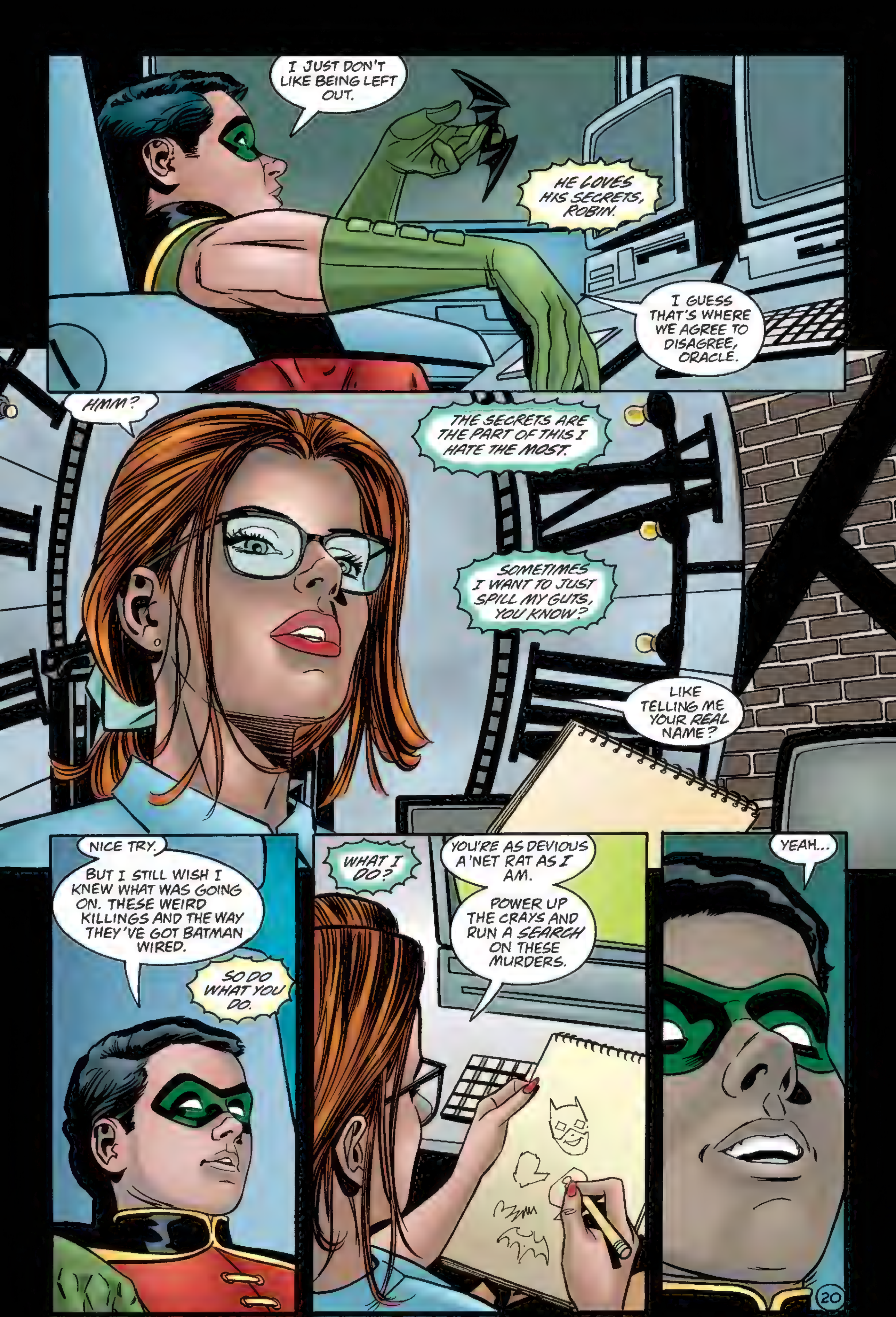
"THEY TEST THEMSELVES AGAINST THE MOST DANGEROUS QUARRY THEY CAN FIND.

"THEY COME FROM A CULTURE ROOTED IN THE TRIALS OF COMBAT AND COURTING OF DEATH.

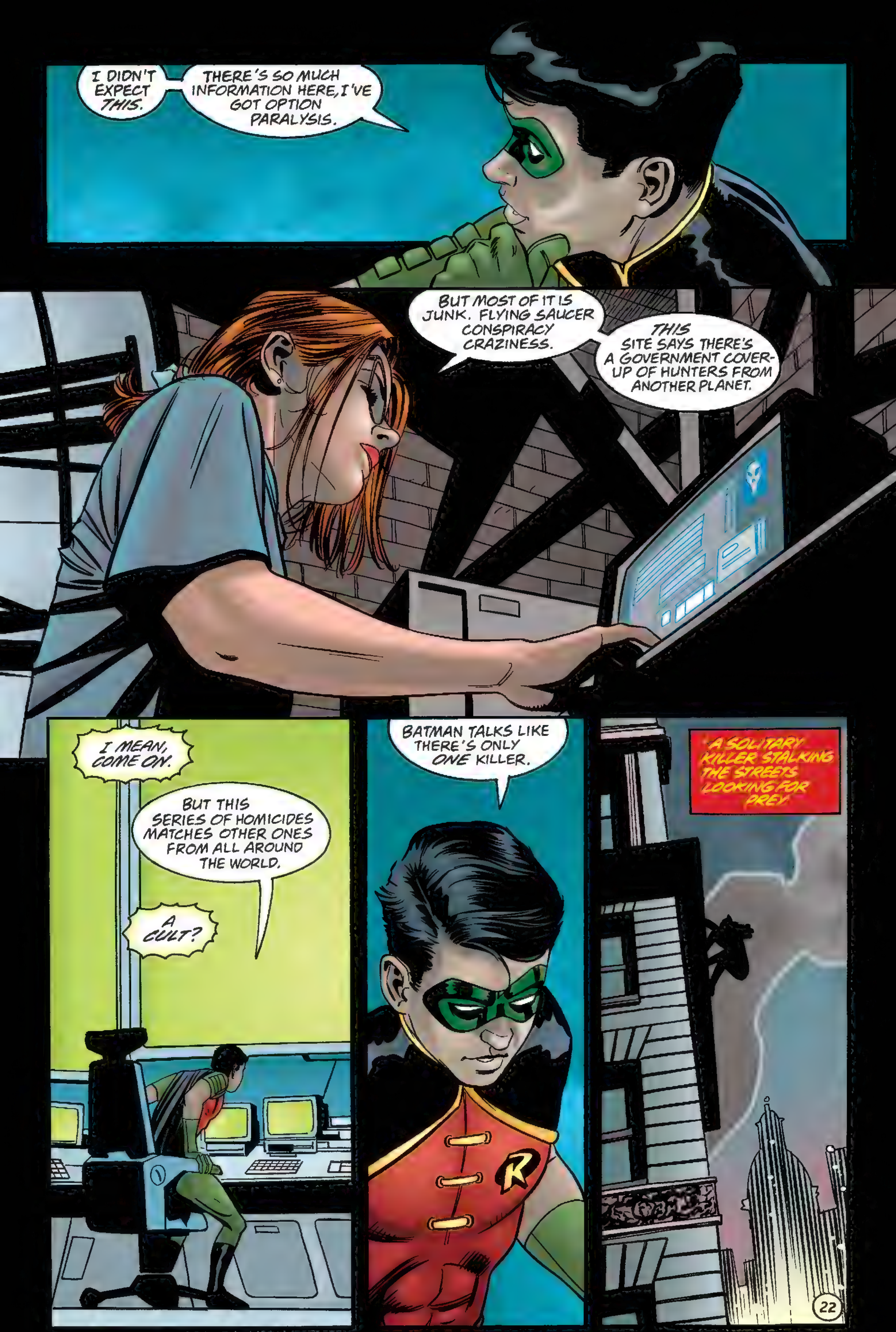


"AND I BELIEVE THEY'VE BEEN COMING HERE FOR CENTURIES."
THEN A CONCLUSIVE VICTORY OVER THIS LATEST "SPORTSMAN" IS POINTLESS.
IT WILL ONLY ENCOURAGE ONE OF HIS FELLOWS TO TRY YOU.
BETTER ME THAN AN INNOCENT.
SO FAR THIS GUY HASN'T KILLED ANY INNOCENTS.
GANGBANGERS AND ARMED ROBBERS.
I WON'T TOLERATE THAT SORT OF ROUGH JUSTICE IN MY CITY, ROBIN.
18


I GUESS IT'S USELESS TO ASK YOU GUYS WHERE YOU'RE GOING.
WE'LL BE BACK IN A FEW HOURS.
FINISH THOSE SEARCH PROJECTIONS FOR FREEZE.
YOU KNOW IT HURTS ROBIN WHEN YOU EXCLUDE HIM LIKE THIS, SIR.
HE BEGINS TO DOUBT YOUR FAITH IN HIS SKILLS AND CAPABILITIES.
IT CAN'T BE AVOIDED.
IT'S PRECISELY THOSE SKILLS AND CAPABILITIES THAT MAKE HIM A TARGET.


I JUST DON'T LIKE BEING LEFT OUT.
HE LOVES HIS SECRETS, ROBIN.
I GUESS THAT'S WHERE WE AGREE TO DISAGREE, ORACLE.
HMM?
THE SECRETS ARE THE PART OF THIS I HATE THE MOST.
SOMETIMES I WANT TO JUST SPILL MY GUTS, YOU KNOW?
LIKE TELLING ME YOUR REAL NAME?
NICE TRY.
BUT I STILL WISH I KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON. THESE WEIRD KILLINGS AND THE WAY THEY'VE GOT BATMAN WIRED.
SO DO WHAT YOU DO.
WHAT I DO?
YOU'RE AS DEVIOUS A 'NET RAT AS I AM.
POWER UP THE CRAYS AND RUN A SEARCH ON THESE MURDERS.
YEAH...
20

WAYNETECH
WHAT'S THE RUSH ON THIS?
YOU KNOW THE GUYS IN THE BIG OFFICE -- EVERYTHING'S A DAMN CRISIS.
WAYNETECH
WAYNETECH
THEY WANT TO TROT THIS THING OUT FOR SOME AIR SHOW IN JAPAN.
WOW.
THIS COMES FROM LUCIUS FOX HIMSELF.
SECURITY
WAYNE'S MAIN MAN.
WE'LL GET YOU LOADED AND ON THE WAY IN A MINUTE, PAL.
GOOD DEAL.
ONE OF YOUR BETTER PERFORMANCES, ALFRED.
THANK YOU, SIR.
BUT I CANNOT DECIDE WHICH IS MORE FOUL--THE CIGARETTE OR THIS GOATEE.


I DIDN'T EXPECT THIS.
THERE'S SO MUCH INFORMATION HERE, I'VE GOT OPTION PARALYSIS.
BUT MOST OF IT IS JUNK. FLYING SAUCER CONSPIRACY CRAZINESS.
THIS SITE SAYS THERE'S A GOVERNMENT COVER-UP OF HUNTERS FROM ANOTHER PLANET.
I MEAN, COME ON.
BUT THIS SERIES OF HOMICIDES MATCHES OTHER ONES FROM ALL AROUND THE WORLD.
A CULT?
BATMAN TALKS LIKE THERE'S ONLY ONE KILLER.
A SOLITARY KILLER STALKING THE STREETS LOOKING FOR PREY.

A CRIMINAL THAT COMES AND GOES UNSEEN IN THE DARK.
ELUSIVE AND NEARLY INVISIBLE.
EXPERT PROFESSIONAL AMORAL.
SOMEONE GOOD ENOUGH TO KEEP EVEN BATMAN GUESSING.
SOMEONE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO CATCH REDHANDED.

Zeus
HMM.
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?
WEINSTAD DIAMON
GOTCHA.
HOW MANY TARGETS, SIR?

HARD TO READ WITH ALL THE MAGNETIC INTERFERENCE FROM THE ZESTI SIGN, ALFRED.
Zesti Cola
POLICE
G.C.P.D 409
STANDARD VISUAL IS A ZERO SIGHTING.
BUT I HAVE A SIGNATURE ON THE INFRARED AND INCANDESCENT RANGES.
THAT'S OUR KILLER.
ACTIVATING CHAIN GUNS.
RUBBER "SAFETY" LOADS.
LET'S SEE IF HE CAN OUTRUN FOUR THOUSAND ROUNDS PER MINUTE.
Zesti Cola

OH.
KAY.
GOOD NIGHT TO RENT A MOVIE AND STAY IN.
NEWSSTAND
CRASH!
NEWSSTAND
27

ALFRED?
HE APPEARS TO HAVE MADE LANDFALL AT THE FOOT OF THE KLOPMANN BUILDING.
BUT I CAN NO LONGER SEE A SIGN OF HIM.
I HAVE HIM SIGHTED.
TOO CROWDED HERE EVEN FOR THE MERCY ROUNDS.
I'LL HAVE TO GET HIM OFF GRAND BEFORE I TRY AGAIN.
KEEP UP WITH ME, ALFRED. I MIGHT NEED YOU.
I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR.
RELIEF YOU CAN TRUST
DIXON
KUDZU TECH
DUSTY'S GYM
CAMPA
CAMPING GEAR
PALACE
PIZZA
VIDEO
FAFA FOOEY
NEW FOR CLEANER TEETH
GOTHAM CITY
NT1530
BUT IT MAY PROVE-- DIFFICULT AS I AM NOT CURRENTLY AIRBORNE.
HEADING EAST ON THIRTY-THIRD.
28
HE'S SHIFTING FROM ONE STEALTH MODE TO ANOTHER.
HAVING TROUBLE GETTING A LOCK.
WILL YOU LOSE HIM THEN, SIR?
JAEGER
THE FINAL SOLUTION
THEATRE
PROGNOSIS NEGATIVE
THE RECIPE
NOT A CHANCE.
I'M GOING TO MARK HIM.
105 2 DOWN
$1.50
062750
29

EPOXY-BASED PAINT WITH A HINT OF RADIUM--
"--TO MAKE HIM SHOW UP "HOT" ON MY SCREENS.
"HIS STEALTH CAPABILITIES ARE NEUTRALIZED.
THIS
"I COULD FOLLOW HIM THROUGH ZERO VISIBILITY NOW."

HE'S GONE INTO THE ALLEY OFF WAVERLY BEHIND KILLINGERS AND THE ORPHEUM.

I CAN'T GET THE JAEGER DOWN THERE.

BUT THE ALLEY'S BLIND. NOT EVEN A SEWER OPENING DOWN THERE.
HE'S GOT TO GET PAST ME.

AND I'M NOT GOING TO LET THAT HAPPEN.
G.C.P.D. 409
AERIAL TACTICS UNIT

THIS IS GOING TO BE TIGHT, BUT I CAN'T RISK THE TARGET ESCAPING.
I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE ALLEY WAS TOO NARROW FOR ENTRY, SIR.
THAT CAN'T BE HELPED, ALFRED.

BESIDES, I'VE GOT AT LEAST A FOOT OF CLEARANCE FOR THE ROTORS.
SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE MEGALOMANIAC, SIR.
TARGET ACQUIRED.
HE'S IN MY SIGHTS WITH NOWHERE TO RUN.
ACTIVATING THE TASER CHARGE--
409
DAMN.
PROBLEM, SIR?
SOMETHING STRUCK THE FUSELAGE.
AERIAL TAC
2
3

CORRECTING MY ATTITUDE.
SOMETHING'S AFFECTING MY PITCH.
TRIMMING THE ROTORS.
BLIT
I STILL HAVE POWER.
DO YOU REQUIRE MY ASSISTANCE, SIR?
NO. I'VE GOT IT UNDER CONTROL HERE--
4

SIR?
SIR?
LITTLE--BUSY RIGHT NOW, ALFRED.
I'LL GET BACK TO YOU WHEN I'VE LANDED.

"LANDED"?

I HAVE VISUAL OF YOU, SIR.

I TRUST YOU'VE *MISPLACED* THE HELICOPTER.

I THINK I'VE MADE AN ERROR IN JUDGMENT, ALFRED.

"WE MAY HAVE *MORE* THAN ONE VISITOR IN GOTHAM."

I'D SAY "FREEZE" BUT YOU'D *LIKE* THAT, WOULDN'T YOU?

THIS IS THE **MAJOR CRIMES UNIT, FREEZE!**

MAKE IT *EASY* AND COME OUT.

YOU'RE PLAYING THIS *STUPID*, FREEZE. WE *KNOW* YOU'RE IN THERE.

HAVE IT *YOUR* WAY.

OPEN IT UP, OFFICER.

CREAMY DREAMY

MAN...

HAS TO BE THE DRIVER HE CARJACKED.

HE DITCHED THE RIDE WHEN THE POWER DIED. SO WHERE'S HE COOLING OFF *NOW*?

YOU GUYS BACK FROM YOUR MYSTERY MISSION?

--BATMAN?
NOW WOULD NOT BE THE TIME, TIMOTHY.
I'M GUESSING THINGS DIDN'T GO SO WELL.
THE LESS SAID THE BETTER.

WELL, THE LAST KNOWN LOCATION OF MR. FREEZE WAS ON OLD DRYER ROAD IN SHELDON PARK.
I'M GUESSING HE CAN LAST MAYBE TWENTY MINUTES OUT IN THIS HEAT.
BEFORE EXPIRING?
RIGHT. SO INSIDE OF A QUARTER MILE RADIUS FROM HIS LAST TWENTY--
"THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE THAT HE MIGHT BE COMFORTABLE."
eg & Sons
Furriers since 1947

Mellend
FURRIERS
RE
COLD STORAGE

LITTLE ROBIN. THE FIRST SIGN OF SPRING.

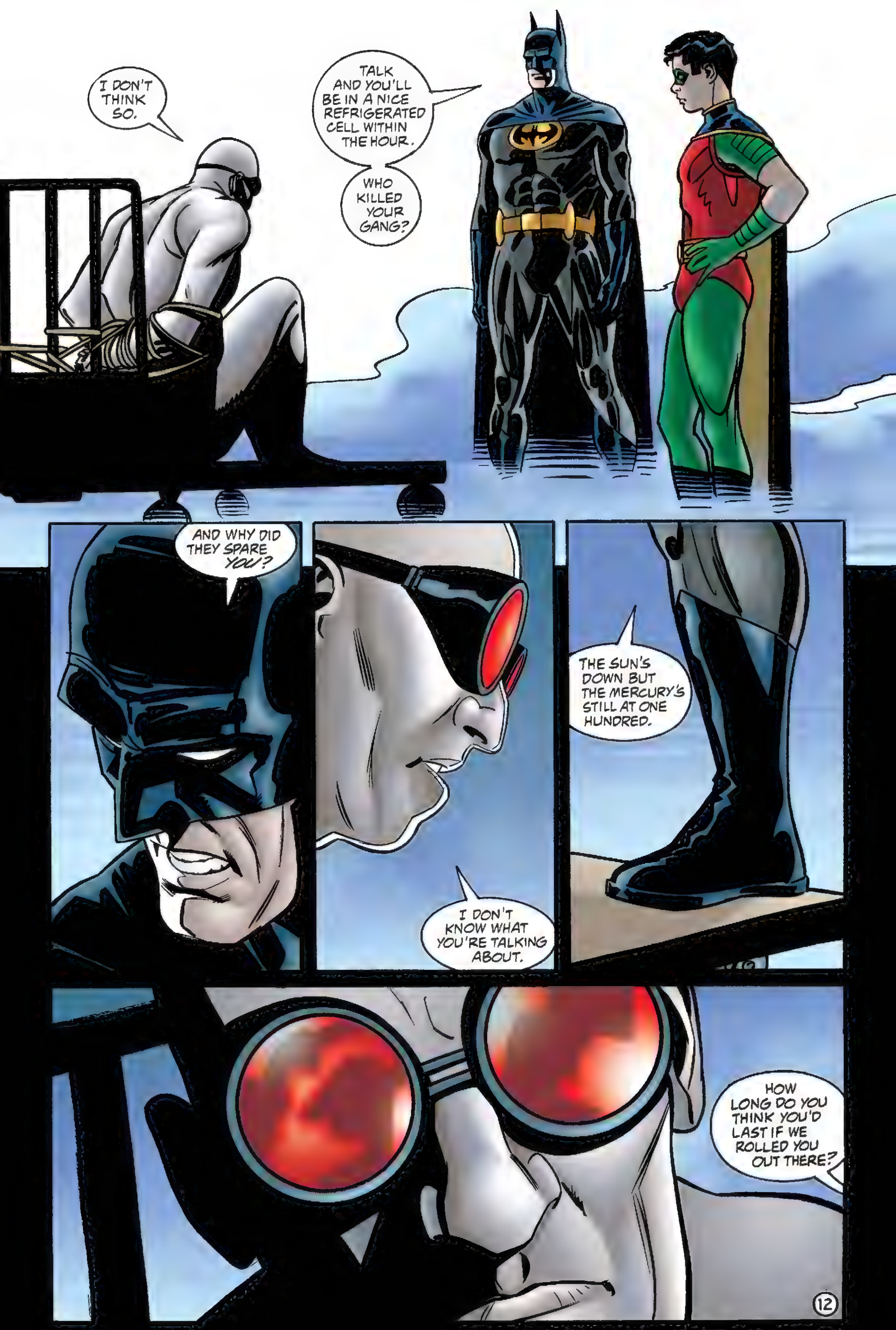
I'M GUESSING YOUR *PARTNER* IS SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE.

NO MATTER.

I'LL HAVE YOU ON *ICE* LONG BEFORE HE CAN HELP YOU.

AND HE WILL *GO* IN THE DEEP FREEZE RIGHT *BESIDE* YOU.

YOU REALLY SHOULD BE GIVING ME A WARMER RECEPTION, FREEZE--
UNNH!
--I MIGHT JUST BE SAVING YOUR LIFE!
UNGH!
I CAME.
I THAWED.
I CONQUERED.
BRAT...
THE RUNNING'S OVER. TALK TO US, FREEZE.
TELL US HOW YOU WOUND UP HERE.


I DON'T THINK SO.
TALK AND YOU'LL BE IN A NICE REFRIGERATED CELL WITHIN THE HOUR.
WHO KILLED YOUR GANG?
AND WHY DID THEY SPARE YOU?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
THE SUN'S DOWN BUT THE MERCURY'S STILL AT ONE HUNDRED.
HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU'D LAST IF WE ROLLED YOU OUT THERE?
12

THEY CAME OUT OF NOWHERE.
THEY KILLED FROSTY AND CHILLY AND SNOWY AND FRIDGE LIKE ANIMALS.
BUT THEY DIDN'T TOUCH ME.
THEY LOOKED RIGHT THROUGH ME. LIKE I WASN'T THERE.
EVEN MY BLOOD RAN COLD.
IS THIS MAKING ANY SENSE TO YOU, BATMAN?
HM.

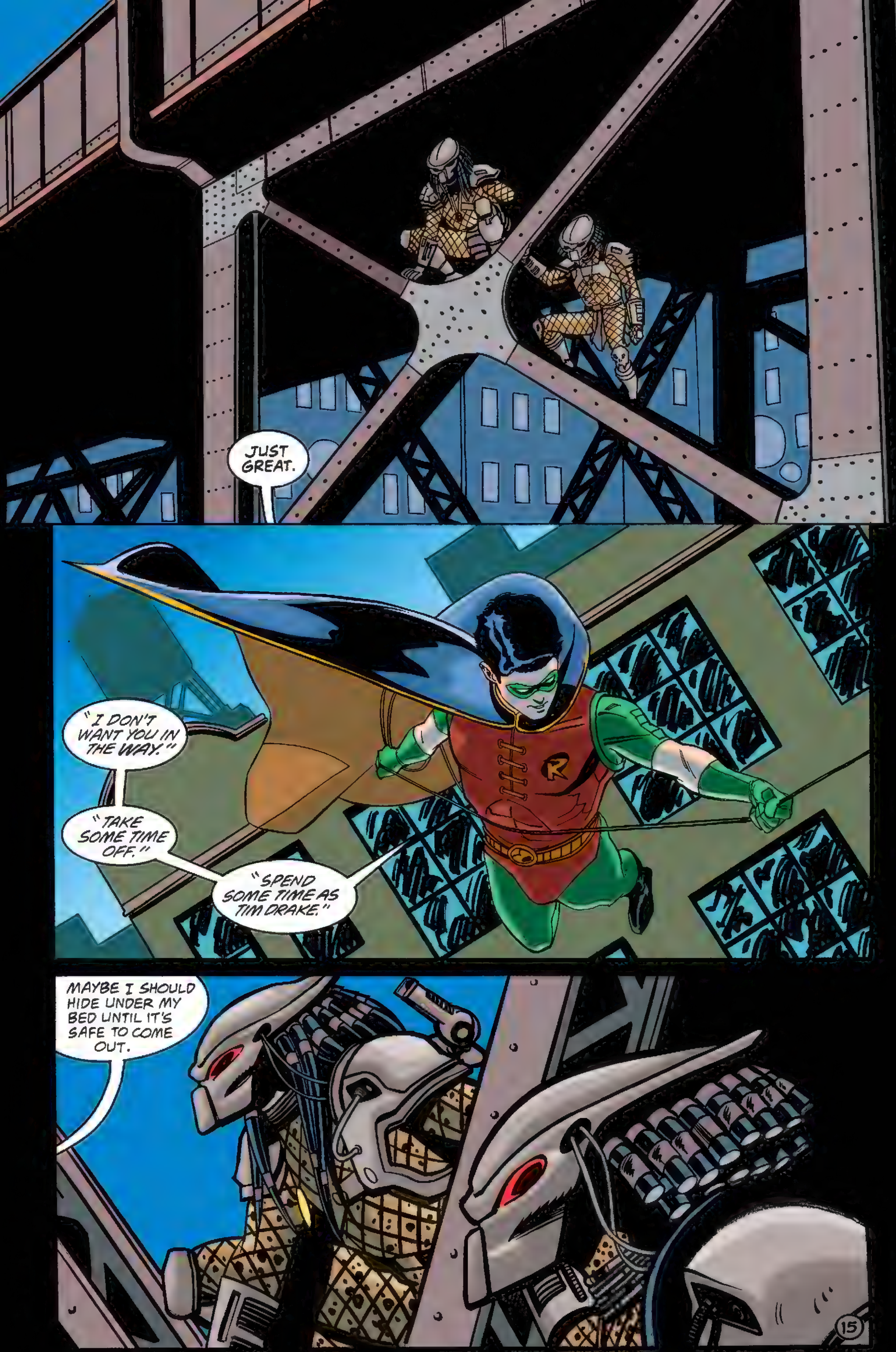
MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON NOW.
I SAID YOU WERE ON THIS CASE UNTIL WE FOUND FREEZE.
BUT--

I DON'T WANT YOU ANY CLOSER TO THIS. I DON'T WANT YOU IN THE WAY.

TAKE SOME TIME OFF. SPEND SOME TIME AS TIM DRAKE UNTIL I TELL YOU TO COME BACK.
CAN'T WE DISCUSS THIS?
NO DISCUSSIONS. NO EXPLANATIONS.

YOU'LL DO AS YOU'RE TOLD.
I UNDERSTAND THE RISKS I TAKE.
WHAT'S DIFFERENT THIS TIME?

I KNEW THE DANGERS WHEN I TOOK THIS JOB!


JUST GREAT.
"I DON'T WANT YOU IN THE WAY."
"TAKE SOME TIME OFF."
"SPEND SOME TIME AS TIM DRAKE."
MAYBE I SHOULD HIDE UNDER MY BED UNTIL IT'S SAFE TO COME OUT.
15

MY STRATEGY WAS ALL WRONG, ALFRED.
PARTICULARLY IN THE LIGHT OF THERE BEING TWO OF THEM.
1947
THAT'S ANOTHER FACTOR.
WHAT I NEED IS AN ENVIRONMENT I CAN CONTROL. A PLACE WHERE IT'S JUST ME AND THEM.
I LURE THEM INTO A TRAP WHERE I HAVE THE ADVANTAGE.
AND WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO USE TO BAIT THIS TRAP?
AS I MIGHT HAVE SURMISED...

I UNDERSTAND WHERE YOU FOUND THE HELICOPTER--

--WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS HOW YOU *LOST* IT!

WE'RE WORKING ON THAT, MR. FOX.

WELL, WORK *HARDER.*

SOME OF MY MONEY GOT MISSING, LUCIUS?

A PROTOTYPE AIRCRAFT WE HAD IN STORAGE. BUT WE'RE *INSURED*, BRUCE.

YOU REALLY SHOULD LEARN TO RELAX.

MR. FOX?

THERE'S A GENTLEMAN FROM *OSHA* HERE.

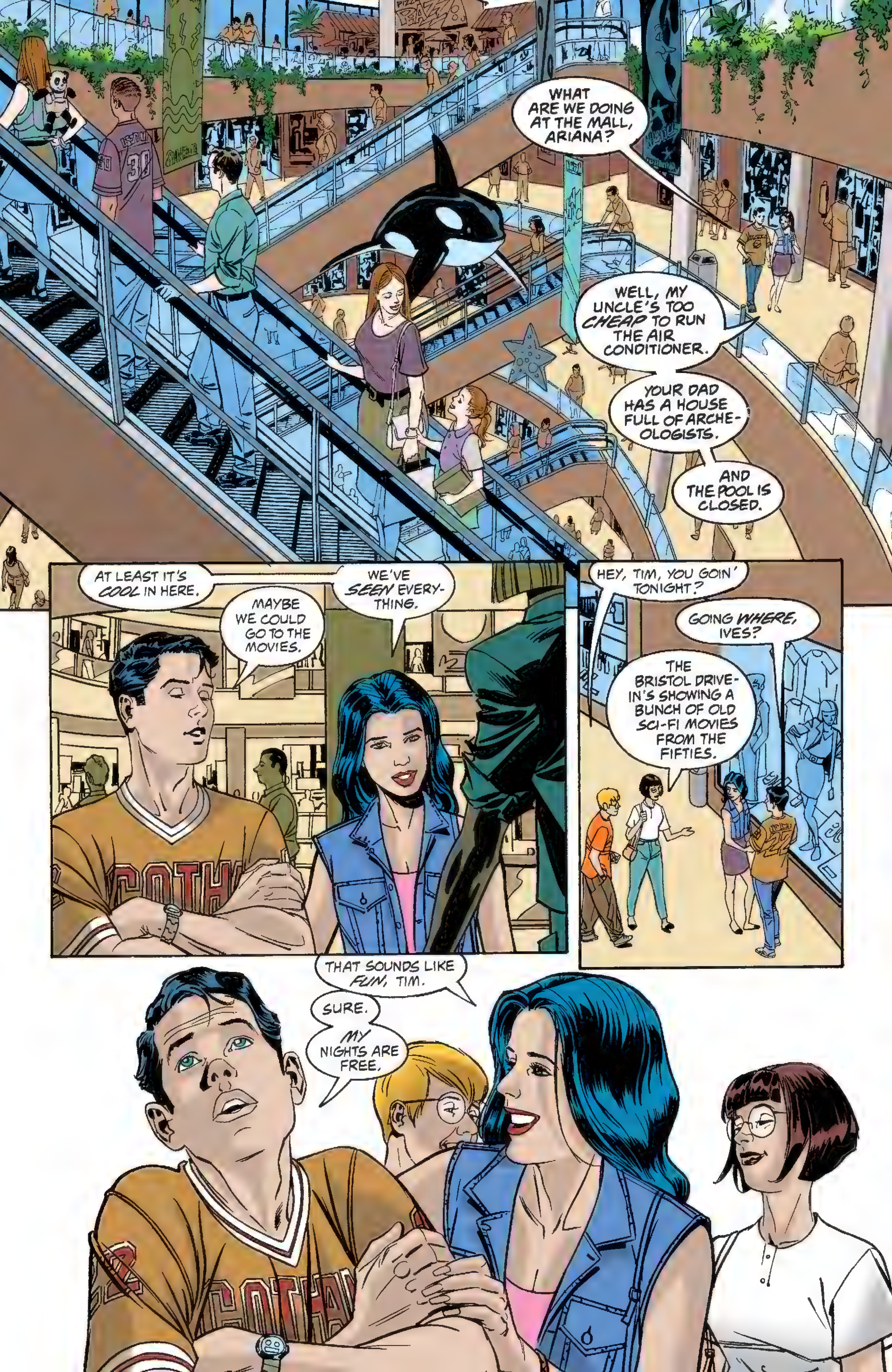
"*RELAX*," BRUCE?

ARCHIE NICHOLLS, MR. FOX.

OCCUPATIONAL SAFETY AND HEALTH ADMINISTRA-TION.

ARE YOU HERE TO SAVE US FROM CARPAL TUNNEL SYNDROME, MR. NICHOLLS?
ACTUALLY WE'RE DOING RANDOM INTERIOR ATMOSPHERE TESTS OF BUILDINGS HERE IN MIDTOWN.
ARE WE WITHIN THE CODES?
THERE'S A STREPTOCOCCUS BUG THAT'S TAKEN UP RESIDENCE IN YOUR AIR CONDITIONING SYSTEM.
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SHUT DOWN OVERNIGHT AND AND LET US FUMIGATE THE VENTS.
BUT THIS IS A TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR OPERATION HERE!
ARE YOU SAYING THIS BUILDING IS SICK, MR.NICHOLLS?
AS A DOG, SIR.
YOU CAN'T FIGHT WASHINGTON.
SHUT DOWN THE WHOLE TOWER?
A DAY OFF WITH PAY. YOU'LL BE A HERO, LUCIUS.

WHO DID THAT TO YOUR CREW, FREEZE?
TALK TO ME OR YOU'LL DO YOUR TIME IN FLORIDA.
WAS IT SOME SICKO YOU TICKED OFF IN ARKHAM?
MAYBE YOU WERE IN CAHOOTS FOR A TWO-WAY SPLIT?
WHO'RE WE LOOKIN' FOR, FREEZE?
WHO'S SO BAD THAT YOU'D HIDE FROM HIM?
THAT'S FOR ME TO KNOW AND BATMAN TO FIND OUT.
COME ON, MONTOYA. MY TREAT FOR COFFEE.
I TH-TH-THOUGHT YOU'D N-N-NEVER ASK.


WHAT ARE WE DOING AT THE MALL, ARIANA?
WELL, MY UNCLE'S TOO CHEAP TO RUN THE AIR CONDITIONER.
YOUR DAD HAS A HOUSE FULL OF ARCHE-OLOGISTS.
AND THE POOL IS CLOSED.
AT LEAST IT'S COOL IN HERE.
MAYBE WE COULD GO TO THE MOVIES.
WE'VE SEEN EVERY-THING.
HEY, TIM, YOU GOIN' TONIGHT?
GOING WHERE, IVES?
THE BRISTOL DRIVE-IN'S SHOWING A BUNCH OF OLD SCI-FI MOVIES FROM THE FIFTIES.
THAT SOUNDS LIKE FUN, TIM.
SURE.
MY NIGHTS ARE FREE.

BUILDING'S ALL CLEAR. I'M THE LAST ONE OUT.
GOOD DEAL. WE'LL BE DONE BY MORNING.
THERE'S JUST THE TWO OF YOU FOR THE WHOLE TOWER?
THIS EQUIPMENT WE USE IS REAL HIGH-TECH GEAR. WE'LL FLUSH THEM BUGS OUT IN NO TIME.
IT'S NOT LIKE EBOLA OR SOMETHING, RIGHT?
NAW. IT'S THAT FLESH-EATIN' STUFF.
LAYING IT ON A BIT THICK, AREN'T WE?
MY PERFORMANCE MAY HAVE LACKED SUBTLETY BUT IT MADE UP FOR IT IN IMMEDIACY.
YOU ONLY HAVE ONE NIGHT TO LURE OUR VISITORS HERE. WHAT IF THEY DON'T ACCEPT YOUR INVITATION?
THEY'LL BE HERE.
THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST.

THE PROJECTOR IS IN PLACE. AT LEAST ONE OF THESE LENSES HAS TO BE IN A SPECTRUM THOSE MONSTERS CAN SEE.

WE'RE WAGERING RATHER HEAVILY ON YOUR SUPPOSITIONS, SIR.

YOUR NEW UNIFORM IS OPERATING PROPERLY?

MY OUTSIDE TEMPERATURE IS AT MINUS TEN CELCIUS.

BUT MY BODY TEMP REMAINS NORMAL. THE INSULATION IS WORKING.

LET'S PRAY IT *CONTINUES* TO DO SO.

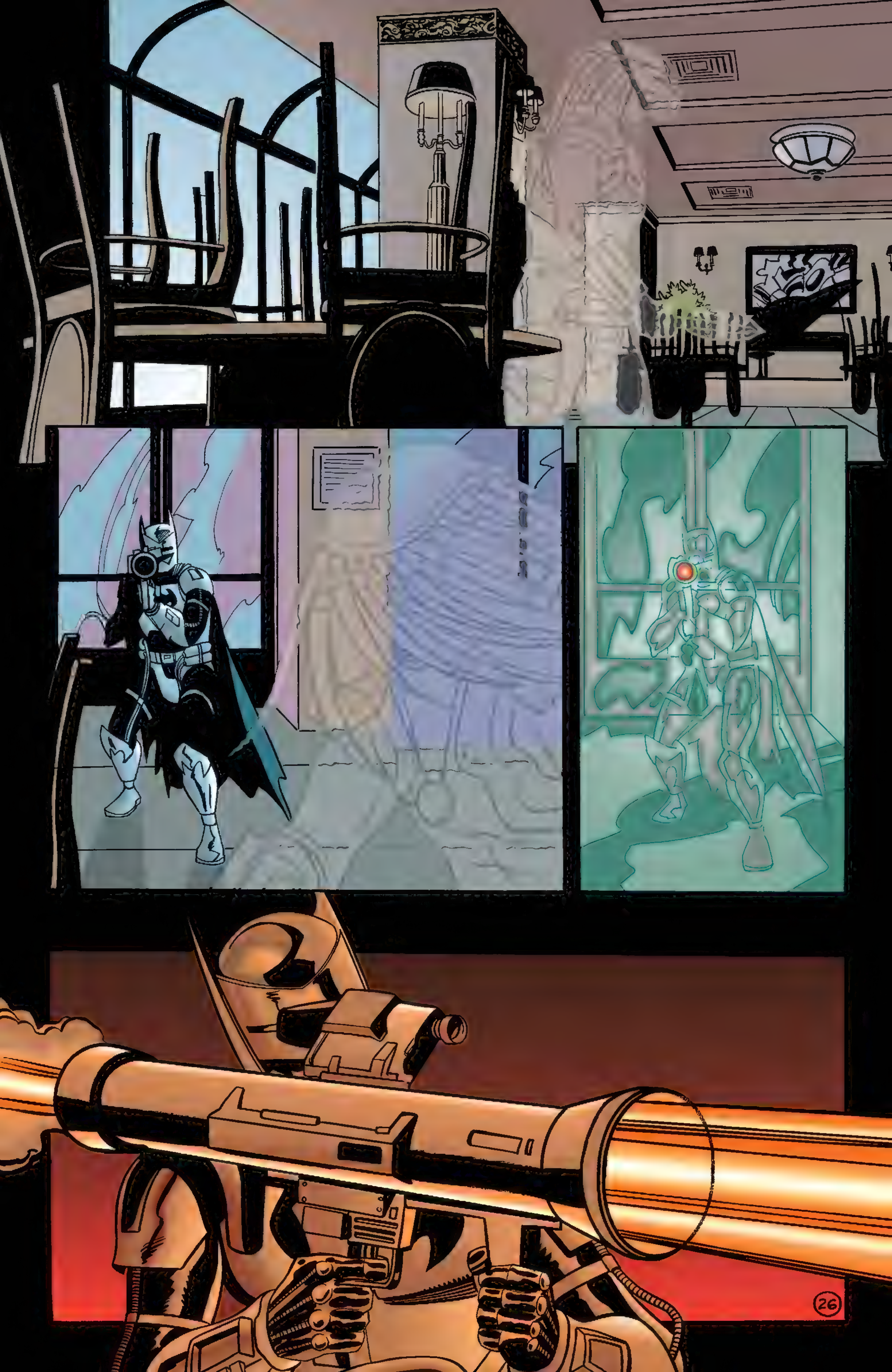
OTHERWISE YOU MIGHT VERY WELL *FREEZE* TO DEATH IN A HEATWAVE.

GO HOME, ALFRED.

AS YOU WISH, SIR.

23

25



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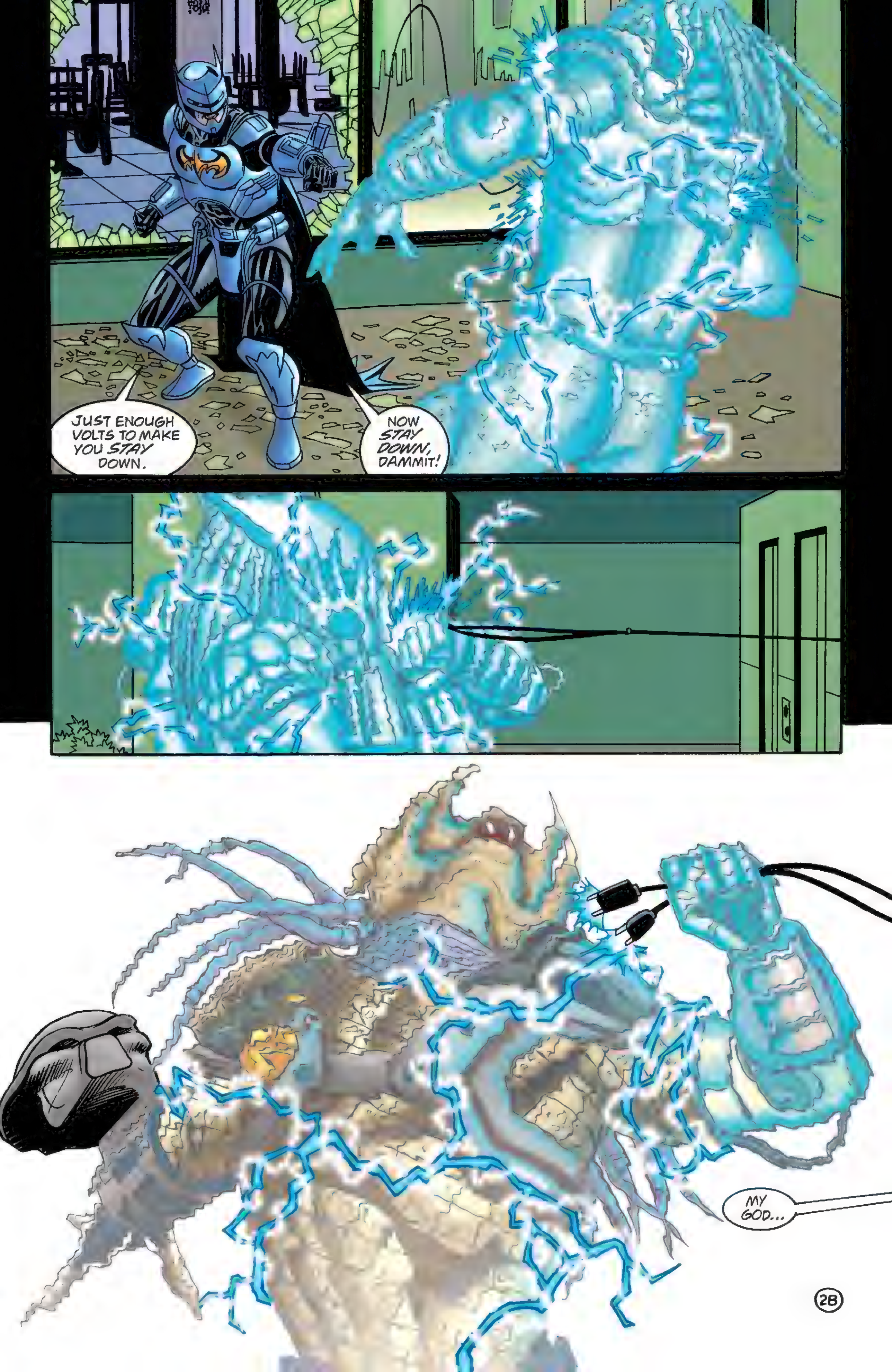
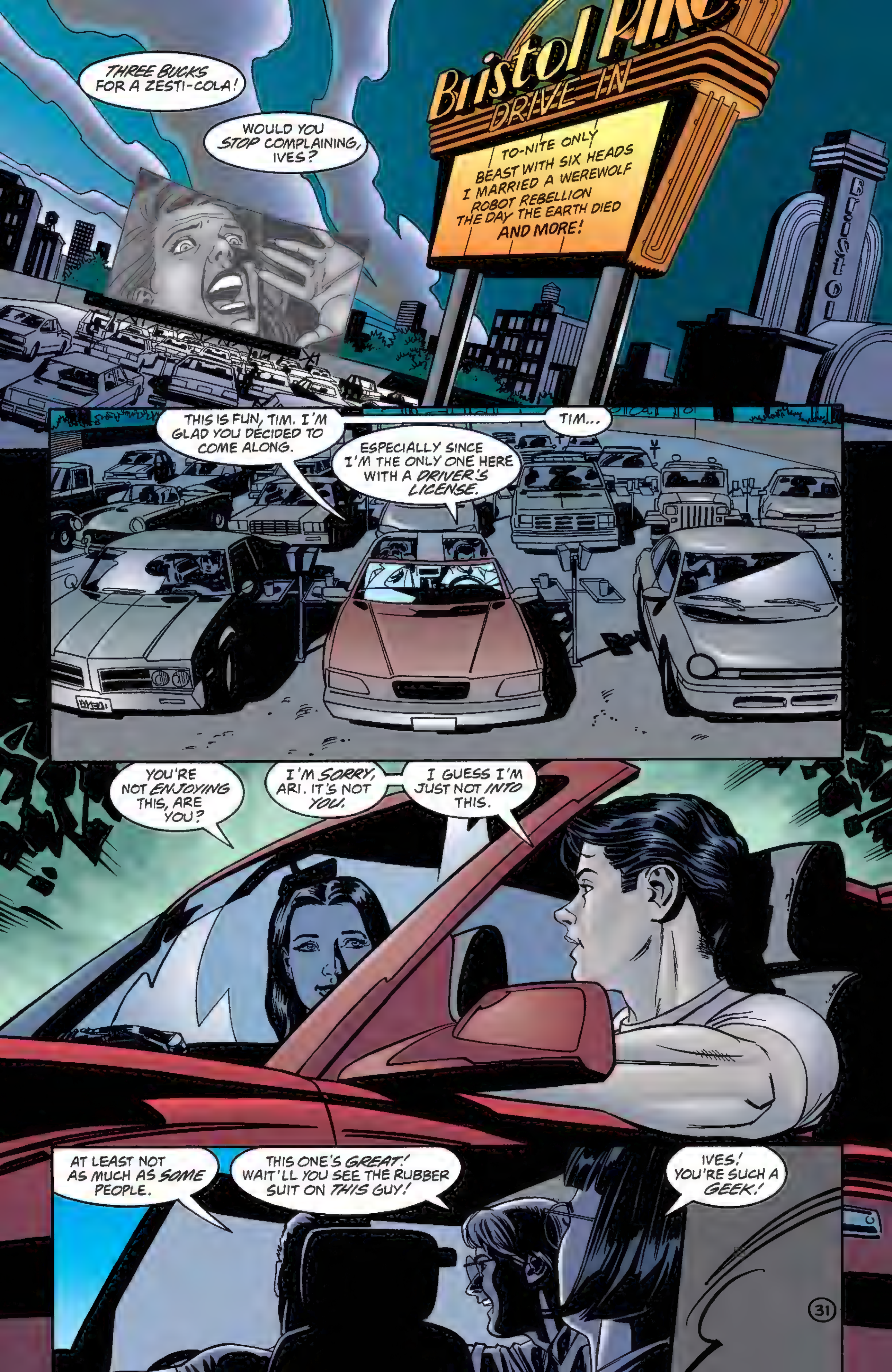
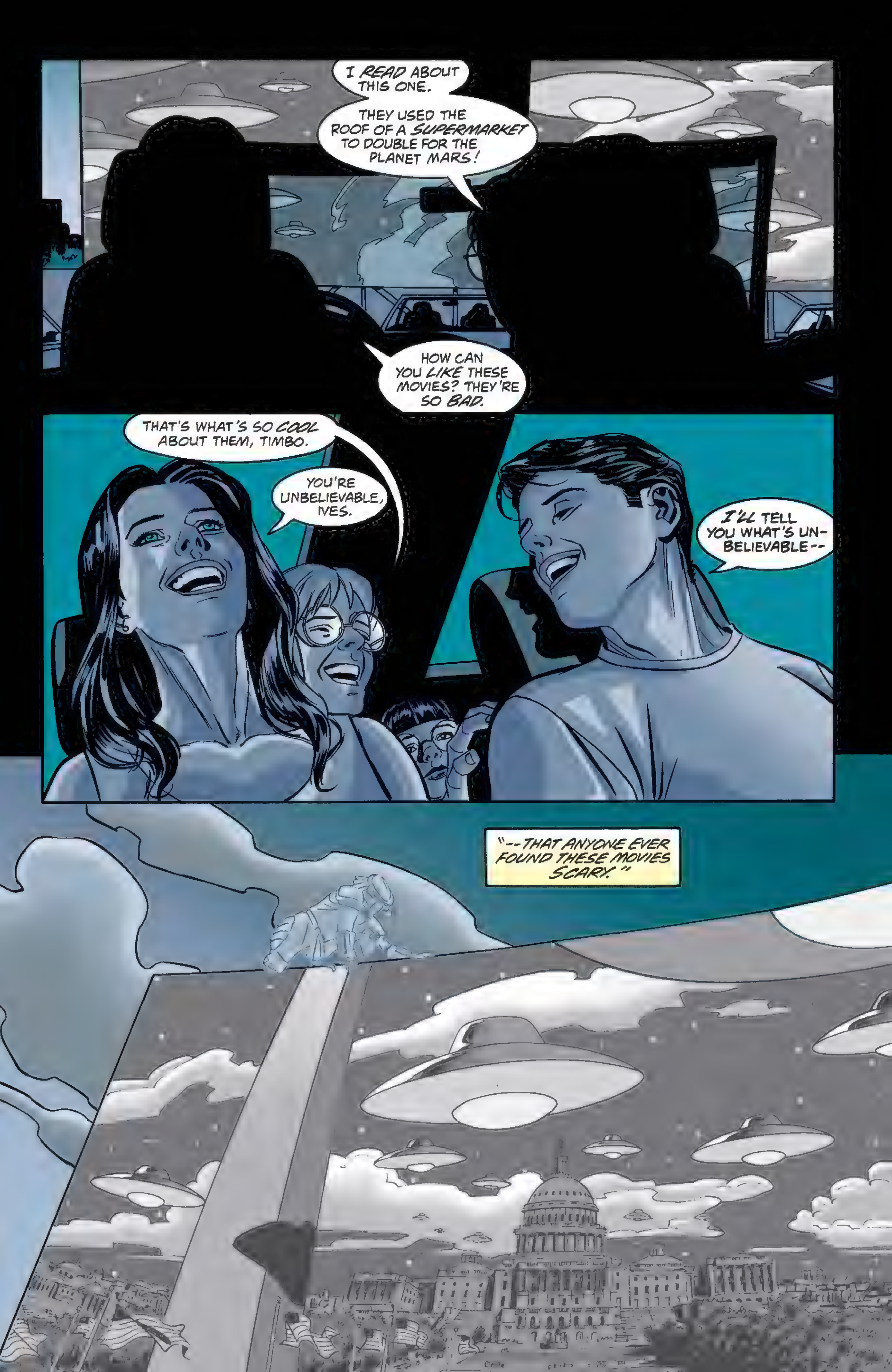

JUST ENOUGH VOLTS TO MAKE YOU STAY DOWN.
NOW STAY DOWN, DAMMIT!
MY GOD...

WHERE'S YOUR PARTNER?
WHERE'S YOUR PARTNER?
UH?

UNNH!

I KNEW THE DANGERS--
--WHEN I TOOK THIS JOB.
ROBIN...

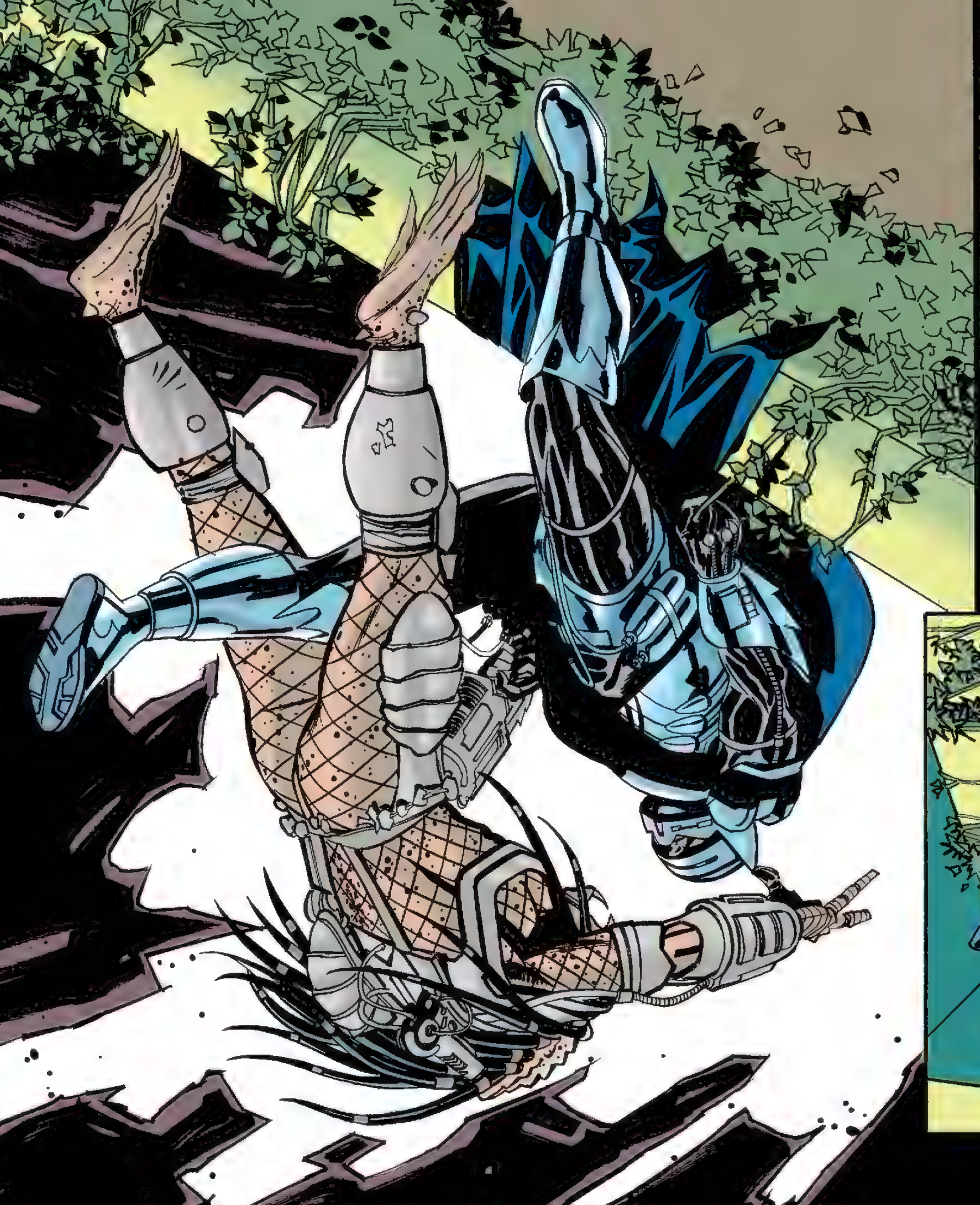

THREE BUCKS FOR A ZESTI-COLA!
WOULD YOU STOP COMPLAINING, IVES?
Bristol Pike DRIVE-IN
TO-NITE ONLY
BEAST WITH SIX HEADS
I MARRIED A WEREWOLF
ROBOT REBELLION
THE DAY THE EARTH DIED
AND MORE!
THIS IS FUN, TIM. I'M GLAD YOU DECIDED TO COME ALONG.
TIM...
ESPECIALLY SINCE I'M THE ONLY ONE HERE WITH A DRIVER'S LICENSE.
YOU'RE NOT ENJOYING THIS, ARE YOU?
I'M SORRY, ARI. IT'S NOT YOU.
I GUESS I'M JUST NOT INTO THIS.
AT LEAST NOT AS MUCH AS SOME PEOPLE.
THIS ONE'S GREAT! WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE RUBBER SUIT ON THIS GUY!
IVES! YOU'RE SUCH A GEEK!


I READ ABOUT THIS ONE.
THEY USED THE ROOF OF A SUPERMARKET TO DOUBLE FOR THE PLANET MARS!
HOW CAN YOU LIKE THESE MOVIES? THEY'RE SO BAD.
THAT'S WHAT'S SO COOL ABOUT THEM, TIMBO.
YOU'RE UNBELIEVABLE, IVES.
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S UN-BELIEVABLE--
"--THAT ANYONE EVER FOUND THESE MOVIES SCARY."

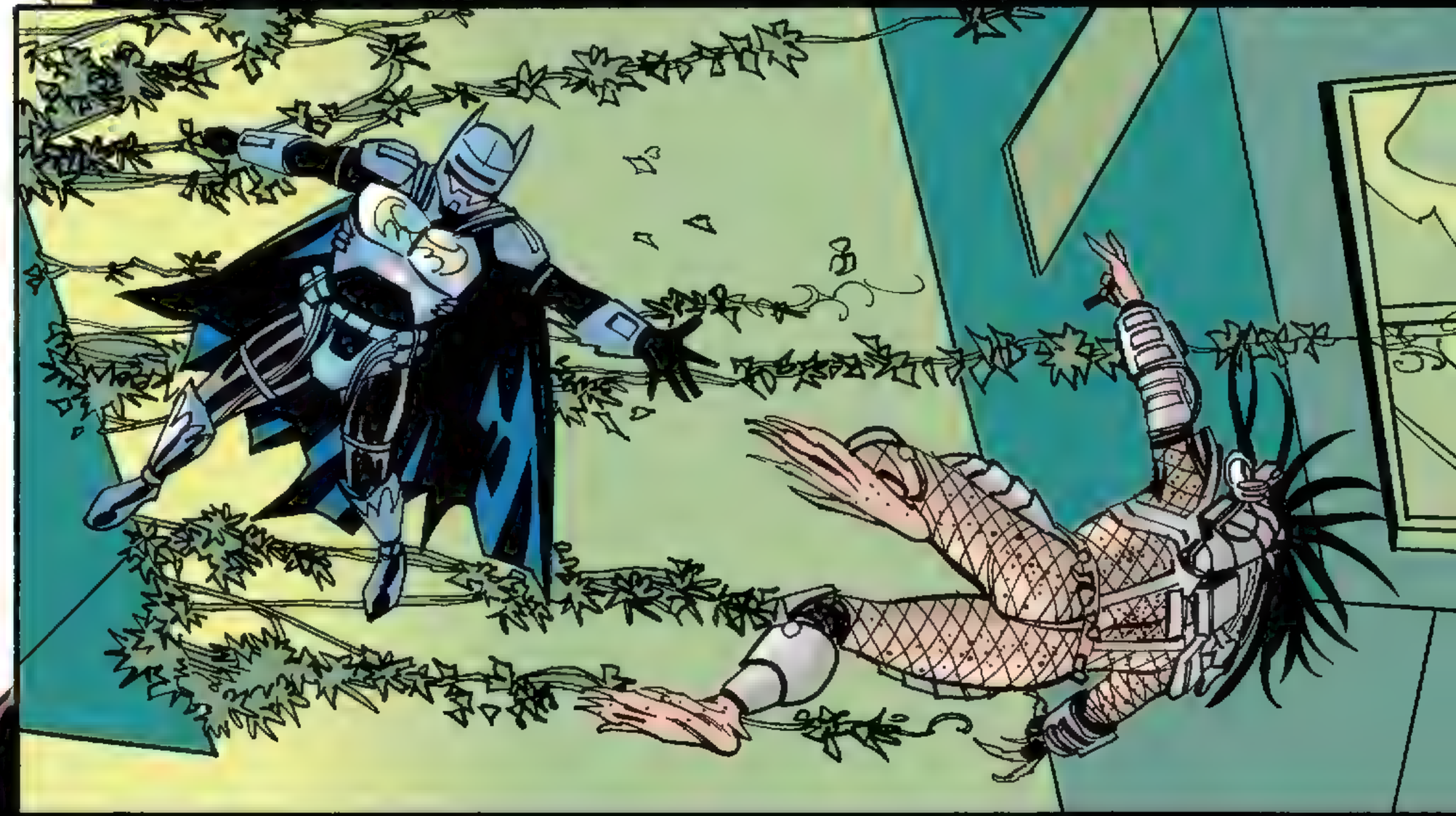
IN GOD WE TRUST
LIBERTY

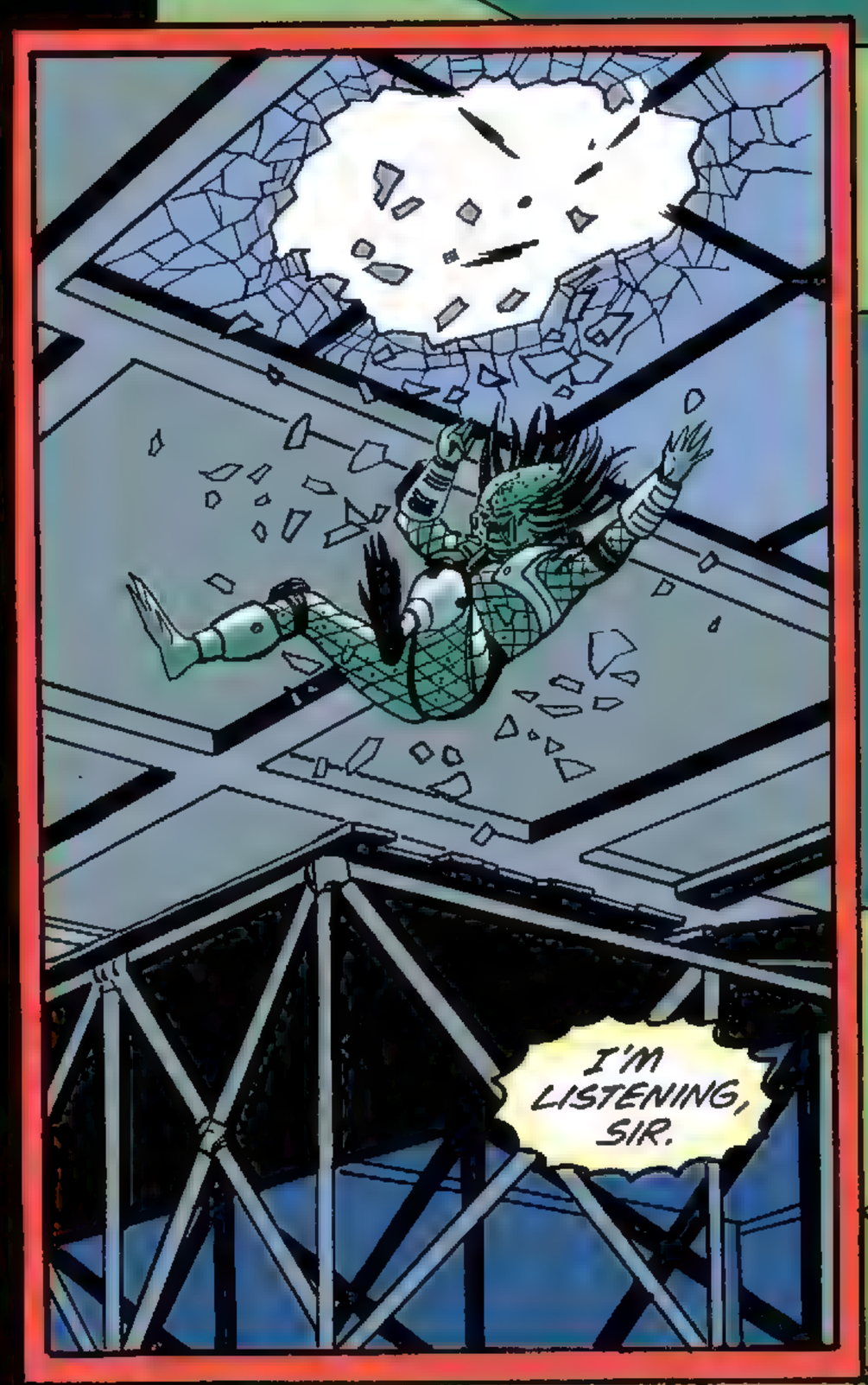
ROBIN--
--YOUR PARTNER IS HUNTING ROBIN--
DID YOU SAY SOMETHING, SIR? I WAS OTHERWISE--
SHUT UP, ALFRED!

CAN'T--
TALK RIGHT--
NOW--
FSSSSS
DON'T LIKE THE COLD, EH?



ALFRED.





I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME-- YOU HAVE TO ACT QUICKLY--

ROBIN IS IN GRAVE DANGER--

HOW SO, SIR?

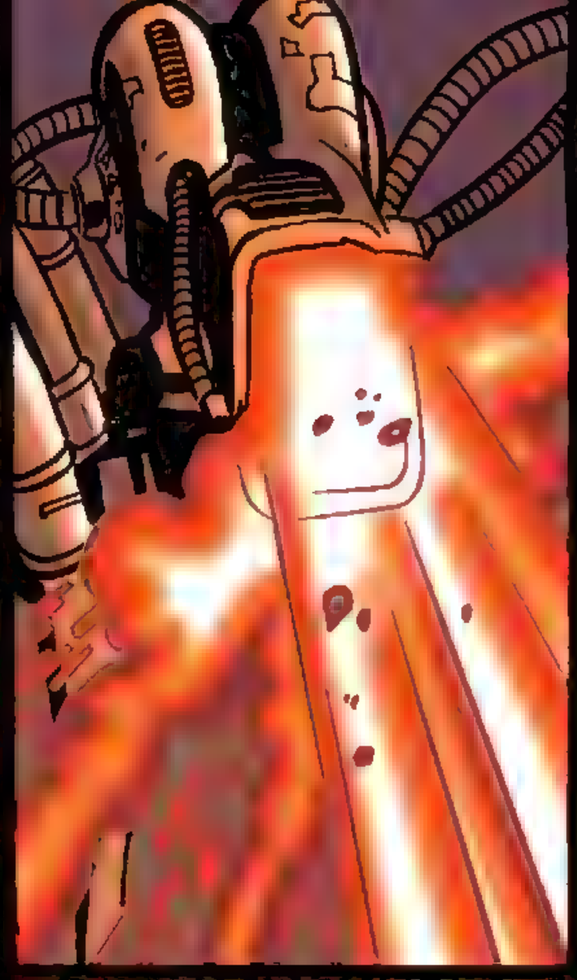
THE SECOND VISITOR-- HE'S CHOSEN ROBIN FOR HIS QUARRY.

"DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, ALFRED-- JUST FIND ROBIN--

"I'M ALL RIGHT--"

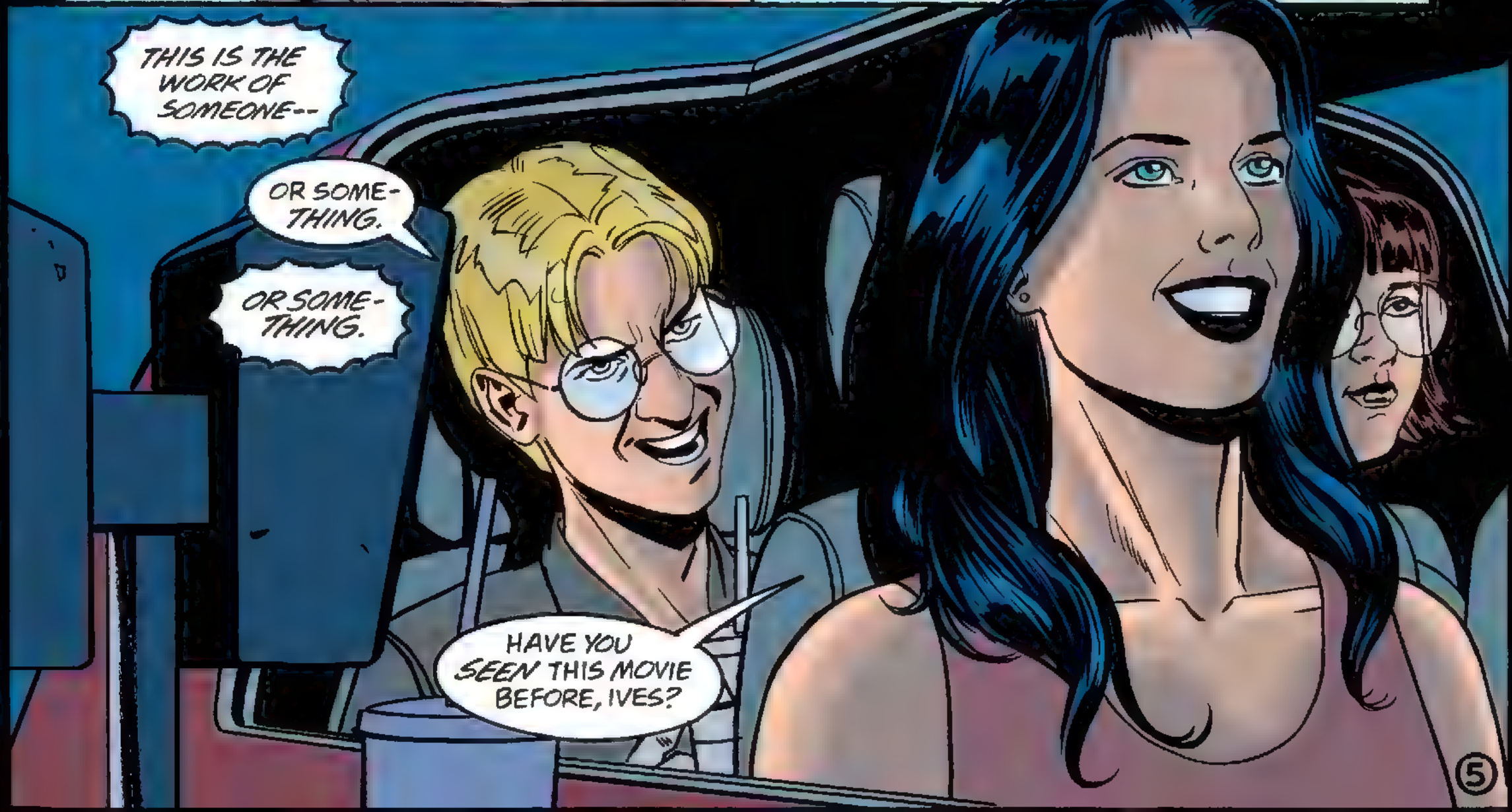
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, ALFRED-- JUST FIND ROBIN--
I'M ALL RIGHT--

--FOR NOW.



SIR?

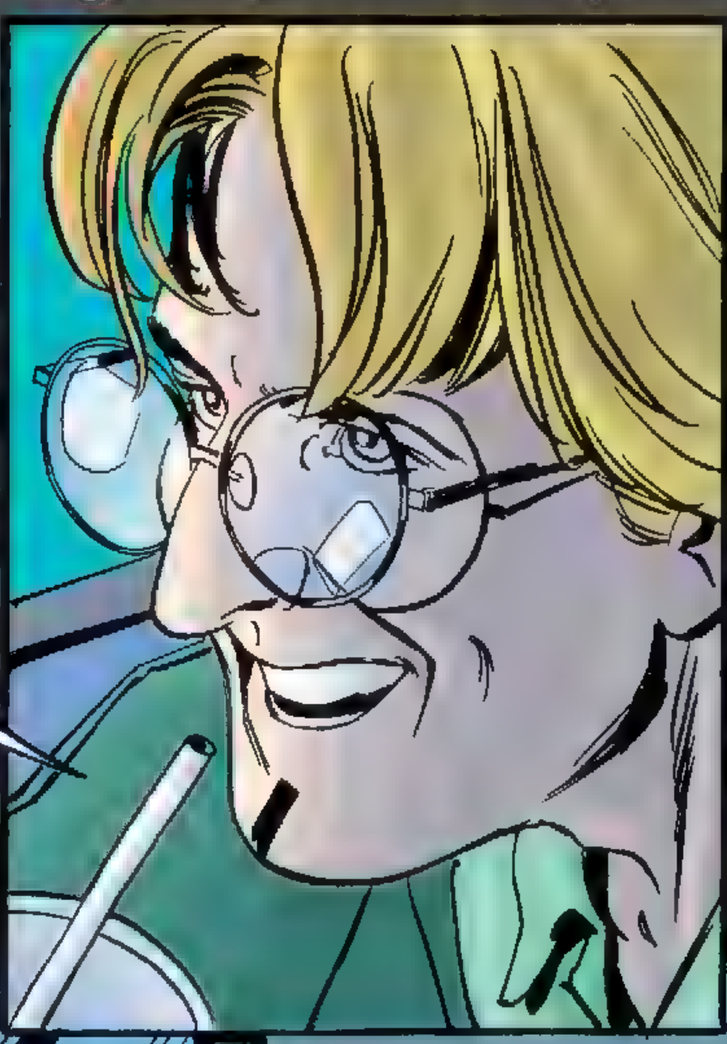
DAMN.
WHERE DID MASTER TIMOTHY SAY HE WAS GOING TONIGHT?


THIS IS THE WORK OF SOMEONE--
OR SOME-THING.
OR SOME-THING.
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MOVIE BEFORE, IVES?

I DIDN'T HAVE TO, ARI.
THAT LINE'S BEEN SAID AT LEAST ONCE IN EVERY MOVIE WE'VE SEEN SO FAR.

NOW HE'S GOING TO SAY, "SO THE HUNTER BECOMES THE HUNTED"!

GENTLEMEN, I'M AFRAID THE PREDATORS HAVE NOW BECOME THE PREY--
HA HA HA HA HA
SO CLOSE, DRAKE!



OH MAN...
I SHOULD HAVE TURNED THIS THING OFF.
DEET! DEET! DEET!

'LO?
I DON'T MEAN TO ALARM YOU, TIMOTHY. BUT THE MASTER AND I BELIEVE YOU TO BE IN GREAT DANGER.
IS THIS A JOKE?

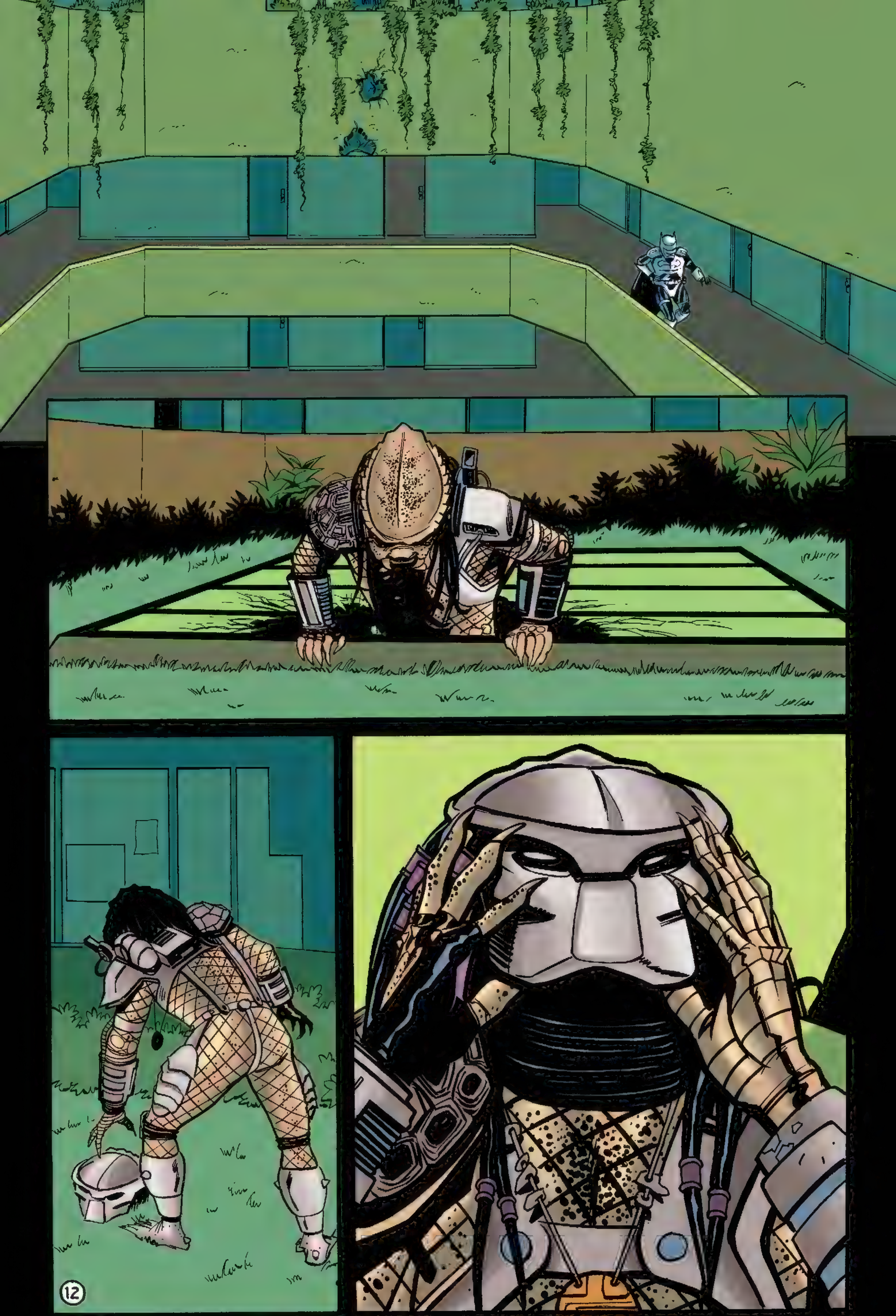
I ASSURE YOU IT IS NOT.
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? WHO WOULD KNOW I'M HERE?
6

THE VERY SAME MURDERERS WHO HAVE BEEN RAVAGING THE CITY THESE PAST WEEKS MAY VERY WELL BE AFTER YOU.
BUT HOW COULD THEY--?
TRUST ME, YOUNG SIR. YOUR IDENTITY MEANS NOTHING TO THEM.
WHO IS THAT, YOUR OLD MAN? HE'S RUINING THE MOVIE!
HOLD ON, IVES!
YOURSELF AND ANYONE NEAR YOU IS IN THE MOST DIRE PERIL.
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO CONVINCE YOU FURTHER THAT--
S' OKAY, ALFRED.
I'M CONVINCED.

IT'S AMAZING! FANTASTIC!
FREE OF MERCY AND HUMAN COMPASSION!
THIS CREATURE LIVES ONLY TO KILL!

EVERYBODY OUT OF THE CAR!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, TIM?
WHAT'S UP, TIMBO?
OUT!
NOW!
AF 2401
MOVE!
MOVE!
WHAT'S HIS PROBLEM?
AF 2401

WHERE'S BATMAN?
HE IS OCCUPIED WITH THE PARTNER OF THE CREATURE NOW PURSUING YOU.
"CREATURE"?
THERE'S SIMPLY NO TIME FOR THIS, MASTER TIMOTHY!
YOU MUST RETURN TO THE LAIR AT ONCE!
ON MY WAY!
MAYBE YOU CAN EXPLAIN ALL THIS WHEN I GET THERE.
WABOOOM!
I ONLY PRAY I HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY, SIR!
11


12

THANK GOD YOU MADE IT BACK, TIMOTHY.

I WAS SO CONCERNED THAT...

FORGET ALL THAT, ALFRED!

WHAT WAS THAT *THING* AT THE DRIVE-IN?

I'M NOT AT LIBERTY TO SAY.

THE MASTER PREFERS YOU NOT BE EXPOSED TO THIS... PROBLEM ANY MORE THAN IS NECESSARY.

EXPOSED?

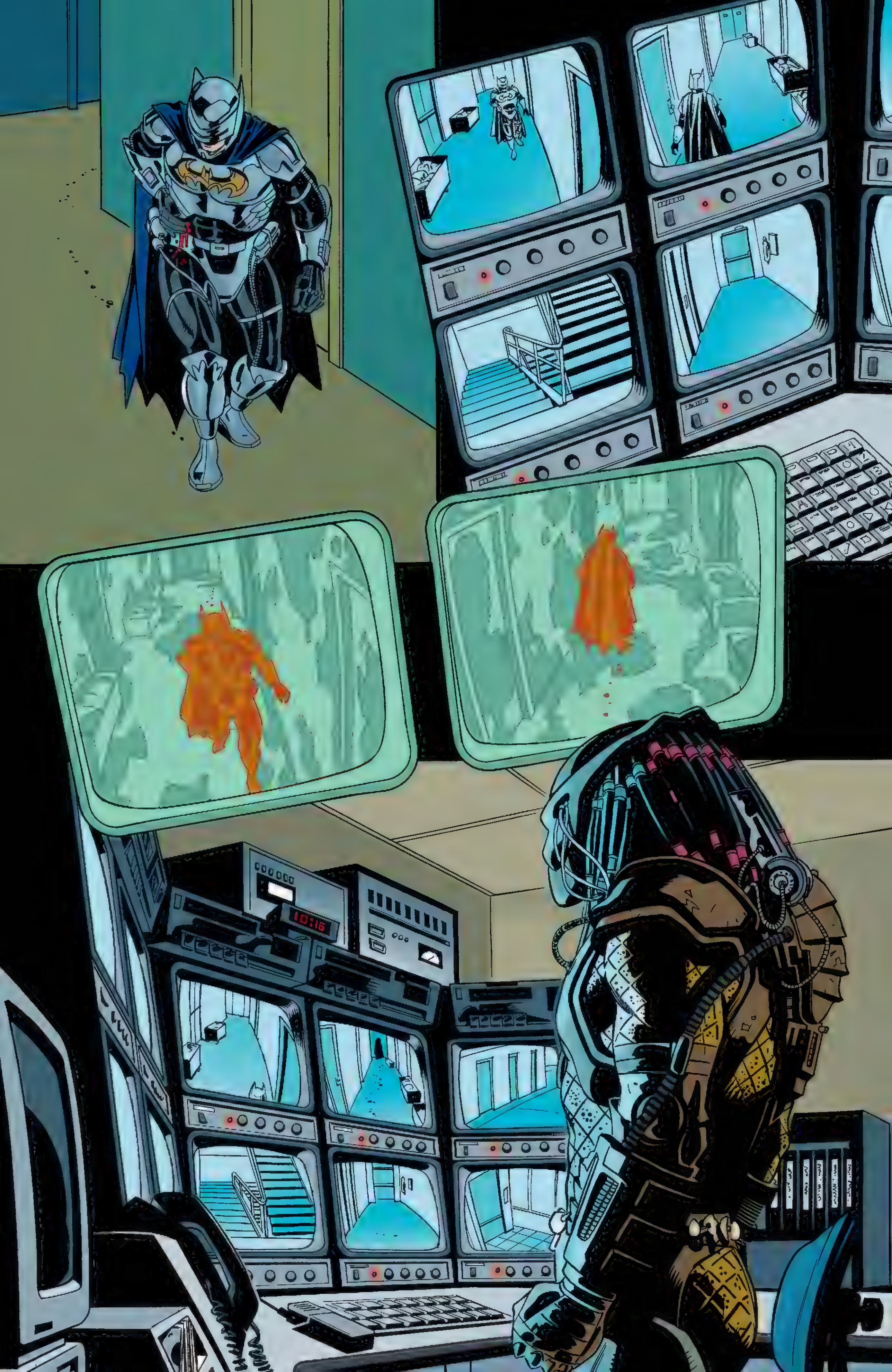
THIS "*PROBLEM*" NEARLY *KILLED* ME AND A CAR-LOAD OF--

BREET! BREEET!

THE PROXIMITY ALARMS.

SOMEONE'S IN THE CAVE.

BREEET! BREEET!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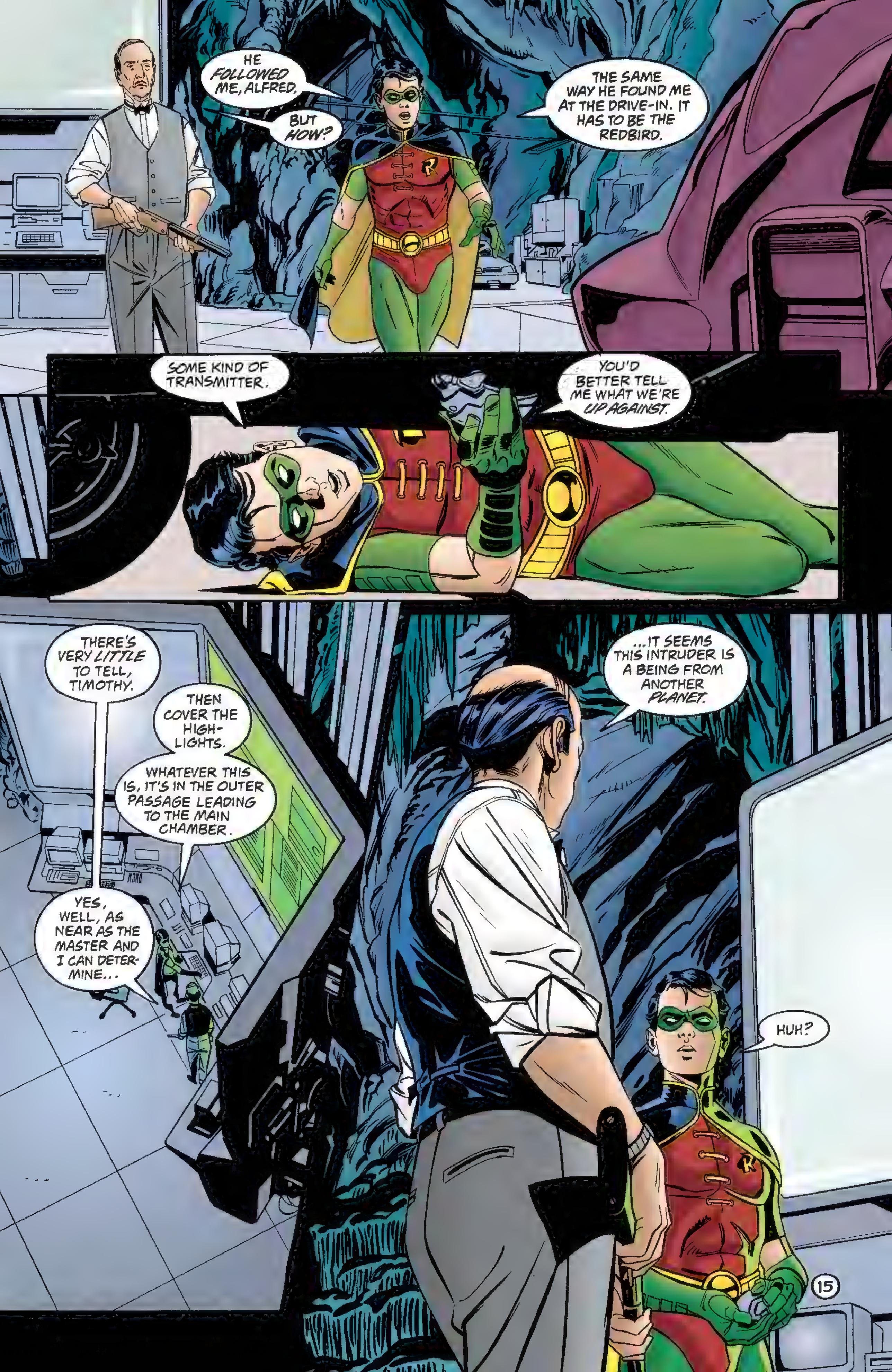
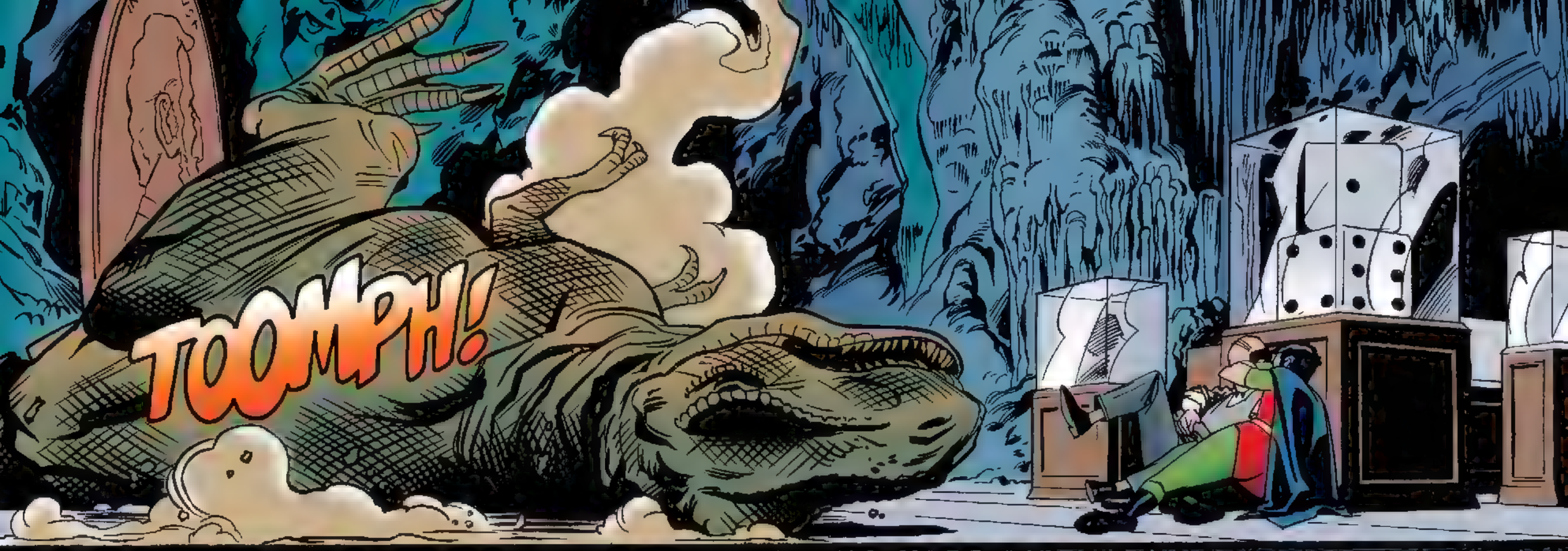
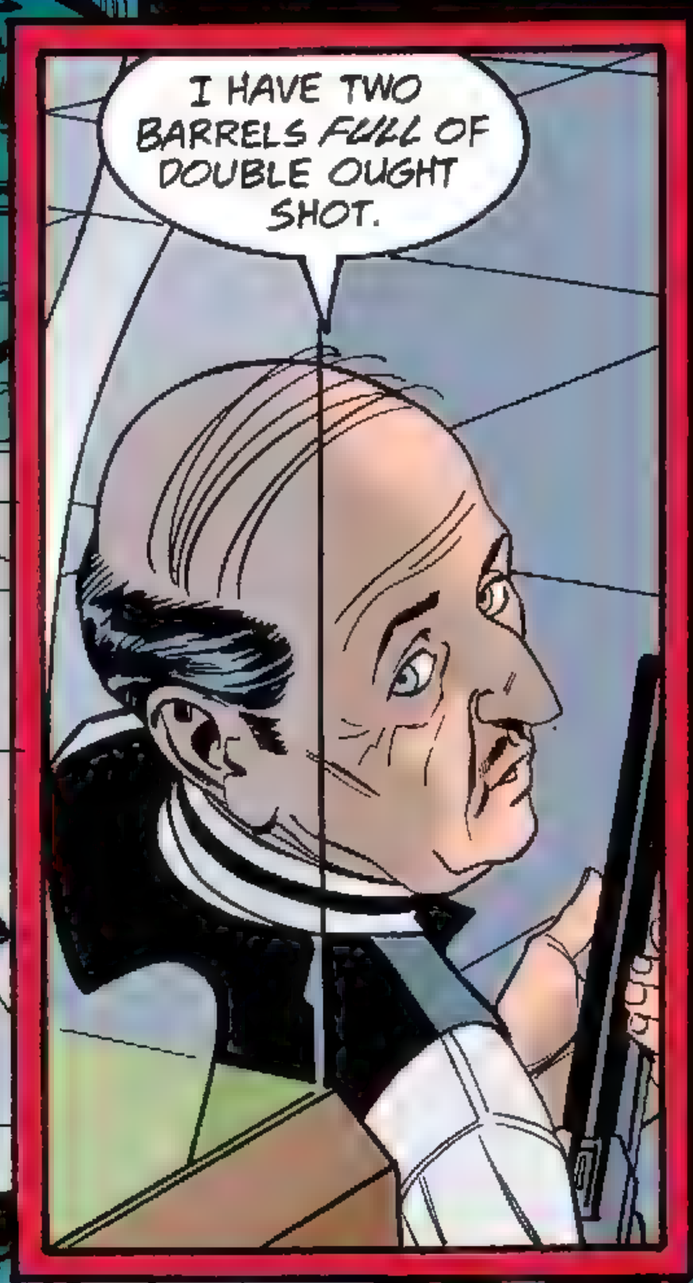

HE FOLLOWED ME, ALFRED,
BUT HOW?
THE SAME WAY HE FOUND ME AT THE DRIVE-IN. IT HAS TO BE THE REDBIRD.
SOME KIND OF TRANSMITTER.
YOU'D BETTER TELL ME WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST.
THERE'S VERY LITTLE TO TELL, TIMOTHY.
THEN COVER THE HIGH-LIGHTS.
WHATEVER THIS IS, IT'S IN THE OUTER PASSAGE LEADING TO THE MAIN CHAMBER.
YES, WELL, AS NEAR AS THE MASTER AND I CAN DETER-MINE...
...IT SEEMS THIS INTRUDER IS A BEING FROM ANOTHER PLANET.
HUH?

THE MOTION DETECTORS SAY IT'S HEADING THIS WAY BUT I DON'T SEE ANYTHING.
THAT IS ONE OF THEIR TALENTS.
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE THESE THINGS VISITED?
MORE TIMES THAN I CARE TO--
SIR!
WHAT?
BRTOOMB!
GET DOWN!
GOD WE
UST


TOOMPH!

AND I JUST FINISHED DUSTING THAT MONSTROSITY.
ALFRED, CAN YOU SEE HIM?


I HAVE TWO BARRELS FULL OF DOUBLE OUGHT SHOT.

TWANG!
I MERELY NEED A COMPASS HEADING.
BANG!

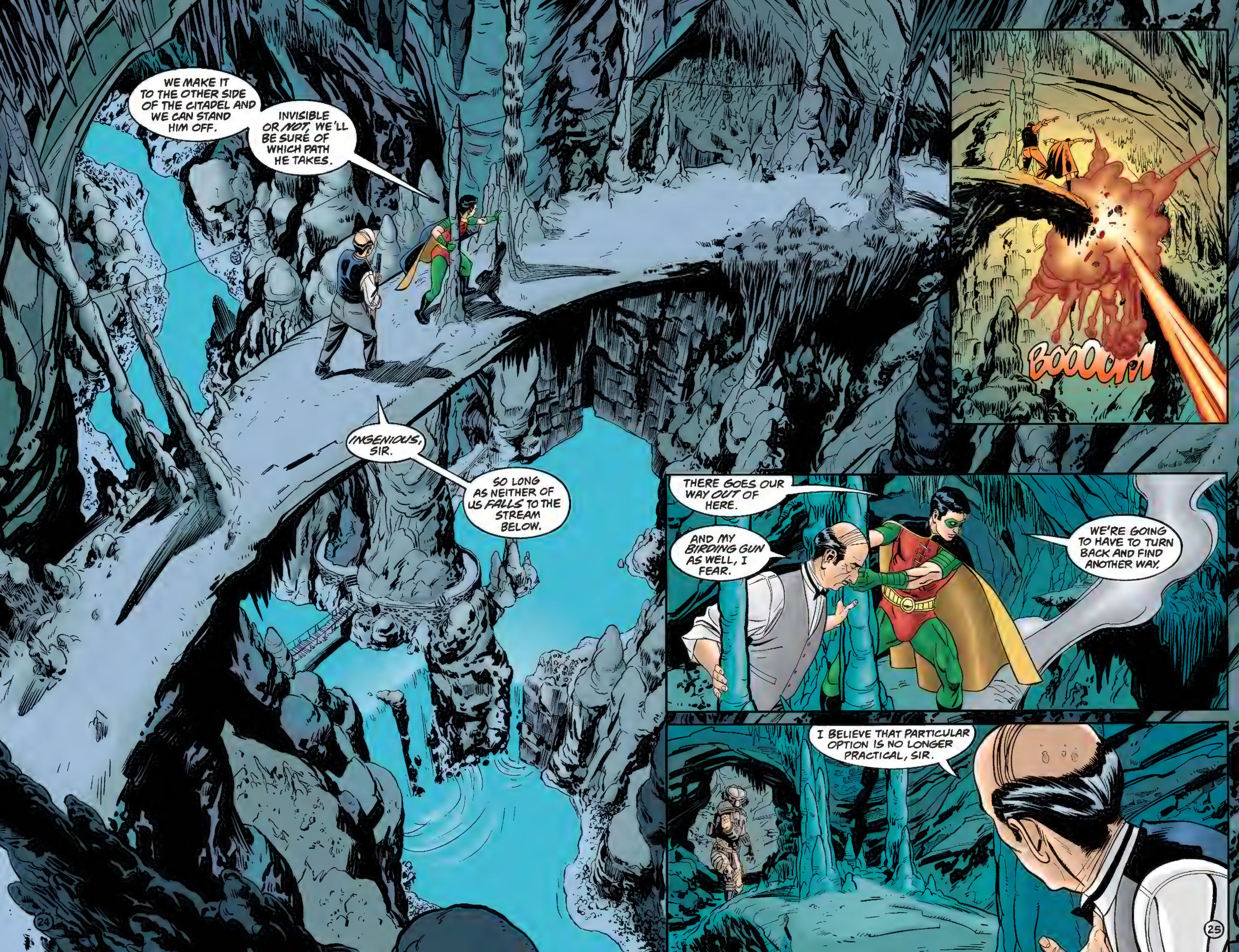
I'D SUGGEST WE RETREAT TO COVER.
EXPERIENCE TELLS ME OUR INTRUDER IS ONLY MOMENTARILY DISCOMFITED.
SHUH-SURE!
LAUNDRY

WE HAVE TO USE OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE CAVE TO OUR FAVOR.
WHERE WOULD WE BEST MAKE OUR STAND, SIR?
THE BRIDGE LEADING OVER THE CITADEL.
EXCELLENT CHOICE.
WHERE DID YOU GET THE SCATTER-GUN, ALFRED?
THIS "SCATTERGUN" IS AN HEIRLOOM THAT HAS BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS.
AND IF YOU WERE ABOUT TO REMIND ME OF THE MASTER'S ABHORRENCE FOR THE USE OF FIRE-ARMS OF ANY KIND--
I DARE SAY THAT DOES NOT APPLY TO EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS.
AND HE IS NOT HERE.
I JUST HOPE I LIVE TO HEAR YOU TWO DEBATE ON THE SUBJECT.

MEN
MEN
CHOOM
BTHOOM

DO YOU THINK HE'S FIGURED OUT WHAT WE'RE DOING?
OR HAS HE TAKEN THE BAIT?
GOOD LORD!
I'D SAY HE'S TAKEN THE BAIT.
ALFRED, GIVE ME THE GUN!
BUT--
I'M NOT GOING TO KILL ANYBODY --OR ANY-THING.
IT'S STRICTLY TO CALL UP SOME REINFORCE-MENTS.
21

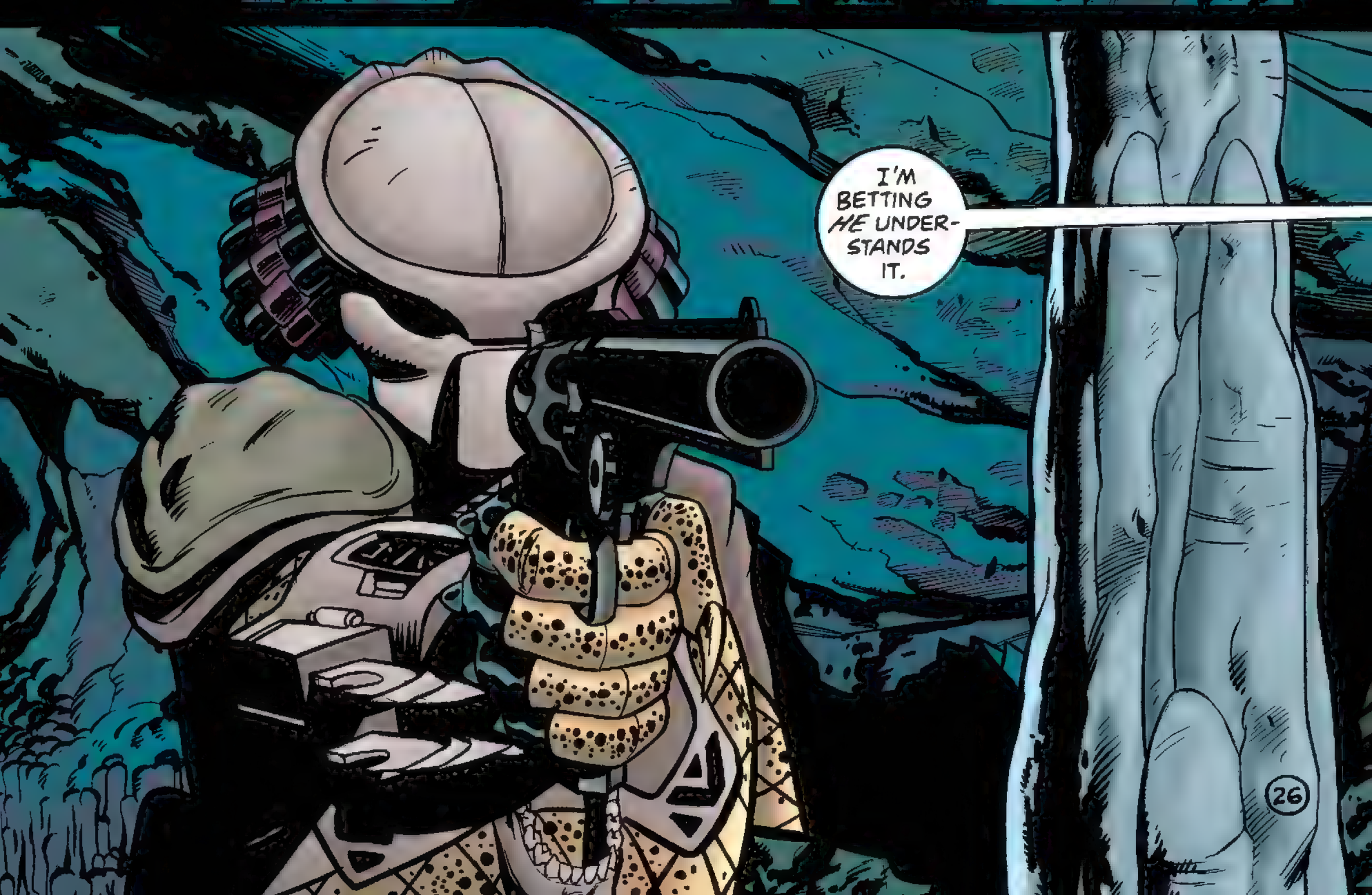
COME ON...
COME FINISH ME, YOU UGLY BASTARD...
I LEARNED YOUR SECRET FROM MISTER FREEZE--
YOU DON'T LIKE THE COLD.
SO I BORROWED FREEZE'S AB-ZERO CANNON FROM POLICE IMPOUND.


WE MAKE IT TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CITADEL AND WE CAN STAND HIM OFF.
INVISIBLE OR *NOT*, WE'LL BE SURE OF WHICH PATH HE TAKES.
INGENIOUS, SIR.
SO LONG AS NEITHER OF US *FALLS* TO THE STREAM BELOW.
BOOOM!
THERE GOES OUR WAY *OUT* OF HERE.
AND MY *BIRDING* GUN AS WELL, I FEAR.
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TURN BACK AND FIND ANOTHER WAY.
I BELIEVE THAT PARTICULAR OPTION IS NO LONGER PRACTICAL, SIR.

HERE, ALFRED. IT'S NOT MUCH--
I SHALL PUT IT TO THE BEST USE POSSIBLE, YOUNG SIR.

IN THE WORDS OF WELLINGTON, "IF WE'RE TO DIE, THEN DIE HARD."
AT LEAST YOU DIDN'T SAY, "NOW THE HUNTER BECOMES THE HUNTED."

THE REFERENCE IS LOST ON ME, SIR.


I'M BETTING HE UNDER-STANDS IT.

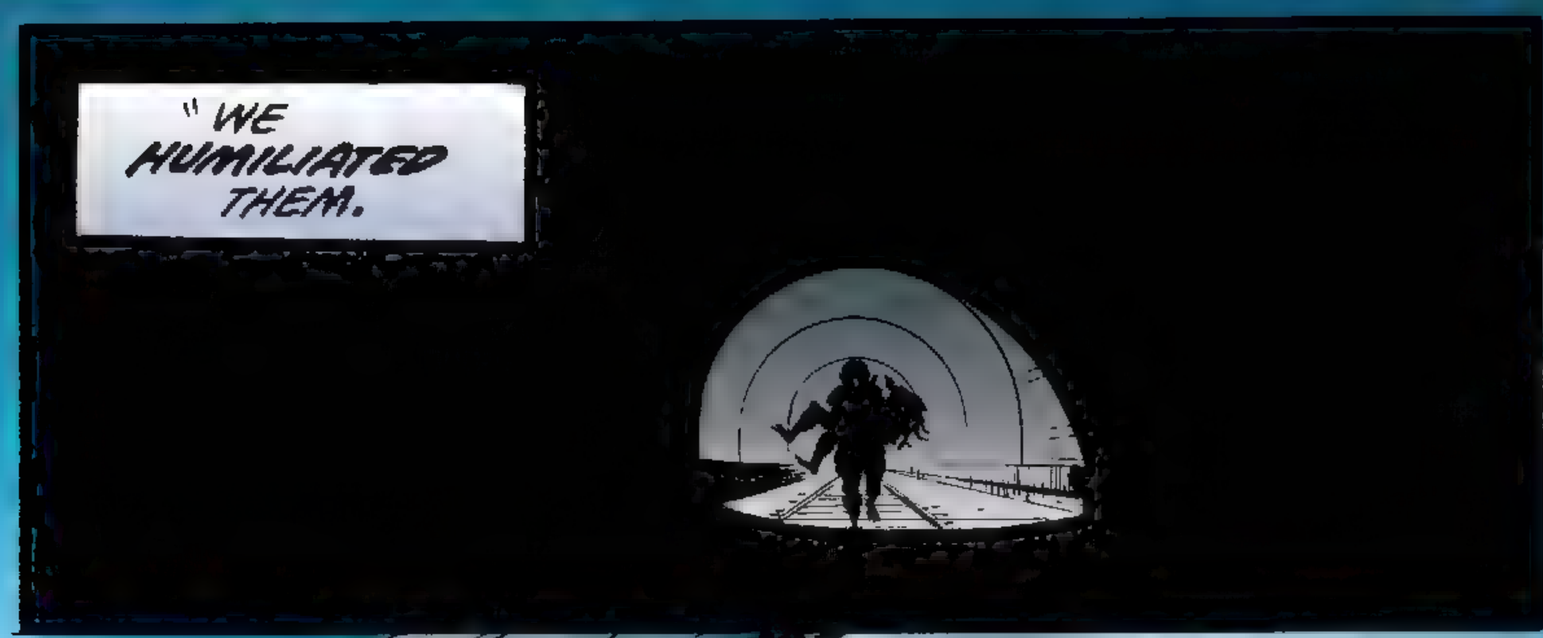
UNH

ROBIN!

FREE OF MERCY AND HUMAN COMPASSION!
THIS CREATURE LIVES ONLY TO KILL!
OH, MAN...
...I'M GOING TO DIE IN A DRIVE-IN MOVIE.
NOT TONIGHT, ROBIN.
THE GAME IS OVER.
YOUR SIDE LOST.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT CAN-- UNDERSTAND YOU, SIR.
HE'LL UNDER-STAND THIS.
HE'LL UNDER-STAND IT MEANS THE HUNT IS FINISHED.
UFF!
CUT YOUR LOSSES.
TAKE YOUR FATHER AND GO HOME.

HIS FATHER?
IT WAS AN INITIATION, A RITE OF PASSAGE.
YOU WERE TO BE HIS FIRST SOLO KILL, ROBIN.
WHY ME?
THEY SAW US AS THEY ARE: FATHER AND SON.
WOW.
EACH OF YOU A CHALLENGE EQUAL TO THEIR SKILL.
"EXACTLY, ALFRED.
"WE WERE TROPHIES TO BE HUNTED AND COLLECTED.
"BUT WE WERE MORE OF A CHALLENGE THEN THEY ANTICIPATED.



"AND I HOPE TO GOD THAT THIS FINAL INSULT IS ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM FROM EVER RETURNING."

The End

AFTERWORD

Dave Gibbons used to call it "our Batman versus Predator *thang*"—those weekly phone calls in which he and I would scour the latest batch of pages from the Kuberts, spotting lettering mistakes or other potential problems, in an effort to nip them in their proverbial bud before going to press. Due to the time difference between Oregon and England, these phone calls always seemed to take place during U.K. Happy Hour—with Dave comfortably ensconced next to his Bat-phone, beer in hand—or was it just Dave's own personal Happy Hour?! I know it was mine.

At this year's San Diego Comic-Con, six months after the last of the three issues of BATMAN VS. PREDATOR had been put to bed, that ol' karmic wheel did its particular "thang" and the project finally came full circle for ye editor.

It's a Saturday afternoon and I'm attending the Eisner Awards presentation, propped up by a single scone and several lattes in a vain attempt to compensate for too many nights of too little sleep and too much fun. *Concrete* creator Paul Chadwick is on stage, next to Will Eisner, announcing the 1991 award for Best Inker—Adam Kubert. Good lord, I'd forgotten that Adam had even been nominated! (Some editor, huh?) Just as I'm becoming aware of a not-gentle poking in the ribs from my compadre *Bob Schreck*—who hisses, "Get up there!"—Paul, bless his own Eisner-winning soul, requests my presence on stage to accept the award for Adam, who naturally is back at home, safe in New Jersey with his wife, Joyce, and their two children.

One thing you need to know: most humans hate speaking in public. It is our most common single fear. I forget where I heard that, but I don't doubt it for a minute. I know that even the *prospect* of public speaking precipitates in me a set of physiological events that are all wobbly and uncontrollable—and in a perfect world I would have been on the beach that afternoon, soaking up some California UVs with colorist Sherilyn van Valkenburgh, rather than in that convention hall, summoned by Paul, prodded by Bob.

What else could I do? I kicked off my shoes, gulped a deep breath of conditioned air, and ran to the stage. Nearly dissolving in Mr. Eisner's handshake—I mean, *Will Eisner*, if you please—I turned to face the audience, seeing nothing, and burbled out some words about Adam, his brother Andy, their father Joe, and a third generation of Kubert talent already evincing itself in Adam's three-year-old son, Max, who spends his days in dad's studio, working at a little drawing table set up right next to Adam's.

And then I got the hell out of there.

Without saying anything about BATMAN VS. PREDATOR. Not a word about my merciless browbeating to meet inhuman deadlines, suffered by both Adam and Andy in the course of producing the series. Not a word about their unflagging cheerfulness when asked to, um, amend their art—always an occupational hazard in licensed projects, especially *double*-licensed projects like this one. Not a word about Sheri's lush color art, betraying not for a moment her equally truncated schedule. Not a word about Dave's clever scripts or those Happy Hour phone calls. Not even a word about those fershlugginer trading cards keeping me awake all those nights—but I don't want to talk about them anyway.

Actually, I do want to say one thing about the trading cards—something that slipped through the weekly Happy Hour calls. The back of Dave Gibbons' card was supposed to read as follows: Dave Gibbons is one of the few British comics illustrators who is not named John. However, his twin brother, who writes comic books, is also called Dave.

And to the production gremlins who transposed the sequence of some of the words: um, it was a joke.

At some point during those weekly Happy Hour calls—and probably coincidental with the increase in sleeplessness fostered by those aforementioned fershlugginer trading cards—I began to tease Dave (even though he bailed me out of hot water on one of them), suggesting, more than once, that when the orders filtered in and the monies were paid, when all was said and finally done, he'd owe me a drink, at least, if not a trip to his local pub!

Well, in San Diego this past summer, all was said—and done. Not only did Dave buy me that long-promised drink after all, but he swears he slipped the bartender a bill or two just to card me. What a gentleman, that Gibbons boy!

Any day now, I'm sure he'll be booking my flight to those merrie shores of his native England…

DIANA SCHUTZ
Milwaukee, Oregon
August 1992

AFTERWORD

I absolutely love looking good without having to work hard. So the BATMAN VS. PREDATOR series was a wonderful project for me. It was both critically and financially successful, and since I was listed as co-editor, everyone assumed that I had actually edited it. Not exactly untrue, but not exactly true, either. What I did was talk with the *real* editor, Diana Schutz, on the phone occasionally; look at the scripts and artwork as she faxed them to our offices; and maybe—*maybe*—make a red mark on them once in a while. When I'm working with people named Gibbons, Kubert, and Schutz, I know the job will be good; all I really have to decide is how big a pain I'm going to be in a quest for whatever I define as best that day.

Oh, I did do one other thing. Ate lunch. Two Augusts ago I found myself at an outdoor cafe in San Diego's Horton Plaza enjoying the Southern California sunshine, expense-account pasta, and Dave Gibbons, who, as always, was witty, genial, and just sly enough to keep me fully alert. Dave and Diana had already settled all the dreary details that sometimes make editors feel like accountants—deadlines, shipping schedules, vouchering systems, permissions, delivery dates—leaving me nothing but the fun stuff: discussing plot and especially character. The questions we had to answer were: 1) do Batman and Predator belong in the same story? 2) if they do, should the story be part of the Batman mythos? and 3) if it isn't, what should it be part of?

Cancel that last one. It doesn't exist because the answers to the first two are yes and yes.

The only test I've ever found for judging the artistic credibility of using a character from one fictional universe in another such universe is this: If the character were presented fresh, as a new creation, would he be acceptable? So: If a writer suggested an extraterrestrial with advanced weaponry and a hunter killer ethos as the villain of a Batman series, would I buy it? Well…yes. Possibly. With a lot of misgiving and hesitation. We generally put the planet-hopping variety of science fiction off-limits to Batman scripters; Batman's roots are in the dark myths—vampires, demons, were-creatures, ogres, all the shadow beings that creep from the nether side of the human psyche. Rocket ships and Batman are not a good mix: our Caped Crusader may *use* technology—he has to, to be a credible crime-fighter in the twentieth century—but he is not of technology; it has nothing to do with what he is. And it has nothing to do with what the Predator is, either. Take a look at him and then search your memory for predecessors. Shiva, Satan, Grendel, the Fenris Wolf—the fiends, the devils, the devourers, the enemies of mercy and humanity—those are the Predator's kinfolk. Do we really care that he arrived by spacecraft instead of being belched up from a fiery pit? Not unless we're very picky indeed. What's important is that he's here, suddenly among us, hateful and threatening, and our champion must meet him in mortal combat. That this champion is himself clothed in darkness—is, in fact, a Dark Knight whose identity was forged in tragedy—only makes the contest more interesting.

Given all that, I could, with an editorial conscience as clear as the San Diego sky, tell Dave Gibbons he had my blessing. Batman shouldn't tangle with just any old bug-eyed monster who slides through the ozone, but the Predator was the right alien for him to fight. Finishing my after-meal espresso, I felt confident that Dave and the Kubert brothers, Adam and Andy, were the talents for the job. All I had to do was relax and wait to start looking good…

DENNIS O'NEIL
New York, New York
August 1992

PINUP AND COVER GALLERY

By ARTHUR ADAMS and GREGORY WRIGHT

By JOHN BYRNE and GREGORY WRIGHT

JACKSON GUICE 1991
By JACKSON GUICE and GREGORY WRIGHT

By JOHN HIGGINS

By ADAM HUGHES and GREGORY WRIGHT

By MICHAEL W. KALUTA and CHRIS CHALENOR

By SAM KIETH and CHRIS CHALENOR

JOE KUBERT '91
By JOE KUBERT and ADAM KUBERT

By MIKE MIGNOLA and GREGORY WRIGHT

By STEVE "THE DUDE" RUDE and LOVERN KINDZIERSKI

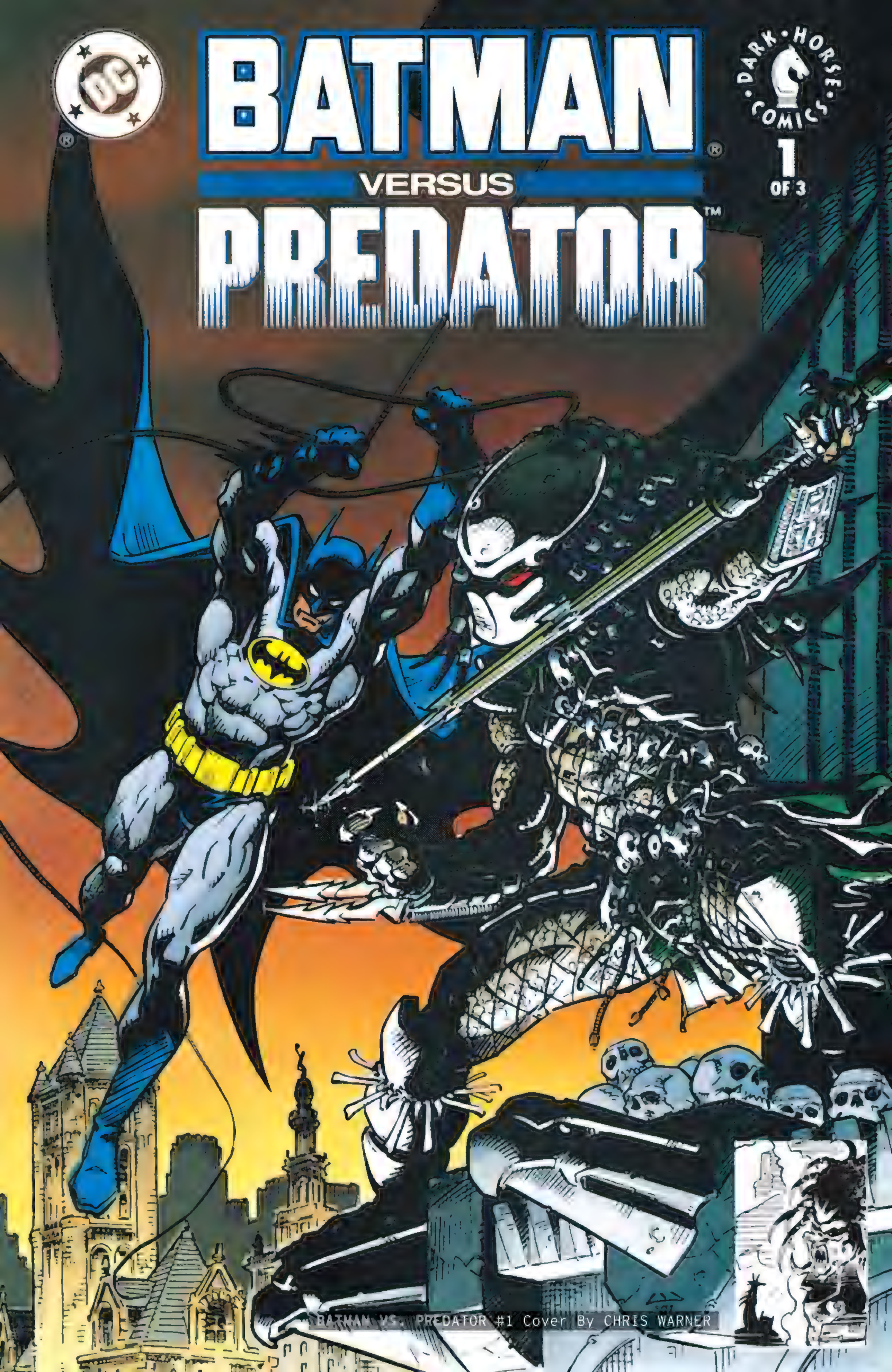
By TIM SALE and GREGORY WRIGHT

By WALT SIMONSON and RICHMOND LEWIS

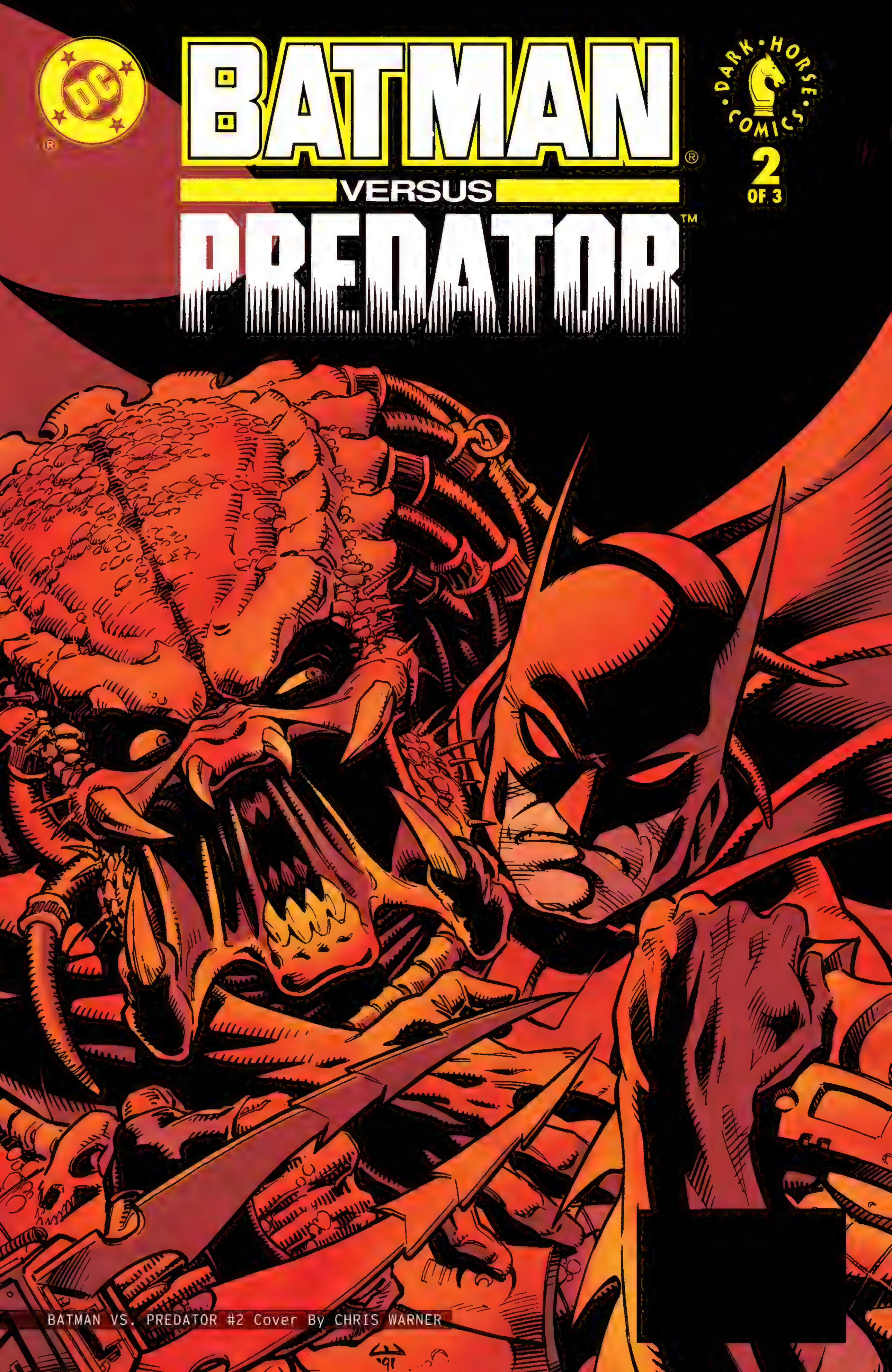
By MATT WAGNER

By CHRIS WARNER and GREGORY WRIGHT

By TOM YEATES and SAM PARSONS
T-YEATES'91



BATMAN VS. PREDATOR #1 Cover By CHRIS WARNER



BATMAN VS. PREDATOR #2 Cover By CHRIS WARNER

DC
BATMAN
VERSUS
PREDATOR
3
BATMAN VS. PREDATOR # Cover By CHRIS WARNER

BATMAN VS. PREDATOR TPB Cover (1993) By DAVE GIBBONS

BATMAN VS. PREDATOR III
BLOODMATCH TPB Cover(1995)
By SIMON BISLEY

BATMAN VS. PREDATOR III: BLOOD TIES TPB Cover (1998)
By RODOLFO DaMAGGIO,ROBERT CAMPANELLA and JOSH MEYERS
GOD WE TRUS

STALKING THE DARK KNIGHT

While fear and darkness have always haunted the streets of Gotham City, a new terror has crept onto the rooftops and into the hearts of its citizens. An alien hunter known only as the Predator has come to Gotham to hunt its greatest warriors, and after a string of brutal murders, the Predator has its sights on Batman. In an epic showdown, the Dark Knight must use all of his skills, both martial and mental, to beat this otherworldly menace.

After their first bloody contact, Batman faces off against the alien Predator a second time as a price is put on his head by a ruthless gangster. This time Batman enlists the help of the Huntress as he fends off both the assassins and the Predator.

Finally, Batman and Robin must face a third incursion from space as a deadly gang war rages on the streets of Gotham. As Mr. Freeze and Catwoman entangle themselves in the web of death, Batman must learn to trust his young partner in order to defeat the alien menace for a third time.

DC COMICS/DARK HORSE COMICS: BATMAN VS. PREDATOR collects all three BATMAN VS. PREDATOR miniseries in one massive, bloody collection, including the Eisner Award-winning BATMAN VS. PREDATOR #1-3 by DAVE GIBBONS (WATCHMEN), ADAM KUBERT (SUPERMAN: LAST SON) and ANDY KUBERT (DARK KNIGHT III: THE MASTER RACE).

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SON OF ULTRON